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A
PILGRIMAGE
TO
THE HOLY LAND;
COMPRISING
RECOLLECTIONS, SKETCHES, AND REFLECTIONS,
MADE
DURING A TOUR IN THE EAST.

BY
ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE,
MEMBER OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE,
AUTHOR OF
"THE HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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A

PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND.

4th November, 1832.

I PASSED the evening and night in the Desert of St. John, to take leave of our excellent Monks, whose remembrance will always accompany us. The recollection of virtues, humble, but perfect, remains in the soul like the perfumed odors of a temple. We left, with these good fathers, an alms, barely sufficient to indemnify them for the expenses we had occasioned them: the risks they had to run for us they reckoned as nothing: they entreated me to recommend them to the protection of the terrible Abougosh, whom I was to see again at Jeremy.

We set off before daybreak to avoid the importunities of the Bedouins of Bethlehem, of the Desert, and of St. John, who ceased not to follow, and even began to menace me.

At eight in the morning we had crossed the high mountains crowned by the tombs of the Maccabees, and were seated under the fig trees of Jeremy, smoking our pipes, and taking coffee with Abougosh, his uncle, and his brothers. Abougosh lavished new marks of respect and kindness on me. He offered me a horse, which I refused, as I determined not to make him a present of any sort, lest it should be construed an acknowledgment of the tribute he commonly imposed on pilgrims—a tribute from which Ibrahim had released them. I placed the monks of St. John, of Bethlehem, and of Jerusalem, under his protection. I have since found that he really went and delivered them from the annoyances of the Bedouins of the Desert. No doubt, he little thought, when I asked his protection for the poor Frank Monks, exiled in these mountains, that, eight months later, he would have to send and implore mine, for the deliverance of his own brother, led prisoner

to Damascus; and that I should be so happy as to be useful to him in my turn.

Having taken our coffee, and refreshed our horses, we again set forward, escorted by the whole population of Jeremy, and encamped further on than Ramla, in a magnificent wood of olive trees, which surrounds the town. Overpowered with lassitude, and destitute of any thing to eat, we sent to ask hospitality of the monks of the Convent of the Holy Land, which they refused, from fear of the plague being amongst us. We were, therefore, obliged to fast; but we laid down, and fell asleep, lulled by the soft sea-breeze, as it played on the peak of the Mount of Olives. It was there that the Virgin, St. Joseph, and the Child, passed the night, on their way into Egypt—and these thoughts gave softness to our beds.

We left Ramla at six in the morning; breakfasted at Jaffa with M. Damiani; and passed the day in reposing ourselves and making preparations for returning into Syria along the coast.

Nothing can be more delightful than these journeys, *en caravane*, when the country is fine; when the horses, having rested long enough, step lightly, at morning dawn, over a smooth and sandy soil; when the prospects succeed each other without monotony; and, above all, when the sea, blowing in our faces those cool undulations of air produced by its supple and regular waves, breaks at the feet of our horses, and scatters, at intervals, its light spray around. This pleasure we experienced in coasting along the charming gulf which separates Kaïpha from St. Jean d'Acre. The desert, formed by the Plain of Zebulon, is hidden to the right by the high tufts of reeds, and by the ridge of palm trees which separates it from the strand: one walks on a bed of fine white sand, continually watered by the waves which break on, and cover it with a sheet of whiteness: the gulf, closed in on the east by the high peak of Cape Carmel, surmounted by its monastery, and on the west, by the white shattered walls of St. Jean d'Acre, resembles a vast lake, whereon the smallest and lightest barks might rock with impunity—but such is not the case: the coast of Syria, dangerous every where, is doubly so in the Gulf of Kaïpha. The vessels which take refuge in it from the storm, and cast out their anchors on an unsolid bottom, are frequently thrown upon the coast—as many sad, though picturesque remains, too well attested. The whole strand is, indeed, bordered by wrecked vessels, half buried in the sand: some still show their shattered prows, whereon sea-birds build their nests;

while others have only their masts above the sand ; and those naked trees, destitute of leaves or branches, seem like funereal crosses planted above the ashes of the departed. Some have their yards and scraps of rigging encrusted by saline vapors from the sea, and hanging about the masts. The Arabs never touch these wrecks of vessels ; time only, with the winter tempests, has the charge of completing their destruction, aided by the sands which bury them day by day.—We saw, here, the Arab mode of fishing, which is the same in almost all the other seas of Syria. A man, holding a small net, folded up, above his head, ready to be thrown, advances a few steps into the sea, choosing the place and hour when the sun is behind him, and illuminates the wave without dazzling him. He awaits the waves that come forward before him, and breaking as they reach him, on the rock or sand. He darts a penetrating and experienced look into each wave, and if he sees that it brings fish with it, he throws in his net, at the moment before it breaks, and would carry back what it contains in its reflux ; the net falls, the wave retires, and the fish remain. The weather should be rather rough for this sort of fishing, as, when the sea is calm, the fisherman sees nothing ;—the waves only become transparent when they rise high from the surface, towards the sun.

The infected odor of a field of battle now announced the neighborhood of Acre, and we were only at a quarter of an hour's distance from its walls. It is a heap of ruins. The domes of the mosques are open to the day, the walls exhibit enormous breaches, the towers are crumbling in the port ; it has just sustained the siege of a year, and been carried by assault, by the forty thousand heroes of Ibrahim.

The policy of the East is ill understood in Europe. It is supposed to spring from design ; but has no foundation save caprice : without any plan, it displays only passion ; and reverting, not to the future, it provides but for to-day and to-morrow. The aggression of Mehemet Ali is imagined to be the premeditation of a long and progressive ambition ; whilst in fact it was nothing more than the result of those favorable circumstances which led him on, from one step to another, almost involuntarily, until he shook the throne of his master, and conquered half the empire. Another chance may lead him farther still.

It was thus that the quarrel arose. Abdalla, Pacha of Acre, an inconsiderate young man, who had been raised to the government of Acre by a sport of chance and favor, had revolted against

the Grand Signior: being vanquished, he had implored the assistance of the Pacha of Egypt, who bought his pardon from the Divan. Abdalla, soon forgetting the gratitude he owed to Mehemet, refused to keep certain conditions which he had sworn to him during the time of his misfortune. Ibrahim marches to force him, and experiences a most unexpected resistance at Acre. His anger is inflamed: he requires new troops of his father, which arrive, and are again repulsed. Mehemet Ali, wearied, recalls him, and releases his son from all his oaths; the wounded pride of Ibrahim resists this; he resolves to die under the walls of Acre, or force it to submission to his father. By the sacrifice of troops, the gates at length are forced; and Abdalla, a prisoner, awaits his death; Ibrahim sends for him under his tent, addresses to him some bitter sarcasms, and expedites him to Alexandria. Instead of the bowstring or the sabre, Mehemet Ali sends him his horse, makes him enter in triumph, and placing him by his side on the Divan, commends him for his bravery and fidelity to the Sultan, and rewards him with a palace, slaves, and immense revenues.

Abdalla deserved this treatment by his bravery. Shut up in Acre, with three thousand Osmanlis, he had resisted during a year all the Egyptian forces by sea and land. The fortune of Ibrahim, like that of Napoleon, staggered before this barrier. If the Grand Signior, solicited in vain by Abdalla, had sent him a few thousand troops in time, or had even launched on the seas of Syria two or three of those fine frigates which float in uselessness on their anchors before the caiques of the Bosphorus, all would have been over with Ibrahim, and he would have gone back to Egypt convinced of the impotence of his rage; but the Porte was faithful to its system of fatality, and suffered the ruin of its Pacha to be accomplished. The boundary mark of Syria was upset, and the Divan awoke too late. Notwithstanding, Mehemet Ali wrote to his general to return, but Ibrahim, a man of courage and adventure, had resolved to try his fate, and the weakness of the Sultan, to the end.

He advanced. Two important and ill-disputed victories, those of Homs in Syria, and of Konia in Asia Minor, rendered him absolute master of Arabia, Syria, and all the states of Pontus, Bithynia, and Cappadocia, which now form Caramania. The Porte might still have cut off his retreat, and by disembarking troops behind him, might have re-taken the towns and provinces, where he could not leave sufficient garrisons; a body of six thousand men, thrown in this way into the defiles of Taurus and Syria,

would have made Ibrahim and his army their prey, and imprisoned him in the midst of his victories. The Turkish fleet was infinitely more numerous than Ibrahim's, or rather the Porte had an immense and magnificent fleet, while Ibrahim had only two or three frigates; but at the beginning of the campaign, Kalil-Pacha, a young man of elegant manners, favorite of the Sultan, and named by him Capitan-Pacha, fled from the sea before the insignificant force of Ibrahim. I myself saw him quit the bay of Rhodes, and shut himself up in that of Marmorizza, on the coast of Caramania, at the bottom of the gulf of Maeri. Once with his vessels in this port, whose entrance is excessively narrow, Ibrahim with two ships could have prevented his getting out again—in fact, he did so, and during the whole winter, when the military operations were the most important and decisive on the shores of Syria, the vessels of Ibrahim alone appeared on these seas, and carried him reinforcements and ammunition without obstacle; and yet Kalil-Pacha was neither a coward nor a traitor; but thus it is with the affairs of a people who remain inactive while all around them is moving; the fate of nations is in the genius of their leaders. The Turkish genius now quakes before that of its weakest Pacha. The rest of the campaign is well known, and reminds one of that of Alexandria. Ibrahim is incontestably a hero, and Mehemet Ali a great man, but all their fate rests on their own heads: these two men the less, there is no more Egypt; no more Arabian empire; no more Maccabees for Islamism; and the East returns to the West by that invincible law which carries empire where there is knowledge.

Same date.

The sands which border the gulf of St. Jean d'Acre became more and more fetid; we began to see the bones of men, horses, and camels, scattered on the strand, and whitening in the sun, washed by the froth of the waves; at every step these collected heaps were multiplied before us, and presently all the shore between the sea and the ridge of rocks was covered by them, and the noise of our horses' feet disturbed the hordes of wild dogs, hideous jackals, and birds of prey, which had for two months been employed in devouring the remains of the horrible feast that the cannon of Ibrahim and Abdalla had prepared them; some dragged away in their flight the half-buried members of men, and the limbs of horses to which flesh still clung; some eagles, perched on the bony heads of camels, rose at our approach with cries of anger, and returned hovering alike over our guns, and their hor-

rible prey ; the herbage, reeds, and shrubs farther off, were also strewed with these frightful remains of men and animals. All was not the fruits of war. The typhus, which had ravaged Acre for several months, completed what arms had spared, and hardly left twelve or fifteen hundred living in a town of twelve or fifteen thousand souls. Every day there were thrown outside the walls or in the sea, new heaps of dead, which the sea rejected at the bottom of the gulf, or the jackals disinterred in the plains. We approached the eastern gate of the unhappy town ; the air was no longer supportable ; we did not enter, but turning to the right along the ruined walls, where a few slaves were working, we crossed the field of battle in its whole extent, from the walls of the city to the country residence of the ancient Pachas of Acre, built in the midst of the plain at one or two hours from the shore. On approaching this palace of magnificent appearance, and flanked by kiosks of elegant Indian architecture, we observed long furrows a little more raised by the plough than on our lands. These furrows covered a distance probably half a league long, by nearly the same breadth—the top of each furrow rising one or two feet above the level of the soil. It was the site of Ibrahim's camp, and the tomb of fifteen thousand men that had been buried in these sepulchral trenches. We marched slowly and with difficulty over the ground, which barely covered the remains of so many victims of the ambition and caprice of what is called a hero. We pressed on our horses, who stumbled constantly against the dead, and broke the bones that the jackals had left ; we encamped in about an hour from this fatal spot, in a charming site on the plain, well watered by a running stream, shaded by palm trees, orange trees, and sweet limes, and beyond the reach of the wind from St. Jean d'Acre, whose emanations had pursued us. These gardens, stretched like an oasis on the naked plain of Acre, had been planted by the last Pacha but one, who was the successor of the famous Djeddar-Pacha ; some poor Arabs, sheltered in the huts of mud and earth, furnished us with oranges, eggs, and fowls ; we slept there.

The next morning, M. de Laroyère could scarcely rise from his mat, to mount his horse ; all his limbs, benumbed by pain, refused the slightest movement. He felt the first symptoms of typhus, which his medical knowledge enabled him to distinguish better than we could ; but the place neither affording shelter nor resources of any kind for a sick man, we hastened to quit it before the malady became too severe, and slept fifteen leagues from

it, on the plain of Tyre, upon the banks of a stream that was shaded by enormous rushes, and not far from an isolated ruin, apparently belonging to the time of the Crusades. The heat and movement had reanimated M. de Laroyère ; we placed him under the tent, and left him, to kill some wild geese and ducks that rose like a cloud out of the rushes—that day the whole of our caravan was fed by them.

The next day, we met, on the sea-coast, in a delightful spot, shaded by maritime cedars and magnificent plane trees, a Turkish Aga, who was returning from Mecca, with a numerous suite of men and horses. We fixed ourselves under a tree, near the fountain, not far from another tree, where the Aga was breakfasting. His slaves were walking his horses. I was struck with the perfection of form and lightness of a young thorough-bred Arab stallion. I desired my dragoman to enter into conversation with the Aga. We sent him a present of some of our provisions, and a pair of pistols ; he presented us, in return, with a Persian yatagan. I ordered my horses to pass before him, that the conversation might turn naturally on the subject ; we succeeded thus far, but the difficulty lay in asking him to sell me his. My dragoman related to him that one of our party was so unwell, that he could not find a horse whose paces were easy enough to carry him ; the Aga said he had one on whose back one might take one's coffee at a gallop, without spilling a single drop out of the cup. It was precisely the lovely animal I so much admired, and so much wished, for my wife. After much circumlocution, and many words, we concluded the affair, and I led off the horse, which I named *El Kantara*, as a memento of the place, and of the fountain where I had bought him ; I mounted him immediately to finish the day's journey ; I never mounted such an easy animal ; one neither felt the elastic movement of his shoulders, nor the reaction of his hoof on the rock, nor the slightest weight of his head on the reins ; his forehead was so beautifully formed that one might fancy oneself mounted on a bird, whose wings supported an almost insensible movement. He also galloped better than any other Arab horse with which I tried him. His coat was of a bright pearl gray. I gave him to my wife, who would never mount on any other during our stay in the East. I shall always regret this accomplished horse. He was a native of Khorassan, and only five years old.

In the evening, we reached the wells of Solomon : the next day, early, we entered Said, the ancient Sidon, escorted by the

Franks of the country, and the sons of M. Giraudin, our excellent vice-consul at Said. We also found M. Cattafago there, whom we had seen at Nazareth, with his family. He had just had a house built in the town, and was busied with preparations for the marriage of one of his daughters. As the ancient Sidon retains no vestige of its former grandeur, we gave ourselves up entirely to the kindness and care of M. Giraudin, and to the pleasure of conversing on Europe and the East, with this interesting old man. Become a patriarch in the land of Patriarchs, he presented, in himself and his family, the image of every patriarchal virtue; and reminded us of their habits and manners in his own.

The symptoms of typhus become more characterized in the increasing illness of M. de Laroyère. Being no longer able to rise, or mount his horse, we freighted a bark at Said, to convey him by sea to Bayreut. We set out again with the rest of the caravan: I despatched a courier to Lady Stanhope, to thank her for her obliging efforts in my favor with the chief, Abougosh, and to request her to seize every opportunity that might offer, for informing the Arabs of the Desert of Bka, of Balbec, and Palmira, of my safe arrival.

5th November, 1832.

Slept in an ancient deserted ruin on the coast, and wrote some verses during the night in the pages of my Bible.—I rejoice at approaching Bayreut, after a journey so happily accomplished; I met an Arab horseman on the road, bearing a letter from my wife. Julia is blooming with health. I am expected to pass some days at the Monastery of Antoura in Lebanon, with the Catholic Patriarch, who has arrived to invite us there.

At four in the afternoon a frightful storm, the mass of clouds appearing to fall at once on the mountains to our right. The noise of the flux and reflux of these heavy clouds against the peaks of Mount Lebanon (which tear them,) is not unlike the roaring of the sea, which itself resembles a plain of snow stirred up by a furious wind. The rain does not fall in larger or smaller drops, as in the West; but in heavy and continued streams, which strike and weigh on man and horse like the hand of the tempest; day has completely disappeared; our horses walk in a torrent mixed with rolling stones, and are likely every moment to be swept into the sea. When the sky clears and light returns, we find ourselves at the ridge of pine trees of Facardin, at half a league from the town. Home has something dear to animals as

well as men; those of my horses who knew the spot, as having often carried us there, neigh, dress up their ears, and bound with joy on the sand. I leave the caravan to defile slowly under the pines. Lebanon starts off at a gallop, and I reach, my heart trembling with anxiety and joy, the arms of my wife. Julia is at play in a neighboring house with the daughters of the Prince of the Mountain, become Governor of Bayreut during my absence. She has seen me galloping, from off the terrace; I hear her flying to meet me, and crying, "Where is he? is it really him?"—She comes! She throws herself into my arms, she covers me with caresses; then runs about the room, her fine eyes sparkling with tears of joy, raising her arms, and repeating "How happy I am! how happy I am!"—then comes again to sit upon my knee, and embraces me again and again. There were in the room two young jesuit fathers of Lebanon, on a visit to my wife; I could not for some time address them even a word of politeness; dumb themselves before that innocent and passionate expression of tenderness of soul in a child for her father, and before the celestial brilliancy which her happiness added to the beauty of that radiant head, they stood struck with silence and admiration. Our friends and our suite arrive, and fill the mulberry plantations with our horses and tents.

Several days of repose and happiness are passed in receiving the visits of our friends at Bayreut. The sons of the Emir Beschir, come down from the mountains, by order of Ibrahim, to invest the country, which threatens to rise in favor of the Turks, are encamped in the Valley of Nar-el-Kelba, at about an hour from my abode.

7th November, 1832.

The Sardinian Consul, M. Bianco, who has been intimate for many years with these princes, invites us to a dinner which he gives them. They arrive, dressed in splendid caftans woven entirely in gold thread; their turbans also composed of the richest cashmere. The eldest, who commands the army of his fathers, has a poniard, of which the handle is entirely encrusted with diamonds of inestimable value. Their suite is numerous and singularly composed. Amongst a vast number of Mussulmans and black slaves, there is a poet exactly similar, by his attributes, to the bards of the middle ages. His functions consist in singing the virtues and exploits of his master—in composing tales to amuse him when called upon to stand behind him during his repasts, and extemporize verses or political toasts in his honor, or in honor of

the guests that the Prince wishes to distinguish. There is also a chaplain or Maronite Catholic confessor, who never quits him even at table, and to whom only entrance into the harem is allowed. He is a monk of a jovial and warlike countenance, exactly resembling what we should understand by almoner of a regiment. The chaplain, owing to his sacred profession, sits at table; the poet stands. These princes, particularly the eldest, do not appear at all embarrassed by our customs, nor by the presence of European women; they converse with us all by turns, with the same ease and grace of manner, the same *apropos*, the same freedom of intellect, as if they had been brought up in the most polished Court of Europe.

Oriental civilization is always on a level with ours, because it is older, and originally more pure and more perfect. To an unprejudiced eye there is no comparison between the nobleness, decorum, and dignified grace of Arab, Turkish, Indian, and Persian manners, and our own. We are felt to be a youthful people, just emerging from a hard, coarse and imperfect civilization; they are felt to be the well-born inheritors of antique wisdom and virtue; their nobleness, which is but the filiation of primitive virtues, is written on their foreheads, is stamped on all their habits—besides, there is no *vulgar* amongst them. Moral civilization, which is all I note, is on a level every where. The shepherd and the emir are of the same family, speak the same tongue, have the same usages, participate in the same wisdom, the same grandeur of traditions—which form the atmosphere of a people.

At dessert, the wines of Cyprus and Lebanon circulated freely; the Arab Christians, and the family of the Emir Beschir, which is Christian, or believes itself so, drank without hesitating when occasion required. Toasts were drank to the success of Ibrahim, to the deliverance of Lebanon, to the friendship of the Franks and Arabs; and at length the Prince proposed one to the ladies present at this fête; his bard then extemporized, by order of the Prince, and sang, with a powerful voice, in recitative, some Arab verses, of which the following is pretty nearly the sense:—

“Let us drink of the juice of Eden, which intoxicates and rejoices the heart of the slave and of the Prince. It is wine from those plants that Noah himself planted, when the dove, instead of an olive branch, brought him from Heaven the stein of the vine. By the virtue of this vine the poet for a moment becomes Prince, and the Prince becomes poet.

“Let us drink it in honor of those young and beauteous

Franks who come from the country where all women are Queens. The eyes of the Syrian women are soft—but they are veiled. In the eyes of the women of the West there is more intoxication than in the transparent cup I drink.

“To drink of wine, and look at the faces of women is, to a Mussulman, two sins; to an Arab it is two causes of delight, and two manners of blessing God.”

The chaplain himself seemed enchanted with these verses, and sang the chorus to the bard, laughing and emptying his glass. The Prince proposed to us the sight of sporting with the falcons, the habitual diversion of the Princes and Scheiks of Syria. It was from hence that the Crusaders brought this custom into Europe.

9th November, 1832.

The climate, with the exception of an occasional gust or gale on the sea, and some storms of rain in the middle of the day, is as fine as the month of May in France. As soon as the rain begins, a new spring commences: the walls of the terraces which support the cultivated slopes of Lebanon, and the fertile hills of the environs of Bayreut, are so covered with vegetation in a few days, that the ground is entirely hidden under the moss, the grass, the lianes, and the flowers; green barley carpets the fields, which were only dust when we arrived. The mulberry trees, with their second leaves, form round the houses forests impenetrable to the sun. One sees, here and there, the tops of houses scattered on the plain, which rises from this ocean of verdure; and the Greek and Syrian women, in their rich and brilliant costume, are like Queens who take the air on the pavilions of their gardens. Little foot-paths, formed in the sand, lead from house to house, and from hill to hill, across this continuation of gardens, which reach from the sea to the foot of Lebanon. In following them, one finds, all at once, at the entrance of these small houses, the most delicious scenes of patriarchal life; the women and young girls, crouched under the mulberry and fig trees, at their doors, work rich carpets, in wool of the most brilliant and contrasted colors; others, fastening the ends of their unwound silks to distant trees, wind them up, walking slowly and singing, from tree to tree; the men, on the contrary, walk backwards, from tree to tree, and are occupied in making pieces of silk and throwing the shuttle, which others throw back to them. The children are lying in cradles of rushes, or on mats in the shade; some are suspended to the orange branches; the large Syrian sheep, with im-

When we had walked for half an hour under the arches of nopals which border all the paths of the plain, we began to ascend by little narrow steep roads, which lead successively to the platforms; from whence the prospect of the country, the sea, and of Lebanon, become successively more extended.

These platforms, of a moderate breadth, are all surrounded by forest trees, unknown in our climates, and of whose nomenclature I am unfortunately ignorant; but their trunks, the form of their branches, the novel and strange shapes of their conical heads, dishevelled, pyramidal, or spreading out like wings, give to this border of vegetation a grace and novelty of aspect purely Asiatic; their leaves also are of every form and every color, from the sombre verdure of the cypress, to the pale green of the olive or the bright yellow of the citron and orange; from the broad leaves of the Chinese mulberry, each of which is sufficient to hide the sun from the face of a child, to the light cuttings of the tea tree, the pomegranate, and innumerable other shrubs, whose leaves are like parsley leaves, and form slight draperies of vegetable net-work between the spectator and the horizon. Along the edges of these borders of wood, lay parterres of verdure and flowers growing in shade. The interior of each platform is sown with barley, and in one or the other of the angles two or three heads of palm trees, or the dark and well-rounded dome of a colossal carob tree, shows the spot where an Arab laborer has built his cabin, surrounded by some vine plants, by a hollow protected by green pallisades of Indian fig trees, covered with their prickly fruit, and a little garden of orange trees, wall flowers, and carnations, to ornament the hair of his daughters. When the pathway happened to lead us to the door of these dwellings, immersed, like human nests, in these masses of verdure, we neither saw surprise, anger, nor ill-humor on the countenances of the good and happy inhabitants. They saluted us, while smiling at Julia's beauty, with the pious salutation of the orientals, *Saba-el-Kair*, May the day be blessed to you. Some of them entreated us to stop under their palm trees; and brought us, according to their riches, either a mat or a carpet, offering us fruits and milk, or flowers from their gardens: sometimes we accepted their kindness, and promised them to return, and to bring them something curious from Europe. But their hospitality and politeness was by no means interested. They say they love the Franks, who know how to cure all sickness, and the virtues of all plants, and adore the same God as they do.

From each of these platforms we mounted to another, exhibiting the same scenes, the same arrangement of the trees, the same mosaic of vegetation on the ground which they encompass : only from platform to platform the magnificent horizon enlarges ; those below are spread out like a chess-board of all colors, where the hedges of shrubs, brought together by optical illusion, form woods and dark spots beneath one's feet. We followed these platforms from hill to hill, redescending from time to time into the valleys which separate them, valleys a thousand times more shaded, more delicious than the hills : all hidden by the curtains of trees of the terraces above them, all buried in these waves of odoriferous vegetation ; but all however having at their entrances a narrow outlet of view toward the plain and the sea. As the plain has disappeared, (from the great elevation of these valleys,) they seem to terminate immediately on the strand ; their trees form a dark outline on the blue of the waves, and we amused ourselves sometimes, while sitting under a palm tree, in watching the sails of the vessels, in reality at four or five leagues from us, glide slowly from tree to tree, as if they were navigating a lake, directly bordered by these valleys.

At length chance led our steps to the most perfect and enchanting of these landscapes.

It is one of the highest valleys, opens from east to west, and sunk in the folds of the last chain of hills, which advance on the great valley through which the Nahr-Bayreut flows. Nothing can express the prodigious vegetation which carpets its bed and its sides ; and though these sides are formed of the rock itself, they are so clothed with mosses of every sort, so saturated with humidity, which distills drop by drop, so covered with tufts of heath, or fern, of odoriferous herbs, of lianes, of ivy, and shrubs enrooted in their imperceptible cracks, that it is impossible to suppose it is the rock itself which produces such luxuriant vegetation. It is a leafy carpet of one or two feet thick ; a vegetable velvet strewed in all colors, with bouquets of flowers unknown to us, of a thousand forms and a thousand odors, which sometimes sleep as motionless as the bouquets painted on the hangings of our saloons ; and sometimes, when the light breeze sweeps over them, raise themselves with the herbs and branches from whence they issue, like the hair of an animal stroked backwards, becoming shaded with many tints, and resembling a river of flowers and verdure that flows in perfumed waves.

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ble birds sing on the neighboring trees. The air is filled with their music, with the hum of swarms of bees and insects, and with that soft murmur of the earth in spring which might be almost thought a sound from the millions of plants and redundant vegetation growing out of its surface.

Drops of night-dew fell from each leaf, shone on each blade of grass, and refreshed the bed of this little valley, as the sunbeams rose and stole along the tops of the high rocks and trees that encompass it. We breakfasted there, on a stone near a cavern, where two gazelles had taken refuge at our approach. We were careful of disturbing the retreat of these charming animals, who are to these deserts what the lamb is to our meadows, or the doves and tame pigeons to the roofs and courts of our houses.

All the valley was hung with the same moving curtain of foliage, and carpeted with mosses and redundant vegetation. We could not restrain an exclamation at every step. I never remember to have seen so much life in nature heaped together and overflowing in so small a space. We followed the whole length of this valley, seating ourselves from time to time where the shadows were most cool, and striking the verdure now and then to force out gusts of delicious odors, and myriads of insects, which rose like golden dust out of its bosom. How great is the Creator! how profound and how infinite the source from whence such life, such splendor, and such goodness flow! If there is so much to see, to admire, to astonish, to astound, in this one single corner of universal nature, what will it be when the curtain of all worlds shall be raised for us, and that we shall see the wondrous work complete and without end?

It is impossible to see and think, without being inundated with that interior evidence of the Deity which is borne in on the mind, while all created nature is strewn with fragments of the sparkling mirror in which God has reflected himself.

As the western opening of the valley is approached, its cliffs gradually sink, admitting a more extended view of the sky, the ground at the same time gently declining under our steps. The eye descends from those eternal snows upon patches black with the pine, cypress, and cedar; and then, upon deep and gloomy ravines of which darkness seems to have taken possession as a nest for its everlasting repose; below these again, upon the golden peaks of rocks, at whose feet range the lofty Maronites and the villages of the Druses; resting finally on a fringe of olive forests which fade away on the borders of the plain. The plain itself, extending between the hills on which we stood and the roots of the gigantic Lebanon, may be a league in breadth. It is so sin-

uous that the eye can embrace at once only about two leagues of its length, mounds covered with sombre forests of pine intercepting the prospect. The Nahr-Bayreut, or stream of Bayreut, which escapes at some miles distance, through one of the deepest and most rocky gorges of all Lebanon, divides the plain in two. It flows gracefully between its well-filled banks, sometimes restricted within their barriers and edged by beds of reeds, which resemble fields of sugar-cane, sometimes overflowing, and throwing out little glittering lakes amid the verdant greensward, or under the groves of mastick trees. Its borders are luxuriant with vegetation ; and we distinguished asses, horses, goats, black buffaloes, and white cows dispersed in herds along the river, while Arab shepherds forded the stream mounted on their camels. Farther off, on the first ledge of the mountain, were seen Maronite monks, clothed in their black robes, after the fashion of a sailor's cloak, silently guiding the plough under the olive trees of their fields. The convent bells were heard occasionally calling them to devotion, whereupon they would stop the oxen, rest the stilt against the beam of the plough, and throwing themselves on their knees, give their team a few minutes breathing time, while their own aspirations were addressed to Heaven.

As we advanced farther, and began to descend towards the river, we suddenly discovered the sea, which the mountainous wall of the valley had hitherto excluded from our view, and the large mouth of the Nahr-Bayreut, which here joins it. The river is spanned at no great distance from its mouth by a Roman bridge nearly in ruins, its arches lofty and without parapets. A long caravan from Damascus to Aleppo was crossing at the moment, and appeared one by one, some on dromedaries, some on horses, emerging from the shade of the rose bushes which overhang the mouldering arches, slowly climbing the summit, reflected there for a moment from the blue waves with their singular but splendid costumes and motley bearers, then re-descending from this pinnacle of ruins, and the whole long file of asses and camels again disappearing amongst the tufts of rose trees, rose laurels, and plantains, with which the further banks of the river is shaded. A little beyond they were once more discernible, moving along the sands where the swelling waves rolled their crest of foaming surf under the very feet of the animals on which they were mounted. The immense peaked rocks of a distant promontory at length concealed them, and advancing into the sea bounded that side of our horizon. The sea, at the mouth of the river, exhibits

two totally distinct coats of coloring; blue and green, and sparkling with moving brilliants, where its waters are unmixed; yellow and dull where the descending river struggles with its waves, and tinges them with the golden sands which it incessantly bears down into this roadstead. Seventeen vessels at anchor in the gulf swayed heavily upon the huge breakers with which it is always furrowed, their masts rising and sinking like so many long reeds agitated by the breeze. The masts of some were bare as wintry trees, while others extending their sails to dry in the sun, resembled the great white birds of these seas which hover in the air without their wings being seen to vibrate.

The gulf, brighter than the sky which canopied it, reflected part of the snows of Lebanon and the battlemented monasteries stationed on the prominent peaks. Some fishing-boats were passing in full sail to take shelter in the river. The valley at our feet, the declivities towards the plain, the current sweeping through its pyramidal arches, the sea with its creeks amongst the rocks, the immense block of Lebanon, with its innumerable varieties of structure, those pyramids of snow which seemed to pierce like silver cones the heights of heaven, where the eye searched for them as for stars; the insensible sounds of insects around us, the melody of a thousand birds among the trees, the lowing of the buffaloes, the almost human plaints of the camels of the caravan, the dull and periodical roar of the breakers dashing upon the sand at the entrance of the river, the interminable horizon of the Mediterranean, the green and serpentine bed of the Nahr Bayreut on the right, the gigantic and indented wall of Lebanon in front, the serene and beaming dome of heaven, skirted with the summits of the mountains and the conical heads of colossal trees, the coolness and perfume of the air in which every thing appeared to swim like an image in the transparent waters of a Swiss lake,—all these objects, noises, and shadows,—this light and these impressions,—constituted the most sublime and beautiful landscape my delighted senses ever drank in. What must it then have been to Julia? she was all sensibility,—radiant, trembling with ecstacy; and for my part, I delighted to impress such spectacles upon her childish imagination. The Deity is depicted in them more forcibly than in the lines of a catechism; he is there represented in traits worthy of him; the sovereign, the surpassing bounty of excelling nature reveal him such as he is to the infant mind, which translates the perception of physical and material beauty into a sentiment of moral beauty. As the statues of Greece are displayed to

the artist, to inspire him with the instinct of loveliness, the young mind should be initiated in the finer and grander scenes of nature, that the image it may form to itself of the Author of Nature may be worthy of her and of Him!

We remounted our horses at the foot of the hill, in the plain at the river side; crossed the bridge, and climbed a few wooden hillocks of Mount Lebanon, as far as the first monastery, which rose like a castle fort on a pedestal of granite. The monks knew me by the report of their Arabs, and received me in the convent—the cells, refectory, and chapels of which I examined. The monks returning from their labors, were occupied in unyoking their oxen and buffaloes in the vast court, which exhibited all the features of a large farm yard, encumbered with ploughs, cattle, dunghills, poultry, and all the instruments of rustic life. These labors were carried on without noise or clamor, yet without any affectation of silence, and as if by men actuated rather by a natural sense of decorum than by obedience to a severe and inflexible rule. The countenances of these individuals were mild and serene, breathing peace and content, the aspect of a community of laborers. When the bell summoned them to their repast, they entered the refectory, not in a body, but one by one, or two by two, according as they had earlier or later accomplished the work of the moment. The meal consisted, as it did every day, of two or three cakes made of kneaded flour, dried rather than baked on hot stones, of water, and fine olives preserved in oil; sometimes a little cheese, or sour milk, was added; and this is the whole nourishment of these recluses, who take it standing or seated on the ground. All the furniture of our countries is unknown to them. After partaking of their dinner, tasting their cake and drinking a glass of excellent wine of Lebanon, which the superior ordered for us, we visited some of the cells, which are all alike. A small chamber, five or six feet square, contains for its only furniture a rush mat and a carpet; while some images of the saints nailed against the wall, an Arabic Bible, and some Syriac manuscripts, form its decorations. A long interior gallery, covered with thatch, serves as an avenue to all the chambers. The prospect enjoyed from the windows of this, and indeed of nearly all the monasteries, is admirable; the first heights of Lebanon below us, the river Bayreut and its plain, the aerial domes of the pine forests intersecting the red horizon of the sandy desert; then the sea, set as it were in a frame of capes, gulfs, creeks, and rocks, with the white sails at all times floating on its bosom—such is the landscape constantly

before the eyes of these monks. They laded our asses with presents of dried fruits and leathern bottles of wine, and we quitted them to return by another route to Bayreut. I shall have more to say of them hereafter.

We descended by steep steps cut into detached blocks of the yellow and soft freestone which covers all the lower plains of Lebanon, the path winding among these blocks. In the interstices of the rocks, a few herbs and even shrubs find root, with beautiful flowers similar to the tulips of our gardens, but infinitely larger. We started several gazelles and some jackals, which take shelter in the hollows formed by the rocks. Great numbers of partridges, quails, and woodcocks, flew away at the sound of our horses' feet. Arrived in the plain we again found barley, the vine, and the palm tree, under cultivation, and surrounded by a rich vegetation; we traversed nearly half of it, which brought us to the foot of an eminence covered by a forest of Italian pines, with broad glades, in which we perceived at a distance herds of camels and goats.

This height concealed from us the course of the Nahr-Bayreut, the southern branch of which we intended to cross. We plunged into the lofty vaulted groves of beautiful pines, and after journeying about a quarter of an hour under their shade, suddenly heard great outcries and the sound of a multitude of human feet; men, women, and children, were running to meet us with the beating of drums, and the music of flutes and fifes. In an instant we were encircled by five or six hundred wild-looking Arabs, whose chiefs, attired in costumes once magnificent, but now dirty and in rags, advanced towards us at the head of their musicians; they saluted and appeared to pay us some very respectful compliments, the words of which, however, were quite unintelligible; but aided by their own gestures and clamor, and those of their whole tribe, we discovered that their meaning was an urgent, perhaps I should say, compulsory request, that we should follow them into the heart of the forest, where their camp was pitched. It was a tribe of Kurds, who from the provinces adjoining Persia, emigrate for the winter with their families and flocks, sometimes to the plains of Mesopotamia near Damascus, sometimes to those of Syria. There they take possession of an unoccupied wood, valley, or hill, and establish themselves for five or six months. Far behind the Arabs in civilization, their invasion and neighborhood is dreaded; in fact, they may be called the armed Bohemians of the East.

Surrounded by this crowd of men, women, and children, we marched for some minutes to the sound of their savage music, and to the cries of a multitude, who regarded us with curiosity, half jocular, half ferocious. We soon reached the centre of the camp, and at the entrance of the tent of one of their Scheiks we dismounted. Our horses, which they greatly admired, were committed to the charge of a few young Kurds; and we were ourselves seated at the foot of a tree, on some Caramanian carpets, the Scheik's slaves presenting us with pipes and coffee, while the women brought camels' milk for Julia.

The appearance of this camp of wandering savages, in the midst of a sombre forest, merits description.

The trees of that part of the forest were thinly scattered, and interspersed with large glades. At the foot of each tree a family tent was pitched, consisting, for the most part, of a piece of black goat's-hair cloth, fastened on one side to the trunk of the tree by a cord, and supported on the other by two stakes planted in the ground; the whole space occupied by the family was seldom surrounded by the cloth, but a fragment hung down on the side next the sun or wind, to form a shelter, either from cold, or from the solar rays. The only visible furniture was a row of jars, made of a blackish earth, laid on their sides, which are used by the women for drawing water; some bottles of goat-skin; sabres and long muskets, suspended in bundles to the branches of the trees; mats, carpets, and a few male and female garments, lying about upon the ground. Some of the Arabs possessed two or three square chests, to contain their effects, ornamented with designs in gilt-headed nails.

The whole tribe produced but two or three horses. Most families had their tent surrounded by a few beautiful goats, with long black silky hair and hanging ears, some sheep and buffaloes, and a single camel, ruminating as it lay with its tall intelligent head erect, and stretched towards the entrance of the tent. Almost all had, in addition, one or two magnificent white greyhounds of a large growth, which, according to the Mahometan custom, were fat and well kept, and seemed to acknowledge their masters; from this circumstance I infer that these tribes employ them in the chase. The Scheiks appeared to enjoy absolute authority, and the slightest signal on their part seemed to re-establish order and silence, which the tumult of our arrival had disturbed. Some children, having been incited by curiosity to certain trifling indiscretions towards us, they made the men drive

them to a distant quarter of the camp. The men, generally speaking, were large, strong, handsome and well-made, and their dress denoted negligence rather than poverty. Several wore vests of silk, mingled with threads of gold and silver, and blue silk pelisses, lined with rich furs ; their arms were equally remarkable for their rich carvings, and the silver with which they were inlaid and ornamented.

The women were neither shut up nor veiled ; they were even but half-clothed, especially girls from twelve to fifteen, whose only vesture consisted of a sort of chemise, of cotton or silk, thrown over the body, and fastened by a girdle, leaving the neck and breast uncovered ; and a short full kind of trowsers ; their feet and legs always bare, and adorned with bracelets of silver above the ankle. Their hair, which was generally quite black, was plaited in long tresses, hanging down to the heels, and decked with pieces of coin, threaded ; the neck and loins were, moreover, encased in a network of piastres, jingling at every step they took, like the scales of a serpent. These women were neither tall, fair, modest, nor graceful, like the Syrian Arabs, nor exhibited the fearful and ferocious aspect of the Bedouin females. They were, for the most part, small, thin, and sunburnt ; but gay, brisk, playful, dancing and singing to the music, which had not for a moment suspended its lively and animating airs. They showed no embarrassment under our survey, nor any modest uneasiness at their half-nakedness before the men of the tribe ; and the men themselves seemed to exercise no authority over them, contenting themselves with laughing at their indiscreet curiosity respecting us, and pushing them gently and jokingly aside. A few of the young maidens were very pretty, and *piquantes* ; they all tint their black eyes with henna round the edge of the lids, which greatly increases the vivacity of their expression. Their legs and hands, also, were stained of a mahogany color ; and the dazzling whiteness of their ivory teeth set off by lips tattooed with blue, and by their tanned complexions, imparted a wild, though not ferocious character to their physiognomy. They somewhat resembled the young women of Provence or Naples, but having a more arched forehead, a freer gait, a franker smile, and more natural manners. Their countenances remain deeply impressed upon the memory, for we are not apt to meet with such faces a second time.

We were surrounded by about one or two hundred of the tribe, and having made our observations upon their camp, their per-

sonal appearance, and their employments, we made signs of desiring to remount our horses, which were immediately brought to us—and as they were frightened by the strange aspect and cries of the surrounding throng, and by the sound of the drums, the Scheik made two of his women carry Julia to the outskirts of the forest, the whole tribe accompanying us thus far. There we remounted, and they offered us a goat and a camel as parting presents, which however, we declined. On our parts, we gave them a handful of Turkish piastres (which the young girls divided amongst themselves to add to their collars), and two gold coins to the Scheik's wives. At a short distance from the forest we again fell in with the river, forded it, and under its fringe of rose-laurels we met another party of girls of the Kurd tribe, about a hundred in number, returning from Bayreut, where they had been purchasing some earthen jars, and some pieces of stuff for a marriage in their tribe, and were stopping here to dance in the shade, each holding in her hand some article of the domestic economy, or of finery for their companion. They followed us very clamorously a long time, laying hold of Julia's dress and of our horses' manes, to obtain coin from us, and as soon as we had thrown them some they ran away, and dashed into the river with all speed to regain their camp.

After crossing the Nahr-Bayreut and the other half of the cultivated plain, shaded by young palms and pines, we arrived at the hills of red sand extending eastward of Bayreut, between the sea and the valley; forming a portion of the Egyptian Desert, cast at the foot of Lebanon and encompassed by magnificent oases. The sand is as red as ochre, and as fine as an impalpable powder. The Arabs affirm that this desert of red sand is neither carried thither by the winds, nor accumulated by the waves, but vomited by a subterranean torrent which communicates with the Deserts of Gaza and El-Arish, pretending that springs of sand exist as well as springs of water, and pointing out in confirmation of their opinion the color and form of the sea sand, which in fact bears not the smallest affinity to that of the desert. The colors of the two are as distinct as those of a course of marble and of granite. Be the fact however as it may, the sand, whether discharged from subterranean sources or scattered there by the violent winds of winter, spreads itself in sheets five or six leagues in breadth, and raises mountains or scoops out valleys—changing their respective forms with every storm. After a short progress among these fluctuating labyrinths, it becomes impossible to

ascertain unaided where we are or in what direction we are advancing. Hills of sand screen the horizon on all sides, and no path can subsist on the surface of these waves, which preserve no more traces of the passage of horses or camels than do the watery billows of that of a ship or a boat; all are effaced by the lightest breeze. Some of the downs were so steep that our horses could scarcely ascend them, and we were obliged to advance cautiously for fear of being swallowed up by the quicksands which frequently occur. When the simoom of the desert arises, these hills wave like the breakers of the sea, and silently folding themselves over the adjacent hollow swallow up the camels of the caravan. Such dismal and movable solitudes, where no trace of vegetation can be discerned, with the exception of a few large bulbous roots which roll occasionally under the feet of the horses, give the melancholy impression of a noiseless tempest attended by images of death. They annually extend their invasion some paces over the cultivated lands in their neighborhood. Towards their verge, therefore, are always to be seen palm or fig trees shooting up their withered heads from the surface like the masts of vessels absorbed in the watery wastes. The only distinguishable sound we heard during our painful transit over these pathless wilds was the dashing of the breakers at half a league distance against the rocks. The setting sun tinged the crests of those mountains of red dust with a color which I can compare to nothing but the ardent flame of a furnace; or its rays gliding down into the valleys, inundated them with fire like the avenues of a blazing edifice. Now and then, on reaching the summit of a hill, we caught sight of the white tips of Lebanon, or of the sea with its band of surf bordering the sinuous coast of the gulf of Sidon; then suddenly we plunged again into ravines of fiery sand, and could no longer descry any object but the sky above us.

I watched Julia, who often turned to look after me, her beautiful face suffused with emotion, and bearing traces of fatigue; and in her expressive eyes, which seemed to scrutinize my feelings, I read mingled impressions of terror, enthusiasm and delight. The increasing roar of the sea indicated our approach to the Mediterranean coast, which abruptly presented itself immediately below us as we traversed a precipitous elevation of at least two hundred feet. The solid soil resounding to our steps, though still covered with a light bed of white sand, proved that trackless waves of sand no longer formed our only footing, but

we were now succeeded by the rocks which girdle the whole line of the Syrian coast. We had reached a point of it where the perpetual conflict of the rocks and waters has produced a remarkable effect; the repeated attacks of the surge, or the shock of an earthquake, have detached from the continuous block of the cliffs immense mountains of stone, which, rolling into the sea, and there fixing themselves in an upright position have been worn, smoothed, and polished by the action of the waters for centuries, and have assumed the most extraordinary forms. One of these rocks stood before us at about a hundred feet distance, rearing its crest above the level of the coast; the waves incessantly beating against it had, in process of time, cleft it in the middle, and formed a gigantic arch, resembling the mouth of a triumphal monument: the interior walls were polished and shining as Carrara marble; the retiring billows left them nearly dry, and resplendent with the boiling spray; then soon returning in tremendous breakers, they rushed with the crash of thunder into the arch, filling it to the vaulted roof, and chafed by the concussion, rebounded in a torrent of fresh foam to the very summit of the rock, from whence they fell back in white tresses, or in dazzling showers of watery globules, as fine as dust.

Our horses shuddered with horror at every return of the waves, while we could not wrest our eyes from the conflicting elements, which for half an hour of our route inundated the shore with these magnificent sports of nature. Others of these detached rocks take the form of embattled towers; they are entirely covered with the nests of the sea-swallow, and united to the shore by natural bridges, underneath which, the subterranean breakers are heard roaring and bellowing. In certain spots, rocks pierced through by the action of the waves, serve as pipes to throw up the saline spray in fountains; which rise in broad columns to the height of several feet from the earth, and when the surge has retired; return murmuring to their abyss. At the moment we passed the spot the sea was running high, rolling to the land in blue mountains with transparent crests, and breaking against the rocks with a crash that reverberated along a vast extent of shore, while the stupendous marine arch of rock which we were contemplating seemed to stagger beneath the shock. The interminable prospect of an immense sea, unbroken by a single sail, at that hour when the first shadows of the declining sun began to darken its surface; those gigantic fractures of the coast; and the tumultuous noise of the waves shaking enormous rocks, with as

much ease as the feet of birds remove grains of sand; the loud subterranean echoes multiplying the dull roar of the tempest;—all this, immediately succeeding the silent and terrible solitudes we had passed, struck upon our senses with impressions so various, solemn, and powerful, as to deprive us of the use of speech, while tears of emotion glistened in Julia's eyes.

In silence we pursued our way over the narrowest part of the desert of red sand, which we still had to cross, and making for the hills of Bayreut, at sunset reached the great pine forest of the Emir Fakar-el-Din. There Julia, recovering her voice, turned to me, and said in a tone of ecstasy, "Have I not had the most beautiful journey that the world can afford? Oh! how great is God, and how good to me," added she, "in selecting me, young as I am, for the contemplation of such wonderful works!"

It was night when we dismounted at the door of the house; we had other excursions in view for the days that intervened before our journey to Damascus.

THE COLONIZATION OF LEBANON.

THE MARONITES.

The cradle of the Maronites, of whom I am about to speak, is veiled in obscurity. History, incomplete and fabulous respecting all things that belong to the first centuries of our era, leaves doubts upon the various origins which have been assigned to their institutions. They have but few books, and these unsubjected to censorship or criticism; yet as the knowledge and traditions of a people concerning themselves should be always preferred to the vain speculation of the traveler, I here submit the result of their own histories.

A holy recluse, named Maron, lived about the year 400, and is mentioned by Theodorick and St. Chrysostom. He inhabited the desert, and his disciples having dispersed themselves throughout the different regions of Syria, built several monasteries, the principal of which was in the neighborhood of Apamea, on the fertile banks of the Orontes. All the Syriac Christians who were not affected with the heresy of the Monothelites, took refuge around these monasteries, and from that circumstance received the name of Maronites. Volney, who lived several months among them,

collected the best accounts of their origin ; and his statements nearly coincide with the following, which I gathered from their local traditions :

Whatever their earlier history, the Maronites are, in the present day, governed by the purest theocracy that has withstood the assaults of time ; incessantly menaced by Mussulman tyranny, it has been obliged to continue moderate and protective, and to allow the germination of those principles of civil liberty, now ready to develope themselves among them.

The Maronite nation, which, according to Volney, consisted, in 1784, of a hundred and twenty thousand souls, now reckons more than two hundred thousand, and is multiplying every day. Its territory is a hundred and fifty square leagues in extent, but has only arbitrary limits, spreading by degrees over the sides of Mount Lebanon, and in the valleys and plains around it, as its swarming population disperses to found new villages. The town of Zharklé, at the mouth of the Valley of Bekaa, opposite Balbec, which, twenty years ago, scarcely contained a population of twelve hundred souls, has now as many thousands, and is daily increasing.

The Maronites are subject to the Emir Beschir, and form, with the Druses and Metoualis, a sort of despotic confederation under the government of that Emir. Although the members of these three nations differ in origin, in religion, and in manners, and are scarcely ever confounded in the same villages, the interest of defending their common liberty, and the vigorous and politic sway of the Emir Beschir, retains them under a single sceptre. Their numerous habitations cover the space comprehended between Latakia and St. John d'Acre, on one side and Damascus and Bayreut on the other. I shall have something to say separately of the Druses and the Metoualis.

The Maronites occupy the most central valleys, and most elevated ridges of the principal group of Lebanon, from the environs of Bayreut to Syrian Tripoli. The slopes of these mountains towards the sea are fertile, and watered by numerous streams of never-failing cascades. They produce silk, oil, barley, and wheat ; the heights are almost inaccessible, and the flanks of the mountains are in all parts pierced by the naked rock : but the indefatigable activity of this people, to whose religion those peaks and precipices offer the only secure asylum, has reduced even the rock to fertility ; has erected, stage above stage, even to the highest crags, to the eternal snows, terrace walls, formed of blocks of

soft rock ; has carried up to these terraces the little vegetative soil borne down by the waters into the ravines ; has pulverized the stone itself, to render it productive, by admixture with that spare collection of earth, and has made of Lebanon a complete garden, covered with mulberry, fig, olive, and plum trees. The traveler cannot overcome his astonishment, when, after climbing whole days over piles of mountains which are but one solid rock, he suddenly encounters, in the deep bosom of an elevated gorge, or on the platform of a natural pyramid, a beautiful village, built of white stone, inhabited by a numerous and rich population, with a Moorish castle in the centre, a monastery in the distant perspective, a torrent dashing its foam against the foot of the village, and all around him a prospect of vegetation and verdure, where pines, chestnut, and mulberry trees overshadow vineyards, or fields of maize and corn. These villages are sometimes suspended almost perpendicularly one above another, within a stone's throw ; the human voice itself may be heard from one to the other, yet the steep acclivity of the mountain requires such windings and sinuosities, that the path of communication is probably the journey of an hour or two.

In every village is found a Scheik, administering the justice of the country as a sort of feudal lord ; but that justice and its administration, although summarily exercised, and in the simplest quality of police, by the Scheiks, is neither absolute nor without appeal ; the superior administration belongs to the Emir and his Divan. Justice resides partly in the Emir and partly in the Bishops, between whom there is a contested jurisdiction. To the Patriarch of the Maronites is reserved solely the decision of all cases in which the civil and religious law come in contact—as in marriages, dispensations, separations. The Prince is obliged to observe the most cautious policy towards the Patriarch and Bishops, for the spiritual authority of the clergy over their flocks is immense and incontestable. The clergy consists of the Patriarch, who is elected by the Bishops, and confirmed by the Pope ; of the Pope's Legate, sent from Rome, and residing in the Monastery either of Antoura or Kanoubin ; of the Bishops, the Superiors of Monasteries, and the Curates. Notwithstanding that the Romish Church has severely maintained the law of clerical celibacy in Europe, and that many of her writers have affected to recognize doctrinal law in that rule of her discipline, she has been obliged to yield the point in the East, and the Maronite priests, though fervent and devout Catholics, are married men. The privilege of

marriage, however, is not extended either to the monks living in community, nor to the bishops,—the secular clergy and curates alone enjoy it ; and all inconveniences that might result from this rule are obviated by the seclusion in which Arab women live, the simple patriarchal manners of the people, and by custom. Far from the purity of sacerdotal morals, the popular respect for the ministers of their faith, or the precept of confession, having in any degree suffered from this indulgence, it may be truly said, that in no country of Europe are the clergy so pure, so exclusively devoted to their pious ministry, so venerable, or so influential over the minds of the people as they are here. Those who would contemplate in actual existence all that the imagination pictures of the season of infant and pure Christianity ; who would see the simplicity and fervor of the primitive faith, purity of morals, disinterestedness in the ministers of charity, sacerdotal influence without abuse, authority without domination, poverty without mendicity, dignity without pride, prayer, vigils, sobriety, chastity, manual labor—those who would contemplate all this must visit the Maronites. The most rigid philosopher would find no reform requisite in the public or private life of these priests, who are alike the example, the counselors, and the servants of the people.

There may exist about two hundred Maronite monasteries, of various orders, on the surface of Lebanon, inhabited by from twenty to twenty-five thousand monks ; but these monks are neither rich, mendicant, oppressive, nor bloodsuckers of the people. They are societies of simple and laborious men, who, wishing to consecrate their lives to prayer and spiritual liberty, renounce the cares incident to bringing up a family, and devote themselves to God and the culture of the soil in one of these retreats. Their life, as I have just shown, is that of a laborious peasant. They tend cattle or silk-worms, cleave rocks, build with their own hands the terrace walls of their fields, dig, plough, and reap. The monasteries possess but little land ; and each admits only as many monks as such a portion of land will maintain. I have dwelt long among this people, have frequented many of their monasteries, and have never heard a single scandal imputed to the monks, or a single murmur against them. Each monastery is, in fact, a sort of small farm, the servants of which are voluntary, and receive, for their only meed, a roof to shelter them, the food of anchorites, and the prayers of the Church. So completely is useful labor the law of man's nature, and the condition of virtue and happiness here below, that I have not seen one of those recluses who did not

bear in his features the impress of peace of mind, content, and health. The bishops have absolute authority over the monasteries within their jurisdiction, which jurisdiction is limited—every large village having its own bishop.

The Maronite people, whether descended from Arabs or Syrians, partake the virtues of their clergy, and form a separate race from all others of the East ; it might be conjectured to be a European colony, cast by accident amongst the tribes of the desert. Their personal appearance, however, is Arab. The men are tall and handsome, with a frank, though somewhat proud expression, a mild and intelligent smile ; blue eyes, aquiline nose, a light beard, a noble presence, a deep and guttural voice, and manners polite without meanness. Their costume is splendid, and their arms are glittering. Passing through a village, and seeing a Scheik seated at the door of his battlemented dwelling, his fine horses fastened in the court, and the chiefs of the village, clothed in their rich pelisses, with girdles of scarlet silk, filled with yatagans and silver-hilted kandgiars, their heads enveloped in immense turbans composed of various colored stuffs, with a large lappet of purple silk falling over the shoulder—you might fancy yourself among a nation of kings. Bound to Europeans by the strongest of all ties, community of religion, they love us as brothers, and believe themselves protected by our consuls and ambassadors against the Turks. Our travelers, missionaries, and young interpreters, who go to study the Arabic language, are received in every village as a family receives its kindred, and become the cherished guests of the whole country. They are addressed with respect, lodged in the monastery or the Scheik's house, furnished abundantly with all that the country produces, taken on hawking parties, confidentially introduced to the society even of the women, and indissoluble ties of friendship are formed between them, the memory of which the heads of families transmit to their children. I do not doubt that if the people were better known, and the magnificent country they inhabit more frequently visited, many Europeans would establish themselves amongst the Maronites ; beauty of scenery, admirable perfection of climate, the moderate price of necessaries, analogy of religion, hospitable manners, individual security and tranquillity, all concur to make a habitation among them desirable ; and for my own part, if it were permitted to man to detach himself from his native soil, if it were not almost a duty incumbent upon him to live wherever Providence has indicated his cradle and his tomb, there to love and serve his compatriots,—

if involuntary exile, in short, should ever be my lot, I should nowhere find it more endurable than in one of these peaceful villages of the Maronites, at the foot or on the descent of Lebanon, in the bosom of a simple, religious, and benevolent population, under the palm and orange trees of one of the gardens of those monasteries, within view of the sea and of eternal snows.

The most admirable police (the result rather of religion and morals, than of legislation,) reigns throughout the whole extent of territory inhabited by the Maronites. The traveler may there pursue his journey alone and unguided, by day or by night, without fear of theft or violence; crime is almost unknown; the stranger is sacred to the Mahometan Arab, but still more sacred to the Arab Christian, whose door is open to him at all hours; the kid is killed to do him honor, the rush-mat surrendered to afford him a bed. In every village there is a church or chapel, in which the rites of the Catholic worship are daily celebrated in the Syriac tongue. At that part of the service where the gospel of the day is introduced, the priest turns towards the congregation and reads it to them in Arabic. Religion, more lasting than the human race, preserves its language sacred, when the people have lost theirs.

The Maronites are brave, and, like all the mountaineers, warriors by nature. They muster, at the bidding of the Emir Beshir, to the number of thirty or forty thousand men, either to defend the passes of their mountains, or to rush upon the plain, and make Damascus or the towns of Syria tremble. The Turks dare not penetrate into Lebanon while these people are at peace amongst themselves; the Pachas of Acre and Damascus have never ventured to set foot there, except when intestine divisions called them in to the succor of either party. I may deceive myself, but I imagine that great destinies may be reserved to the Maronite people,—a virgin nation, primitive in its morals, religion, and courage; possessed of the traditional virtues of the Patriarchs, of property, a portion of liberty, and much patriotism; and who, by similarity of religion, and the relations of faith and commerce, are every day more and more impregnated with western civilization. While surrounding communities fall into impotence and the decay of age, it alone appears perpetually to renew its youth, and acquire fresh accessions of strength. In proportion as Syria becomes depopulated, this people will descend from their mountain fastnesses, found commercial towns on the sea-shore, cultivate the fertile plains now left to jackals and gazelles, and

establish a new dominion in countries in which the old are fast expiring. Should a man of talent shortly spring up among them, whether from the ranks of the all-powerful clergy, or from the family of some Emir or Scheik whom they revere—a man capable of estimating the future, and disposed to ally himself with European powers, he would have no difficulty in re-enacting the wonders of Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, and would leave behind him the veritable gem of an Arabian empire. Europe is interested in the realization of this wish; she would have a colony ready to her hands on those teeming shores; and Syria, re-peopled with a Christian and industrious nation, would enrich the Mediterranean with a commerce which now languishes; open the road to India; drive back the wandering and barbarous tribes of the desert; and restore life to the East. There are more hopes for the future here than in Egypt. Egypt has but one man, Lebanon has a people.

THE DRUSES.

The Druses, who, with the Metoualis and the Maronites, form the principal population of Lebanon, have long passed for a European colony left in the East by the Crusaders; but nothing can be more absurd. The characteristics which abide the longest by a people, are religion and language. Now the Druses are, most of them, idolaters, and speak Arabic. They cannot, therefore, be descended from a Frank or a Christian nation. They are most probably, like the Maronites, an Arab tribe of the desert, who having refused to adopt the religion of the prophet, and being persecuted by the new believers, took refuge in the inaccessible solitudes of the mighty Lebanon, there to defend their Gods and their liberty. They have prospered; have often assumed the predominance over the various populations of Syria; and the history of their principal chief, the Emir Fakar-el-Din, rendered by us, Fakardin, has made them famous even in Europe. This prince appears in his history about the commencement of the seventeenth century. Nominated governor of the Druses, he gained the confidence of the Porte; repulsed the ferocious tribes of Balbec; delivered Tyre and St. John d'Acre from the incursions of the Bedouin Arabs; chased the Turkish Aga from Bayreut, and established his own capitol in that city. It was in vain that the Pachas of Aleppo or Damascus menaced or denounced him to the Divan; he corrupted his judges, and tri-

umphed by fraud or strength over all his enemies. The Porte, however, after repeated warnings of the progress of the Druses, at length adopted the resolution of overpowering them by force of arms, and prepared a formidable expedition. The Emir Fakar-el-Din determined to temporize; he had formed alliances, and concluded treaties of commerce, with the princes of Italy, and he went himself to solicit the assistance which those princes had promised him. Leaving the government to his son Ali, he embarked at Bayreut, and took refuge at the Court of Medici, in Florence.

The arrival of a Mahometan prince in Europe awakened attention; a report was spread that Fakar-el-Din was a descendant of the princely house of Lorraine, and that the Druses derived their origin from the companions of a Count of Druse, who remained in Lebanon after the conclusion of the Crusades. In vain were the Druses mentioned before the period of the Crusades, by the historian Benjamin of Tudela. The clever adventurer lent his own aid to propagate the new opinion, in order to interest the sovereigns of Europe in his fate.

After nine years' residence at Florence, the Emir Fakar-el-Din returned to Syria. His son Ali had meanwhile repulsed the Turks, and preserved inviolate the provinces conquered by his father, to whom he surrendered the command; but the emir, corrupted by the arts and luxuries of Florence, forgot that the condition of his rule was the power of inspiring his enemies with respect and terror. He built magnificent chateaus at Bayreut, and adorned them in imitation of the Italian palaces, with statues and paintings, which shocked the prejudices of the Orientals. His subjects began to be dissatisfied; the Sultan Amurath IV. becoming incensed, sent the Pacha of Damascus with another powerful army against Fakar-el-Din; and while the Pacha descended from Lebanon, a Turkish fleet blockaded the port of Bayreut. Ali, eldest son of the emir, and governor of Saphad, was killed in an engagement with the Damascenes; upon which Fakar-el-Din sent his second son on board the admiral's vessel, to implore peace; but the admiral detained the child a prisoner and refused all negotiation. The emir fled in consternation, and shut himself up with a small number of devoted friends in the inaccessible Rock of Nilka, which the Turks vainly besieged for a whole year, and then retired. Fakar-el-Din, thus set at liberty, took the road towards his mountain; but, betrayed by some of the companions of his fortunes, he was delivered up to the Turks and

conducted to Constantinople. Prostrated at the feet of Amurath, that prince at first treated him with generosity and benevolence. He gave him a palace and slaves; but shortly afterwards conceived some suspicions of his vanquished foe, and the brave and unfortunate Fakar-el-Din was strangled.

The Turks, whose policy contents itself with clearing their road of an enemy who gives them umbrage—but who, beyond that, respect popular customs and traditional legitimacies—suffered the posterity of Fakar-el-Din to reign undisturbed; and it is not above a century since, by the death of the last descendant of the celebrated emir, the sceptre of Lebanon passed to another family, that of Chab, originally from Mecca, and whose present chief, the aged Emir Beschir, now governs those countries.

The religion of the Druses is a mystery which no traveler has yet been able to penetrate. I have been acquainted with several Europeans who have lived many years among them, and who have confessed to me their ignorance in this particular. Lady Stanhope herself, who might form an exception, from her habitual residence in the midst of this Arab tribe, and from the devotion with which she inspires men whose language she speaks and whose manners she adopts, told me that even to her the religion of the Druses was a mystery. Most travelers who have written upon them, consider their worship as only a schism of Mahometanism; but I am convinced that they are mistaken. One certain fact is, that the religion of the Druses permits them to assume the creed of any people with whom they communicate; and from hence is derived the opinion of their being schismatic Mahometans, though this opinion is not to the purpose. The only ascertained point is, that they adore the calf. Their institutions coincide with those of the nations of antiquity. They are divided into two castes,—*Akkals*, or the sages, and *djahels*, or the ignorant; and their form of worship differs according as they belong to the one or the other of these castes. They hold in veneration the names of Moses, Mahomet, and Jesus. They assemble once a week, each caste on the spot consecrated to the degree of initiation it has attained; and during the celebration of their rites, guards keep sentry, lest any profane person should approach the initiated, a temerity punished with instant death. Women are admitted to these mysteries. The priests or *Akkals* marry, and have a sacerdotal hierarchy. The chief of the *Akkals*, or sovereign pontiff of the Druses, resides at the village of El-Mutna.

After the death of a Druse, there is a meeting round his tomb,

where testimony is received upon his life; if it is favorable, the Akkal exclaims, "May the Almighty be merciful to thee!" If condemnatory, the priests and his assistant keep silence. The people at large believe in the transmigration of souls; and that if the life of a Druse has been pure, he will revive in a man favored by fortune, brave, and beloved by his countrymen; if he has been base or cowardly, he will return under the form of a camel or a dog.

The schools for children are numerous, under the direction of the Akkals, and they are taught to read the Koran. Sometimes, when there are but few Druses in a village, and a school is wanting, they suffer their children to be instructed with those of Christians, and content themselves with erasing the traces of Christianity from their minds when, at more mature years, they are initiated into their own mysterious rites. Women, as well as men, are admitted to the sacerdotal office; divorce is frequent, and impunity for adultery purchased. Hospitality is sacred, and neither bribe nor menace, whatever its nature, could induce a Druse to betray, even to his prince, the guest who had confided himself to the sanctuary of his threshold. At the time of the battle of Navarino, the European inhabitants of the Syrian towns, dreading the vengeance of the Turks, retired for several months among the Druses, and there lived in perfect security. Their maxim, like that of the Gospel, is, that all men are brothers, but they observe it better than we do: our dogmas are Evangelical, our laws Pagan.

In my opinion, the race of the Druses may lay claim to the highest antiquity, although its source is lost in the obscurity of remote ages. The cast of their physiognomy is nearly allied to the Jewish, and their adoration of the calf would lead me to believe them either of Samaritan origin, or descended from those people of Arabia Petraea, who incited the Jews to that species of idolatry.

Accustomed at the present day to a sort of fraternity with the Christian Maronites, and detesting the Mahometan yoke,—numerous, rich, susceptible of discipline, attached to agriculture and commerce, they will easily incorporate with the Maronite people, and will advance with the same pace in civilization, provided their religious rites are respected.

THE METOUALIS.

The Metoualis, who form about a third part of the population of Lower Lebanon, are Mahometans, of the sect of Ali, which is

dominant in Persia, whereas the Turks belong to the sect of Omar, a schism which was effected in Islamism in the thirty-sixth year of the Hegira. The partisans of Ali anathematize Omar as a usurper of the Kaliphates : Hussein and Ali are their saints. The Metoualis, like the Persians, neither eat nor drink with the followers of any other sect than their own, and will break the glass or dish which a stranger has used. They consider themselves defiled even if their vesture touches ours ; yet, as they are generally weak and despised in Syria, they accommodate themselves to circumstances, and I have had many in my service who did not very rigorously observe these intolerant precepts. Their origin is ascertained ; they were masters of Balbec about the sixteenth century ; their tribe, as it enlarged, extended itself at first over the sides of Lebanon, about the Desert of Bekaa, which they afterwards crossed, and mingled with the Druses, in that part of the mountain that hangs over Tyre and Saide. The Emir Yousef, jealous of their vicinity, armed the Druses against them, and dislodged them from Saphad and the mountains of Galilee ; Daher, Pacha of Acre, admitted them, and formed an alliance with them in 1760, when they were sufficiently numerous to furnish him with ten thousand horsemen.

At this time they took possession of the ruins of Tyre, now a village on the sea-coast under the name of Sour ; fought valiantly against the Druses, and completely defeated the Emir Yousef's army, twenty thousand strong, though their own number was only five hundred ; but rage and vengeance had converted them into so many heroes, and the intestine disputes which divided the Druses (between the parties of the Emir Mansour and the Emir Yousef) contributed to the success of the Metoualis. They afterwards abandoned Daher, Pacha of Acre, and their desertion caused his ruin and death, which his successor, Djezzar Pacha, cruelly revenged upon them. From the year 1777, Djezzar Pacha, master of Saide and Acre, pursued unremittingly the destruction of this people, and his persecutions compelled them to effect a reconciliation with the Druses ; they joined the party of the Emir Yousef, and though reduced to only seven or eight hundred warriors, they achieved more in one campaign for the common cause than the twenty thousand Druses and Maronites assembled at Dair-el-Kamar. Single handed, they carried the strong fortress of Mar-Djebaa, and put to the sword eight hundred Arnauts who defended it. Driven from Balbec the following year, after a desperate resistance, they took refuge to the number of five or six hundred

families, amongst the Druses and Maronites; afterwards re-descended to the valley, and a portion of them now occupy the magnificent ruins of Heliopolis, though the greater part are settled on the slopes and in the valleys of Lebanon, on the Sour side. The principality of Balbec has of late been the subject of an implacable strife between two brothers of the Harfousch family, Djadjha, and Sultan, who have alternately expelled each other from that heap of ruins, and have lost in the struggle more than eighty members of their own house. Since 1810, the Emir Djadjha has definitively reigned in Balbec.

THE ANSARIANS.

Volney has given the most judicious accounts of the Ansarians, who occupy the western part of the chain of Lebanon, and the plains of Latakia. Idolaters, like the Druses, like them also they envelop their religious rites in the occult mysteries of initiation. I shall only concern myself with that portion of their history which is posterior to the year 1807.

At that time a tribe of Ansarians, feigning a quarrel with their chief, quitted their territory in the mountains, and came to ask an asylum and protection of the Emir of Maszyad, who, eagerly seizing so favorable an opportunity of weakening his enemies by dividing them, received the Ansarians, as well as their Scheik, Mahmoud, within the walls of Maszyad, and carried his hospitality to the extent of dislodging part of the inhabitants to make room for the fugitives. For several months all went on quietly: but one day when most of the Ismaelites of Maszyad had left the town to work in the fields, at an appointed signal, the Ansarians fell upon the Emir and his son, stabbed them, took possession of the castle, massacred all the Ismaelites who remained in the town, and set it on fire. The next day a great number of Ansarians joined the agents of this detestable conspiracy, which a whole nation had kept secret for four or five months. About three hundred Ismaelites perished, and the rest fled to Hama, Homs, and Tripoli.

The manners and devotional exercises of the Ansarians led Burkhardt to believe that they were an expatriated tribe from Hindostan. It is certain that they were established in Syria long previous to the Ottoman conquest. Some of them are still idolaters; and the worship of the dog, which seems to have been held in honor by the ancient Syrians, and to have given its name to

the Dog River, Nahr-el-Kelb, near the ancient Berytus, is said to be retained among several families of the Ansarians. This people is on the decline, and might be easily driven out, or reduced to subjection, by the Druses and Maronites.

18th November.

I returned from an excursion to the Monastery of Antoura, one of the finest and most celebrated of Lebanon. On quitting Bayreut, the road runs for some miles along the sea-shore, under an arcade of trees of all forms and foliages:—mostly fruit trees, as fig, pomegranate, orange, aloes, and the sycamore fig, the latter a gigantic tree, of which the luxuriant fruit, resembling small figs, instead of hanging from the extremity of boughs, is attached to the trunk and branches, like moss. After crossing the river over the Roman bridge, the appearance of which I have before described, the road follows, as far as Cape Batroun, a sandy flat, formed by an arm of Lebanon projecting into the sea, and consisting of one rock, through which, in remote ages, a road has been scooped, commanding a magnificent view. The sides of the rock are in many places covered with Greek, Latin, and Syriac inscriptions, and with symbolical figures sculptured upon its face, whose meaning cannot now be deciphered; probably they relate to the worship of Adonis formerly practised in these regions; for, according to tradition, temples and funereal solemnities were dedicated to him near the spot where he perished, which is believed to be on the banks of the stream we have just crossed.

On descending from this lofty and picturesque platform, the scenery suddenly changes its character. The gaze of the traveler is immediately riveted on a deep contracted gorge of the rock, through which his road is about to lead; here the Nahr-el-Kelb, or Dog River, flows noiselessly between two perpendicular walls of rock, two or three hundred feet in height; in some parts occupying the whole ravine, in others leaving between its waters and the rock a narrow margin covered with trees, sugar canes, and rushes, which form a thick green arch on the banks and sometimes over the whole bed of the river. A ruined Khan juts out on a point of the rock upon the very brink of the water, opposite a bridge, of which the arch is so tall and slender that it cannot be crossed without trembling. Arab patience has cut in the face of the rocks, forming this defile, some narrow stone steps, which although they hang almost perpendicularly over the flood, must yet, in all their alternations of ascent and descent, be traversed on horseback. We trusted to the instinct of our sure-

footed steeds ; but the steepness of the steps, the smooth polish of the stones, and the depth of the precipice, made it at times impossible not to close our eyes. On this very path, a few years since, the Pope's last Legate to the Maronites was precipitated by a stumble of his horse into the gulf below, and perished. It issues upon an elevated platform smiling with tillage, vineyards, and little Maronite villages. On an opposite hill appears a pretty new house, of Italian architecture, with porticoes, terraces, and balustrades, constructed by Signor Lozanna, Bishop of Abydos, the present Legate of the Holy See in Syria, for his winter retreat. He passes the summer in the Monastery of Kanobin, the residence of the Patriarch, and the ecclesiastical capital of the Maronites, situated much higher up the mountain, almost inaccessible, and in the winter buried in snow.

Signor Lozanna, a man of elegant manners, of Italian habits, with a cultivated mind, profound erudition, and an acute and solid understanding, has been happily chosen by the Court of Rome for representing her policy and managing her influence with the superior Maronite clergy ; and he would be equally well adapted to these duties either at Vienna or Paris. He exhibits, indeed, a model of those Roman prelates, inheritors of the great, noble, and peculiar diplomacy of that government, with which power is nothing, policy and personal dignity every thing.

Signor Lozanna is a Piedmontese ; he will certainly not be long stationary in these solitudes ; Rome will employ him more usefully in a more stormy theatre. He is one of those men who justify fortune, and have her favors written beforehand on an active and intelligent countenance. He judiciously affects, among these people, an Oriental luxury and a solemnity of costume and manners, in the absence of which the Asiatics recognize neither sanctity nor authority. He has adopted the Arabian costume. His immense and carefully combed beard falls in golden waves over his purple robe, and his mare, of the purest Arabian blood, lively and docile to his hand, may vie with the most beautiful mares of the Scheiks of the Desert. We soon perceived him coming to meet us, followed by a numerous escort, and fearlessly wheeling about on the rocky precipices over which we advanced with the most timid caution. After the first words of compliment he conducted us to his charming villa, where a collation awaited us, and soon afterwards accompanied us to the Monastery of Antoura, where he provisionally resided. Two young Lazarite priests, who had left France since the Revolution

of July, are now the sole occupants of this fine and vast convent, formerly built by the Jesuits, who have frequently tried to establish their mission and influence among the Arabs, but have never yet succeeded, and have little prospect of success in our days, for a very simple reason—there are no politics in the religion of the East; perfectly distinct from the civil power, it confers neither influence nor state employment. The state is Mahometan; Catholicism is free, but has no human means of domination; now as it is by human means, chiefly, that the Jesuitical system has endeavored to act, and does act, upon religion, this country does not suit it. Religion is here divided into orthodox and schismatic communions, with each of whom faith is a portion of the blood and spiritual inheritance of families.

Aversion, indeed irreconcilable hatred, exist in a stronger degree between the various Christian communions than between the Turks and Christians. Conversions are, in these countries, impossible, since a change of communion would brand with perpetual opprobrium, and would often be punished with death by a tribe, a village, or a family. As for the Mahometans, conversion amongst them is unheard of. Their religion is a practical Deism, the morality of which is the same in principle as that of Christianity, but is not founded on the doctrine of the Incarnation of the Deity. The doctrine of Mahometanism is simply a belief in Divine inspiration, manifested by a man wiser and more favored with the celestial emanation than his fellow-creatures. Some miraculous operations have since been mixed up with the mission of Mahomet, but these legendary miracles of Islamism do not form the foundation of the religion, and are even rejected by enlightened Turks. All religions have their legends, their absurd traditions, their popular aspects; the philosophical view of Mahometanism is pure from these grosser mixtures; it consists only in resignation to the will of God, and charity towards men. I have conversed with a great number of truly religious Turks and Arabians who admitted nothing but what is reasonable and human in their creed. Their reason had no efforts to make to accept dogmas from which it revolted. Theirs was practical and contemplative Deism. Such men are not easily converted; it is natural to descend from marvelous to simple doctrines, but not to remount from the simple to the marvelous.

Another inconvenience attended the interference of the Jesuits amongst the Maronites. The very nature of their institution tends to create parties, and pious factions, both among the clergy

and laity ; the very ardor of their zeal inspires either enthusiasm or hatred ; nothing can remain lukewarm within their sphere. The superior Maronite clergy could not regard with an eye of favor the establishment, in the midst of them, of a religious fraternity which threatened to wrest from their spiritual domination a part of the Catholic population.

The Jesuits then no longer exist in Syria ; but within these few years, two young abbés, a French, and a German, have settled there, on the invitation of a Maronite bishop, as professors in a school which he was founding. I knew these two excellent young men, both full of faith, and burning with disinterested zeal. They neglected no means or opportunity of propagating among the Druses, their neighbors, some ideas of Christianity ; but the effect of their proceedings was confined to baptizing in secret, and unknown even to the parents, young children of families into which they had introduced themselves under pretence of giving medical advice. They struck me as little disposed to submit to the somewhat ignorant forms of the Maronite bishops, in matters of education ; and I believe they will return to Europe without having succeeded in naturalizing a taste for more extended knowledge. The French father was worthy of a professorship at Rome or Paris.

The Convent of Antoura, after the extinction of the order of Jesuits, passed to the Lazarites ; the two young fathers who inhabited it often came to visit us at Bayreut, and afforded us a society as agreeable as unexpected ; amiable, modest, simple, solely occupied with severe and elevating studies, versed in all the affairs of Europe, and participating the impulse which urges forward the spirit of the times ; their general and intelligent conversation delighted us the more as being rarely to be met with in those desolate regions.

When we passed an evening with them, and discussed the political events of our country, the intellectual societies decaying or springing up in France, the writers who dispute possession of the press, or the orators who alternately obtain that of the tribune ; or when we spoke of the doctrines of futurity, or those of the St. Simonians, we might have imagined ourselves within two leagues of the Rue du Bac chatting with men who had left Paris in the morning to return to it in the evening. The two Lazarites were at the same time models of sanctity, and of simple and pious fervor. One of them was a great invalid ; the bleak air of Lebanon irritated his lungs and was shortening his days. A word

written to his superiors would have obtained his recall to France, but he would not take it on his conscience. He came to consult M. Laroyère, who accompanied me, and asked him if, in character of physician, he could formally and conscientiously give it as his opinion that the air of Syria was fatal to his constitution. M. Laroyère, with a conscience as scrupulous as the young priest's, hesitated to pass so decided an opinion, and the worthy clergyman repressed his complaints and staid.

These ecclesiastics, lost as it were in the space of that vast monastery, where a single Arab servant attended upon them, received us with that cordiality which the name of countryman inspires in those who meet in far distant regions. We passed two days with them, and were each accommodated with a large cell containing a bed and chairs—furniture quite unusual in these mountains.

The convent is situated on the skirts of a pine wood, in the hollow of a valley which, at the mid-height of Lebanon, enjoys, through an opening defile, a boundless vista over the coasts and sea of Syria. The remainder of the landscape is filled up with spiral summits of gray rock, crowned with villages and large Maronite monasteries. Some pines, orange and fig trees grow here and there in the more sheltered nooks of the rocks and near the torrents or springs. It is altogether a scene worthy of Naples or of the Gulf of Genoa.

The windows of our cells looked on those of a convent of Maronite women, and the arrival of a company of foreigners in their neighborhood, appeared to excite a lively sensation among the nuns, who belong to the principal families of Lebanon.

No social utility is here attached to female convents. Volney, in his Syrian Travels, mentions the convent near Antoura, and the horrible atrocities practised, according to rumor, by a woman named Hindia upon her novices. The name and history of the said Hindia are still very rife in the mountains. Imprisoned many years by order of the Maronite patriarch, her repentance and good conduct at length procured her liberty; and she died not long since, a reputed saint, among some Christians of her sect. She was a fanatic, either real or pretended, and succeeded in exciting fanaticism in a few simple and credulous imaginations. This Arab land is the soil of prodigies; any thing will take root in it, and any credulous or fanatical person may become a prophet in turn; a truth of which Lady Stanhope will furnish an additional manifestation. This disposition to the marvelous proceeds

from two causes ; a religious feeling strongly developed, and a want of due equilibrium between the imagination and the reason. Phantoms appear only in the night, and the land of ignorance is always likewise that of miracles.

The terrace of the convent of Antoura, in which we walked part of each day, is shaded by the magnificent orange trees, cited by Volney as the finest and most ancient in Syria. They have not yet perished ; but throw their deep and balmy shadow over the garden and roof of the convent, like walnut trees of fifty years growth in our climate ; and still bear on their trunks the names of Volney and of some English travelers, who like ourselves had rested at their feet.

The group of mountains which comprises Antoura is known under the name of Kesrovan, or the Chain of Castravan, extending from the Nahr-el-Kebir to the Nahr-el-Kelb. This constitutes the country properly called Maronite ; which belongs to that people, and to which their privileges are limited, though they are daily spreading themselves over the country of the Druses, and carrying with them their laws and their morals.

The principal production of these mountains is silk. The *miri*, or territorial impost, is fixed in proportion to the mulberry trees possessed by each proprietor. The Turks demand from the Emir Beschir one or two miris as an annual tribute, and the Emir no doubt secures several more on his own account ; nevertheless, and in spite of the Maronite complaints of the excess of taxation, these imposts are not to be compared in degree with what we pay in France or England ; it is not the rate of taxation, but its inequality and arbitrary exaction that oppresses a nation. If the taxes in Turkey were legal and fixed, they would scarcely be felt ; but while there is no determinate legal tax there, neither is there any, or only a languishing and uncertain agricultural property—that interest, on the flourishing condition of which the riches of a nation depend. The village scheiks assess the impost, and appropriate a portion to themselves.

On the whole, these people are happy. Exempted from the oppressions of the Turks, their nominal masters, who fear them, and dare not invade their provinces, their religion is free and honored ; their churches and convents cover the summits of the hills ; their bells, which they love as the sound of liberty and independence, chime night and day the hours of prayer in their valleys ; they are governed by their own chiefs, chosen according to their own customs, or succeeding by inheritance among their principal

families ; a rigorous but just police maintains order and security in the villages ; property is recognized, guaranteed, and transmissible from father to son ; commerce is active ; their morals are perfectly simple and pure ; and I have seen no population in the world on whose features the impress of health, generosity of spirit, and civilization, was more legible than on those of the inhabitants of Lebanon. The information of the people, though limited to reading, writing, arithmetic, and the Catechism, is so far universal, and gives the Maronites a legitimate ascendancy over the other Syrian nations. I can compare them only to the peasants of Saxony and Scotland.

We returned to Bayreut by the shore, the mountains adjoining which are overspread with the monasteries, constructed in the style of Florentine villas of the middle ages. A village is planted on every eminence, crowned with a forest of pines, and traversed by a torrent, falling in a brilliant cascade to the bottom of a ravine. Little fishing ports abound through the length of the indented coast, full of small boats, attached to the moles or rocks ; rich patches of vineyard, barley, and mulberry trees, slope down from the villages to the sea, and the bell-towers of monasteries and churches are seen above the dark verdure of the fig and cypress. There are two leagues of the white sandy strand separating the foot of the mountain from waves limpid and blue as those of a river, which might well deceive the eye of a traveler ; if he could forget the distance of eight hundred leagues intervening between him and Europe, he might fancy himself on the borders of the Lake of Geneva, between Lausanne and Vevay, or on the enchanting banks of the Saone, between Maçon and Lyons ; only the frame of the picture is more majestic at Antoura, and raising his eyes he will behold the snowy tips of Sannin piercing the sky, like tongues of fire.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The Author's journal was here interrupted. At the beginning of December he lost his only daughter ; she was carried off in two days, at the moment when her health, declining in France, appeared to be completely re-established by the air of Asia. She died in the arms of her father and mother, at a country-house in the environs of Bayreut, wherein M. de Lamartine had established his family for the winter. The vessel, which he had sent back to Europe, was not expected to return to the coast of Syria, and take up the travelers, till the month of May, 1833. They re-

mained, therefore, overpowered by the stroke of Providence, and without any other diversion of their grief than the sympathizing tears of their traveling companions and friends. In May, the ship *Alceste* returned to Bayreut, according to agreement; but the travelers, to spare the unhappy mother an additional pang, declined to embark again in the same vessel which had conveyed them in happiness and confidence with the charming child whom they had lost. M. de Lamartine had had his daughter's body embalmed, that it might be carried back to St. Point, where, in her last moments, she had testified a desire of being interred. This sacred deposit he committed to the *Alceste*, which was to sail in company, and hiring a second ship, the brig *Sophia*, Captain Coulonne, went on board it with his wife and friends.

The Journal of his Notes is not resumed for four months after his misfortune.

Previously to quitting Syria, he visited Damascus, Balbec, and several other remote and memorable places, and these excursions form the subject of the remainder of this volume.

FRAGMENTS OF THE POEMS OF ANTAR.

FIRST FRAGMENT.

ANTAR in paying one day a visit to his uncle Mallek, was agreeably surprised by the favorable reception he experienced. For a welcome so new to him, he was indebted to the earnest remonstrances of King Zoheir, who that same morning had strongly urged Mallek to accede at length to his nephew's desire, and grant him in marriage his cousin Ablla, whom he passionately loved. The wedding preparations were discussed, and Ablla, wishing to know her cousin's intentions—"I propose," said he, "doing every thing that shall be proper for you."

"Well," replied she, "I ask nothing but what has been conceded to others—what Kaled-Eben-Mohareb did on his marriage with his cousin Djida."

"Simpleton," exclaimed her father, in an angry tone, "who has told you that history?—"No, nephew," added he, "we will not follow that example."

But Antar, happy in seeing his uncle for the first time so kindly disposed towards him, and desirous of satisfying his cousin,

entreated her to amuse him with the details of the marriage in question.

"The following," said she, "is the account given me by the ladies, who came to compliment me on your return:—Kaled, on the day of his marriage, killed twenty lions with his own hands, besides causing a thousand camels to be slain, which belonged to Malaeb-El-Assené, an emir renowned as one of the most valiant of warriors; he invited and entertained for three days, three numerous tribes; every dish which he placed before his guests contained some part of the flesh of the lions. The daughter of king Eben-El-Nazal led by a halter the naka (camel) which Djida rode."

"And what is there so admirable in all this?" rejoined Antar. "By the King of Lanyam and the Hattim, no one shall lead your naka but Djida herself, her husband's head suspended round her neck in a bag."

Mallek reproved his daughter, with feigned displeasure, for opening such a subject; while in reality, it was by his secret instigation that his women had detailed all the particulars to Ablla, for the purpose of embarrassing Antar. Satisfied with having by his artifice drawn the above adjuration from his nephew, and desirous of putting an end to the discourse, he made her pour him out some wine, flattering himself that the attractions of his daughter would engage him still deeper in an enterprise that threatened his destruction.

At night, when Antar was about to retire, Mallek entreated him to forget Ablla's demands, intending indirectly to remind him of them. Returning home, Antar desired his brother Chaiboub to prepare him his horse, El-Abgea, and hastily mounting him, he directed his steps to the mountain of Ben-Touailek. On the road he related to Chaiboub the evening's occurrence.

"A curse upon your wicked uncle," exclaimed his brother. "From whom, think you, did Ablla learn all this history, but from her father, who is desirous to get rid of you, by plunging you into such dangers."

Antar, without paying the smallest attention to the words of Chaiboub, begged him to quicken his pace that they might arrive a day earlier, so eager was he to fulfil his engagement; he then recited the following verses.

"I travel over bad roads, and through the obscurity of night. Full of the most ardent zeal, I traverse the desert, with my sabre for my only companion, never taking account of the number of my

enemies. Follow me, ye lions! and ye shall see the earth strewed with carcasses, serving as a feast to the birds of the air.

"The name of Kaled (prosperous) shall be no longer appropriate, since I am in search of him. Djida no longer shall have reason to be proud.

"Their country is no longer in safety : the tigers will soon be its only inhabitants.

"Ablla, accept my congratulations, on all that shall adorn your approaching triumph.

"O thou ! whose eyes, like murderous arrows, have pierced my heart with incurable wounds, thy presence is a paradise, thy absence a devouring fire.

"O Allan-El-Fandi ! Blessed be thou by the Almighty God.

"I have drunk wine more delicious than nectar ; for it was poured by the hand of beauty.

"As long as light visits my eyes I will celebrate her charms ; and if I die for her my name cannot perish."

As he ended, the day began to break. He pursued his way towards the tribe of Ben-Zobaid. Kaled, their hero, was held in higher consideration by the tribe than the king himself. So formidable, indeed, was his prowess, that his very name sufficed to make the neighboring tribes tremble. His history and that of his cousin Djida, is as follows :—

Two Emirs—Mohareb, Kaled's father, and Zaher, Djida's father, governed the Bedouins called Ben-Aumaya, renowned for their bravery. They were brothers : Mohareb, the elder, was chief commander ; and Zaher served under his orders. One day, in consequence of a warm dispute, Mohareb raised his hand against his brother, who returned home, his heart bursting with resentment. His wife discovering the cause of the excited state in which she saw him, said :—"You, the most valiant warrior of our tribe ;—you, whose strength and courage are so far renowned,—must not endure such an affront."

"I am bound," answered he, "to respect an elder brother."

"Well, then," added his wife, "go, establish your dwelling elsewhere ; stay not here in humiliation ; adopt the precepts of the poet who thus sings :—

"Wherever you encounter obstacles and disappointments, remove to a distance, though you leave the house to lament its founder.

"The body may every where find food, but the soul, once lost, cannot be recovered.

“We should never cast our affairs on others, we can always transact them best ourselves.

“Lions are proud because they are free.

“Sooner or later man must submit to his destiny ; what signifies the place of his death ?

“Follow, then, the counsels of experience.”

These words inspired Zaher with the resolution of removing with all that belonged to him ; and, at the moment of his departure, he recited the following lines :—

“I am flying far from thee, to a distance of a thousand years, each a thousand leagues in length. Though you would bestow on me a thousand Egypts, each watered by a thousand Niles, I should prefer going far from you and from your territories, repeating, to justify our separation, a maxim that will never be equalled,—‘Man should fly from regions where barbarism reigns.’”

Zaher set out on his journey, and traveled till he reached the tribe of Ben-Assac, where he was received with wonderful kindness, and elected their chief. Zaher, full of gratitude, established himself with them ; and a daughter was soon after born to him, named Djida, whom he passed for a boy, and brought up under the name of Giaudar ; making her ride with him on horseback, accustoming her to combat, and exercising in this manner her natural talents and courage. She was instructed by a learned man of the tribe in the arts of reading and writing, in which she soon made a rapid proficiency ; and uniting extreme beauty to these high qualities, she was perfection ; and it was every where said, “Happy is the woman who shall marry the Emir Giaudar.”

Her father was taken dangerously ill, and, believing himself at the point of death, sent for his wife, and thus addressed her :—
“I conjure you, after my death, to contract no second marriage that might separate you from your daughter ; but let her continue to pass for a man. If, when I am gone, you do not enjoy here the same consideration, return to my brother, who, I am certain, will receive you kindly. Carefully preserve your riches, for money will every where ensure you respect. Be generous and affable, and you will find yourself rewarded. In short, act always as you now do.”

After some days' illness, Zaher recovered ; while Giaudar continued to prosper in war, and manifested on all occasions such extraordinary valor that it became a proverb :—“Beware of approaching the tribe of Giaudar.”

Kaled, meanwhile, attended his father Moharéb, in his daily martial exercises, which were actual warfare, several of the combatants being always wounded; and thus was Kaled's ambition stimulated to become a formidable warrior; his cousin's reputation for bravery supplying an additional spur to his emulation. He ardently longed to see this much talked of cousin, but, aware of the dissensions existing between their parents, durst not attempt it. At the age of fifteen, when he had the misfortune to lose his father, Kaled had become the bravest warrior of his tribe. He was chosen to replace Mohareb, and as he already displayed the same virtues, he was not long in gaining the general esteem and respect. He one day proposed to his mother a visit to his uncle, and forth they proceeded, followed by rich presents of horses, harness, arms, &c.

Zaher welcomed them most graciously, and treated his nephew in particular, whose reputation had already reached him, with the utmost attention and affection. Kaled tenderly embraced his cousin Giaudar, for whom he conceived a warm attachment during the short time he passed with his uncle. Every day was devoted to military exercises which delighted Giaudar, who saw in Kaled an accomplished warrior, full of courage and generosity, affable, eloquent, and endowed, with masculine beauty. They passed entire days, and even a great part of their nights together. At length, so ardently was Giaudar attached to Kaled, that one day, entering her mother's chamber, she said, "If my cousin returns to his tribe without me, I shall die of grief, for I love him passionately."

"I am far from disapproving your passion," replied her mother; "you have reason to love him, for he is formed to inspire attachment. He is your cousin; you are of the same blood, almost of the same age, and he can never find a more suitable match than in you. But let me first speak to his mother, and acquaint her with your sex; when she comes to me according to her daily custom, I will inform her of the fact; we will then arrange your marriage, and all set out together."

The next morning she set herself to the employment of combing her daughter's beautiful tresses, at the usual hour of her visit from Kaled's mother; and when the latter inquired who that charming girl was, she related Djida's history, and explained that it was her father's will to disguise her in male attire.

"I reveal this secret to you," said she, "because I wish to give her in marriage to your son."

"I consent with all my heart," replied Kaled's mother. "What an honor will it be to my son to possess so pre-eminent a beauty!"

She then went in search of Kaled, and repeated the story to him, affirming that no living woman was comparable in beauty with his cousin.

"Go then," said she, "to your uncle and demand her in marriage; and if he is willing to grant her, you will be the happiest of mortals."

"I had resolved," replied her son, "to part no more from my cousin, so strongly was I attached to her while I thought her a boy; but as she is a girl, I will have no more concern with her; I prefer the society of warriors; I prefer combats, or the chase of the elephant and lion, to the possession of beauty; let me hear no more, therefore, of this marriage, for I am resolved to depart this very instant."

He accordingly ordered the preparations for his departure, and went to take leave of his uncle, who inquired what hurried him away, and begged him to stay a few days longer.

"Impossible," replied Kaled, "my tribe is destitute of its chief, I must return to it." Saying these words he set out accompanied by his mother, who had bade adieu to her sister-in-law, and reported to her her conversation with her son.

When informed of her cousin's refusal, Djida was plunged into the deepest grief, and could neither eat nor sleep, so violent was her passion. Her father, seeing her in such a condition, believed her ill, and ceased to carry her with him on his excursions; one day, when he was gone to a distance to surprise a hostile tribe, she said to her mother: "I will not die for one who has treated me with so little consideration. I know how, by the aid of Providence, to retaliate upon him all my sufferings, even that of love." Then rising with the fury of a chafed lioness, she mounted her horse, telling her mother she was going to the chase, and set out under the disguise of a Bedouin, from Kegiaz, for the tribe of her cousin. She was lodged with one of the chiefs, who taking her for a warrior, received her most hospitably. The next day she attended the martial exercises commanded by her cousin, and commenced with him a contest which lasted till midnight. The combat of two such heroes elicited the admiration of all the spectators; and Kaled, astonished to the last degree of meeting with a chief who could make head against him, ordered every possible attention to be paid to his antagonist. The fol-

lowing day the struggle was resumed, and lasted throughout the third and fourth days; all which time Kaled made every possible efforts to discover who the stranger was, but without success. The combat continued till the fourth night, and neither of them had been able to inflict a wound on the other; at its conclusion Kaled, addressing his adversary, said:—"In the name of that God who has endued you with such marvelous valor, let me know your country and tribe! Upon which Djida raising her mask, replied, "I am the cousin who, smitten with your accomplishments, offered myself to you in marriage, but was refused because you preferred the combat and the chase to the possession of a wife. I am come to make you feel the courage and bravery of her whom you have rejected!"

With these words she resumed her mask, and went home; leaving Kaled melancholy, irresolute, deprived of strength and courage, and so lost in admiration that he became insensible. On his recovery, his taste for war and the chase of wild beasts had given place to love. He went home, and imparted to his mother his sudden change of sentiment, relating his contest with his cousin.

"You deserve all that has happened," said she; "you would not believe me, and your cousin has acted properly in punishing your haughtiness towards her." Kaled represented that he was not in a state to bear her reproaches, but rather stood in need of compassion, and entreated her to demand his cousin for him; upon which she immediately set out for Djida's tribe, in great anxiety for her son, whom she left in a deplorable condition.

Djida, after discovering herself to her cousin, returned home; to her mother, who had been uneasy at her absence, she related her adventure, and astonished her by the recital of so much prowess. Three days after her return, arrived Kaled's mother, and desired to be immediately introduced to Djida; whom she told that she came as ambassadress from her son, to propose their union; and informed her at the same time of the sad state in which she had left Kaled.

"Such a marriage is henceforth impossible," said Djida. "I will never marry him who has refused me, though I was willing to give him a lesson, and punish him for making me suffer so severely."

Her aunt represented, that if he had occasioned her some pain, he was at present far more miserable than herself:—"Though I should die," replied Djida, "I will never be his wife."

Her father being still absent, Kaled's mother could not apply

to him, and finding she had no chance of obtaining any thing from Djida, she went back to her son, whom she found sick with love, and much altered ; and reported to him the result of her mission, which augmented his misery and despair. "There remains," said she, "but one course for you. Go in person, attended by the chiefs of our tribe, and the tribes in alliance with us, to demand her of her father ; if he answers that he has no daughter, tell him your history ; he cannot longer deny the fact, and will be obliged to yield her to you."

Kaled instantly convoked the chiefs and old men of the tribe, and recounted to them all that had happened ; which recital filled them with astonishment. "It is a wonderful history," said Mehdi Kazab, one of the elders, "and deserves to be written in letters of gold. We are ignorant that your uncle had a daughter, we have heard only of his son named Giaudar. Who then is this heroine ? We will accompany you when you go to demand her hand, of which no one can be more worthy than yourself."

Kaled, being assured of his uncle's return, departed, attended by twenty principal chiefs of his tribe, and a hundred horsemen, and followed by magnificent presents. Zaher received them hospitably, though being ignorant of his nephew's encounter with his daughter, the speedy return of the former was quite incomprehensible to him. The fourth day after his arrival, Kaled kissed his uncle's hand, and asked his cousin in marriage, supplicating her father to return and reside with him : and when Zaher maintained that his boy Giaudar was the only child God had blessed him with, Kaled related the whole of his adventures. Zaher, disturbed by the recital, was for some moments silent. "I had forgotten," said he at length, "that my secret might one day be disclosed ; but since it is so, you may above all other men pretend to your cousin's hand, and I grant it you."

The price of Djida was afterwards determined, in presence of witnesses, at a thousand red camels laden with the finest productions of Yeman. When Zaher entered his daughter's chamber, and informed her of the engagement into which he had just entered with Kaled :—"I assent to it," replied she, "on condition that on my wedding-day, my cousin shall kill a thousand of the choicest camels of Melaeb-el-Assené, of the tribe of Ben Hamer."

Her father smiled at her demand, but answered for his nephew's acceptance of the condition. The entreaties of the latter having prevailed on his uncle to return with him, they set out the

following morning, and Zaher experienced every possible attention and respect from his former tribe, who conferred on him the first rank amongst them.

The day after his arrival, Kaled, at the head of a thousand chosen warriors, surprised the tribe of Ben-Hamer, and, after a sanguinary engagement dangerously wounded Melaeb, whom he despoiled of more than the thousand camels required by Djida, and came home in triumph.

Some days afterwards, as he was supplicating his uncle to hasten their marriage, his cousin told him that he should never see her under his tent unless he brought her the wife or daughter of one of the most valiant Emirs of Kail, to hold the bridle of her camel on her wedding-day; "For," added she, "I would be the envy of all other maidens."

To satisfy this new demand, Kaled, at the head of a numerous army, attacked the tribe of Nihama Eben-el-Nazal, and after several battles, succeeded in seizing Aniamé, daughter of Nihama, and carrying her off with him. Djida having no further requisitions to make, he went to a lion hunt.

On the eve of his wedding-day, on his way to the chase, he encountered a warrior, who advancing towards him, commanded him in a loud voice to surrender himself, and instantly dismount on pain of death. Kaled's only reply was an eager career against his unknown enemy; the combat was fierce, and lasted more than an hour, when, wearied by the resistance of an enemy whom he could not overcome, "Son of an accursed race!" exclaimed Kaled, "who are you? what is your tribe? and wherefore come you here to hinder my prosecution of a chase so important to me? A malediction upon you! let me at least know whether I am contending with an emir or a slave."

His antagonist, raising the visor of his helmet, answered with a smile, "How can a warrior address a maiden in such terms?"

Kaled, recognizing his cousin, was struck dumb with shame and confusion, and had not a word to reply.

"I thought," continued Djida, "your chase might be difficult, and am come to your assistance."

"By the All-Powerful!" exclaimed Kaled, "I know no warrior whose valor equals thine, O queen of beauty!"

They then separated, engaging to meet in the evening at the same spot; and there accordingly they rejoined each other, Kaled having killed a lion, and Djida a lion and a lioness. After comparing their spoils, they again parted company, more than ever enchanted with each other.

The marriage was celebrated for three days with every species of rejoicing. More than a thousand camels and twenty lions were slain ; the lions by Kaled's own hand, those two only excepted which his cousin's hunting had provided. Aniamé led by the bridle the naka which bore Djida, and the two lovers were at the summit of felicity.

Zaher died soon after their union, leaving the supreme command to his children, Kaled and Djida ; which two heroes, in alliance, soon became the terror of the desert.

Let us now return to Antar and his brother. When they approached the encampment, Antar sent his brother to reconnoitre the disposition of the ground and the situation of Kaled's tent, that he might take measures for attacking him ; and Chaiboub, in announcing next day the result of his survey, told him his good fortune exceeded the malice of his uncle, since Kaled was absent.

"There are but a hundred horsemen of the tribe," said he, "with Djida. Her husband is gone away with Mehdi-Karab, and she is charged to watch over the public safety ; every night she is on horseback, followed by a score of her horsemen ; and as I hear from her slaves, sometimes rides to a distance."

Antar, in raptures at this news, told his brother he hoped to make Djida prisoner that very evening ; that Chaiboub's task should be to arrest at a narrow pass the flight of her companions, lest any of them should arouse the tribe, who might in that case pursue them.

"If you let but one escape," said he, "I will cut off your right hand."

"I will do all you command," said Chaiboub, "being here on purpose to aid you."

Having lurked in concealment all day, they reapproached the tribe after sunset, when they soon perceived several horsemen advancing towards them, with Djida at their head, singing these verses :—

"The dust of the horses is very great : war is my element.

"The lion hunt is a glory and triumph to other warriors, but I am indifferent to it.

"The stars bear witness that the bravery of my fathers is effaced by mine.

"Who dares oppose my path, when I scour by night the mountains or the plain ?

"I have acquired more glory than any one, by the overthrow of the most redoubted warriors."

When she had ended her song, Antar, who had been listening to it, told his brother to take the left side, and throwing himself on the right, uttered his war-cry in so terrible a voice as to spread dismay among the twenty martial attendants of Djida, whom he assaulted without loss of time; he slew her horse at one stroke of his sabre, and stunned herself by a violent blow on the head; then leaving her, he turned upon her companions, killed twelve of them presently, and put the rest to flight. Chaiboub, who awaited them at the pass, brought down six with his arrows, and Antar, running to his assistance, easily mastered the other two. He then told his brother to run quickly and bind Djida, before the return of her consciousness, and to carry her off on one of the horses whose riders they had just killed.

But Djida, after lying senseless for an hour, had recovered, and catching one of the abandoned horses, threw herself upon it. Directed to Antar by the sound of his voice, she drew her sabre, saying to him—

“Flatter not thyself, son of an accursed race, with seeing Djida fall into thy power; I am here to make thee bite the dust, and thou wouldst never have seen me on the ground, but for thy good fortune in killing my horse.”

With these words she thrust at Antar with the fury of a lioness robbed of her young; he bravely sustained the onset, and a desperate struggle ensued, which lasted three hours without any decided advantage on either side, till both were overcome by fatigue. Chaiboub watched at a distance to intercept any succor that might arrive to Djida, who, though weakened by her fall, and wounded in several places, still offered an obstinate resistance in the vain hope of rescue. At length Antar, rushing upon her, seized her by the throat, and again depriving her of sense, profited by the opportunity to disarm her and bind her hands. Chaiboub then pressed his brother to hasten his departure with his prize, before the events of the night should come to the knowledge of Djida's tribe and its allies, and they should be pursued. But Antar refused, resolving not to return to Ben-Abess without booty.

“We cannot,” said he, “so lightly abandon the noble herds of this tribe; we should have to return a second time on the occasion of Ablla's marriage. Let us wait till they are brought out to pasturage at day-break, when we will seize them, and afterwards retrace our steps to Ben-Abess.”

In the morning, when the herds came out to their pastures, Antar made himself master of a thousand nakas,—a thousand

camels with their herdsmen, and committed them to the charge of Chaiboub to drive home, staying behind himself to disperse their guards, amongst whom his sabre made terrible havoc. All who could escape ran to the tribe, and reported that a single Negro warrior had taken possession of all their herds, killed a great many of their party, and still remained on the field of battle, waiting to be attacked; and "we have reason to believe," added they, "that he has killed or taken Djida."

"Can the world produce a champion," said Giabe, one of their most renowned chiefs, "who could make head against Djida, much less conquer her!"

The others, knowing her to have left the camp over night, and finding that she did not return, concluded that she was following the chase. They agreed, however, immediately to set out to recover their cattle, and marched in companies of twenty or thirty, till they encountered Antar, who on horseback, and leaning on his lance, awaited the combat. "Madman!" they all cried to him at once, "who art thou who comest hither to seek certain death?" Antar, without deigning any reply, impetuously assaulted them; and though their number amounted to eighty, he easily routed them, after wounding many.

He then thought of rejoining his brother, lest the camel-drivers should get the better of him; but he had no sooner set forward than he observed a cloud of dust rising in the midst of the desert; conceiving it to be the enemy, "'To-day,'" said he, "I must show myself a man." He then continued his route till he met Chaiboub returning. Antar inquired what he had done with Djida and the herds.

"When the herdsmen," answered his brother, "beheld yonder column of dust, they revolted, and refused to proceed, declaring it to be Kaled returning with his army. I killed three, but knowing you to be alone against a host, I am come to your assistance."

"Coward," rejoined Antar, "you were frightened, and have deserted Djida and the cattle, but I swear by the Almighty, I will this day perform prodigies which shall be celebrated for centuries to come."

So saying, he hastily traced the steps of Djida, whom the herdsmen had unbound after the departure of Chaiboub. She was on horseback, but faint and unarmed. Antar, after killing four of the herdsmen, being unable to arrest the flight of the remainder, pursued Djida, who was flying towards the advancing

army, which she supposed to belong to her tribe. But when she found herself in the midst of the troop, she heard them hailing her foe with these words: "Antar, most valiant of heroes, we come to your aid though you need not our succor."

It was the army of Ben-Abess, commanded by King Zoheir in person; who missing Antar, and dreading that his uncle, according to custom, had despatched him on some perilous enterprise, summoned Chidad, his father, to make inquiries after him; and unable to gain any intelligence from him, he next questioned Mallek, who affected to be no better informed; but Chidad, knowing the frankness of Ablla's nature, interrogated her, and soon learnt the whole truth; which being communicated to the king, the princes, his sons, enraged against Mallek, determined on instantly proceeding in search of Antar, asseverating that if they found him safe and sound, his marriage should be solemnized the instant of his return; and if he should have perished, the death of the treacherous Mallek should avenge the loss their tribe would sustain in the loss of so inestimable a hero. Informed of the project of his sons, Chass and Mallek, the king resolved on putting himself at the head of his bravest troops; and he forthwith quitted the tribe followed by four thousand horsemen. Mallek, who was of the number, inquired as they went, what was the king's design?

"I am going," replied Zoheir, "to extricate Antar from the rash enterprise in which you have involved him."

"I assure you," returned Mallek, "I have no knowledge of any such. Ablla alone is to blame; and she shall answer it with her head."

Chass here interposed. "On my honor, Mallek," said he "it were far better that you were disposed of; were I not restrained by respect for my father, and by friendship for Antar, I would make your own head fly from your shoulders." Then striking him sharply with the flat of his sabre, he commanded him to be gone.

Mallek returned to the tribe, and assembling his kinsmen and friends, imparted to them the affront he had sustained, and his resolution to detach himself from the sway of Zoheir; he accordingly withdrew to a distance with seven hundred of his own followers, accompanied by El-Rabek, one of the most celebrated chiefs, and Herone-Eben-El-Wuard, at the head of a hundred picked horsemen.

They marched all day, and at night pitched their tents to hold a council and determine whither they should go, and what tribe

they should join. "We are more than seven hundred in number," said El-Rabek, "let us wait here for news from Antar; if he escapes the danger he is gone to seek, and returns to Ben-Abess, Zoheir will unquestionably come and seek us; if he perishes, we will remove further." This counsel prevailed, and they remained where they were. Zoheir continued his march in search of Antar, and rested not till he met him in pursuit of Djida. The life of the unfortunate heroine was saved, and she was again bound, and confided to the care of Chaiboub.

Antar, on perceiving the king, threw himself, from his horse, and kissed the royal sandal, saying: "My lord does his slave too much honor; why take so much trouble for me?"

"What," said Zoheir, "would you have me leave such a hero alone in an enemy's country? You should have informed me of your uncle's demands, that I might either have satisfied him from my own herds, or have accompanied you in your perilous expedition."

Antar, having returned thanks, saluted the king's two sons, Chass and Mallek, and his own father Chidad, who related to him the proceedings of Ablla's father. "My uncle," said Antar, "is aware of my love for his daughter, and abuses the power it gives him; but thanks to God, and to the terror inspired by our King Zoheir, I have attained my object; and if I had been accompanied by fifty horsemen should have been master of all the herds of the three tribes, which were quite undefended; but you are come, and we will seize them. It shall never be said that the King made a useless campaign. He must repose here a day or two, while we go and plunder these tribes."

Zoheir approved the project, and had the tents pitched on the spot, especially recommending the warriors who were to join the expedition, to respect the women. They were absent three days, and almost without a contest carried off so prodigious a spoil that the king was perfectly amazed.

The following day the order for departure being given, the army took the road homewards, to the satisfaction of all, if we except Djida, who, encircled by a number of horsemen, was mounted on a camel, led by a negro. At three days' march from the residence of their tribe, they encamped in a vast plain, and Antar observing that it was well adapted for battle, the king pointed out to him that it was equally suitable for the chase:—"But," replied Antar, "I love war alone, and a long abstinence from battle is grievous to me."

Some hours afterwards a thick dust was perceived, apparently directing its course towards the camp; then the steel points of lances were descried gleaming in the sunbeams, and confused lamentations soon after reached the ear. Zoheir, supposing this to be Kaled's army, returning with their prisoners from their attack on the tribe of Ben-Amar, cautioned Antar to prepare for battle.

"Be not uneasy," replied he; "these warriors will soon be in your power." Eager to try his strength with the enemy, he instantly ordered all hostile preparations, leaving ten horsemen and several negroes, to guard the booty.

Before we proceed further it is necessary to bring the reader acquainted with the advancing army. Kaled, who had departed with five thousand warriors, and the two chiefs Kaiss-Eben-Mouchek and Mehdi Karab, to attack Ben-Amar, found the country deserted; for the inhabitants, having had warning, had retreated with all the treasure to the mountains. He had, therefore, made no booty, and as they were returning without the acquisition of a single camel, his companions urged him to surprise the tribe of Ben-Abess, the richest of the district. Kaled, taking the road towards this tribe, had met the camp of Ablla's father, attacked it, and after a battle of a whole day's duration, had taken prisoners the remaining warriors who composed it, as well as the women and cattle. Ablla rejoiced that, by falling into the power of Kaled, she escaped the still greater misfortune of a marriage her father wished to force her into with one of her kinsmen, named Amara—preferring captivity to being the wife of any other than Antar.

She called incessantly upon him; "Dear Antar, where are you? Why cannot you see the situation I am in?" Kaled inquired of the prisoners who this woman was who so repeatedly pronounced the same name, and was answered by a sworn foe of Antar, that her name was Ablla, and that she had required her cousin to bring Djida as a captive to hold the bride of her naka on the day of her marriage. "We withdrew from our tribe," added he, "not choosing to accompany the King Zoheir, who has set out on this enterprise with all his followers, except three hundred left to guard Ben-Abess under the command of Warka, one of his sons."

Kaled, enraged at this intelligence, despatched Mehdi-Karab, at the head of a thousand troops, to carry off the women and cattle of Ben-Abess, with orders to massacre every man

they should find. He meanwhile proceeded on his way to re-join his own tribe, treating his prisoners very harshly, and in considerable anxiety for Djida, which found vent and solace in verse.

"I have led to battle horses harnessed with iron, and bearing warriors more terrible than lions.

"I have traversed the lands of Ben-Kenneb, Ben-Amar, and Ben-Kelal. At my approach the inhabitants fled to the mountains.

"Ben-Abess is in imminent danger; day and night its people shall weep.

"All those who have escaped the carnage are my captives.

"How many maidens whose bright eyes are dimmed with tears, call Ben-Abess to their succor! But Ben-Abess is in chains.

"Zoheir is gone to seek death in a land where the women are more valiant than the men. Woe to him if the truth has been told me! He has left the substance for the shadow!

"The day of combat will decide which of us two is deceived.

"My blade rejoices in my victorious hand. The steel of my enemy sheds tears of blood.

"The most invincible warriors see me and tremble.

"My name must trouble their sleep, if terror will suffer them to taste repose.

"Did I not fear the imputation of arrogance, I would say that my single arm suffices to shake the universe."

As this triumphant boast escaped his lips, Kaled stood in the presence of the army of Ben-Abess. The cries and lamentations of the prisoners having reached the ears of Antar and his warriors, they seemed to recognize familiar voices, and gave notice to Zoheir, who immediately sent a horseman, named Abssi, to reconnoitre the enemy. Kaled, deserying him from afar, exclaimed, "Here comes a messenger from Ben-Abess to make me proposals; but I will listen to none. My purpose is a war of extermination; or if we make prisoners, all shall be slaves. But whence all that cattle which I see? without doubt they have plundered our tribe while Djida was hunting lions."

Saying this, he sent Zébaide, one of his warriors, to meet the envoy of Zoheir, with orders to inquire his mission, and to ascer-

tain the fate of Djida. Scarcely had they met when Zébaide cried, "O thou who comest here in search of death, declare thy mission quickly before thy head rolls in the dust."

"I despise thy vain menaces," replied Abssi, "and will soon prove them in the field of battle. My mission is three-fold: to bring you news, to give you warning, and to obtain information. The news I bring is, that we have seized upon your women and your cattle. I warn you that we are about to give you battle under the command of the valiant Antar; and I desire to be informed what booty you have taken, because we know that you have attacked the three tribes Ben-Kennab, Ben-Amar, and Ben-Kelal. I have spoken; do you reply?"

"It cost us no trouble," said Zébaide, "to secure this booty; the terror of Kaled's name sufficed." He then related the capture of Ablla's father, adding that a thousand warriors had been sent to surprise Ben-Abess: "I now," continued he, "in my turn demand news of Djida."

"She is a prisoner," answered Abssi, "and suffering greatly from her wounds."

"Who then has been able to conquer her, whose bravery equals her husband's?" said the envoy of Kaled.

"A hero whom nothing can resist," replied Abssi, "Antar, the son of Chidad."

The two ambassadors having fulfilled their mission, returned to give an account of it to their respective chiefs. Immediately on his arrival, Abssi exclaimed: "Fly to arms, O Ben-Abess, to avenge the affront which Ben-Zobaid has offered you." Then turning to Zoheir, he thus addressed him in verse:—

"Ben-Abess, surprised by the enemy, is become a depopulated habitation. The besom of destruction has passed over her; and the echoes alone are left to lament her.

"You have been stripped of your substance; your people have been murdered; your children and your wives are in the power of the enemy. Listen to their anguished cries, they call upon you for succor. Ben-Zobaid is triumphant; fly to avenge yourself.

"O Antar, could you have seen the despair of Ablla! How greatly it surpassed that of her companions.

"Her garments are steeped in tears; and the earth itself is inundated with them.

"Ablla the fairest of the fair.

"Fly then to arms! the time has come to conquer or to die. May death follow every blow of your terrible arm."

"Zoheir could not suppress his tears at this recital. His affliction was participated by all the chiefs who surrounded him. Antar alone experienced a degree of satisfaction on learning the melancholy fate of his uncle, the cause of all his misfortunes; but in the sorrows of love, he soon forgot the pleasures of vengeance.

Kaled's envoy presented himself before his lord with this chant on his lips:—

"O Ben-Zobaid, you have been surprised by the warriors of Ben-Abess, borne on chargers fleet as the wind.

"Your most gracious possessions have been snatched from your grasp.

"Will you be generous to those who have even carried off your wives?

"O Kaled, couldst thou but see Djida, her eyes bathed in tears.

"O thou most dreadful of warriors, fly, sabre in hand, to attack thy enemies.

"The death of the brave is preferable to a life of dishonor.

"Let not the wicked brand us with the reproach of cowardice."

At this recital, the enraged Kaled gave orders to march to the combat; and Zoheir perceiving the movement, advanced to the encounter at the head of his forces. The plain and the mountains shook at the concussion of the two armies. Zoheir addressing Antar, said, "The enemy is numerous, this day will be dreadful."

"My Lord," replied Antar, "man can die but once. This is the day I have so ardently desired. Though Cæsar and the King of Persia were with Kaled, I would deliver our wives and children or perish." And he then added in verse:

"Man, whatever his circumstances, should never endure contempt.

"He who is generous to his guests, owes them the assistance of his arm.

"When valor fails to confer victory, we must learn to support our destiny.

"Our friends must be protected, and our lances stained with the blood of our enemies.

"He who is a stranger to these virtues, is unworthy of esteem.

"Would that I might, single-handed, cope with the enemy.

"I will reconquer to-day all that we have been plundered of.

"The highest mountains shall tremble at the battle I am about to wage.

"Let Ablla rejoice, the end of her captivity approaches."

Chass, as he heard these words, exclaimed, "May thy voice be always heard, O thou who excellest all sages in eloquence, and all warriors in valor."

Before the engagement Kaled gave orders for taking as many prisoners as possible.

Antar drew to the side where the captives were posted, to attempt the deliverance of Ablla, but found them guarded by a considerable number of horsemen. Kaled in the same manner approached the station of Djida, flattering himself that Ben-Abess could not hold out for an hour against him.

He commenced the attack by a charge against the warriors immediately surrounding Zoheir, and succeeded in wounding Chass, whose father defended himself like a lion. The combat lasted till the darkness of night separated the two armies, and each withdrew to its camp.

Antar, on his return, after performing prodigies of valor, was informed by the king that Kaled had wounded his son. "By the Almighty," answered he, "to-morrow shall commence with my conquest of Kaled ; I ought to have achieved it to-day, but I have wasted my time in vain endeavors to release Ablla. Kaled, once slain, or my prisoner, his army will quickly disperse, and we shall then have no difficulty in delivering our unfortunate friends. Ben-Zobaid shall see that we surpass him in valor."

"O bravest of the brave," replied Zoheir, "I have no doubt of success, but I cannot help trembling at the thought that Mehdi-Karab, at the head of a powerful band, is gone to surprise our tribe, guarded as it is only by my son Warka, and a small number of our troops. I fear lest they should obtain possession of our wives and children. What will become of us, should victory fail us to-morrow?"

Antar assuring him that their efforts of the next day should end all his alarms, the warriors took a slight repast, and retired to their respective tents to snatch a short interval of repose. But Antar disdained to sleep, and changing his horse, made the circuit of the camp in company with Chaiboub, to whom as they rode, he communicated his fruitless attempts for Ablla's deliverance.

"I have been more fortunate," said Chaiboub, "and will tell you by what means I succeeded, after many efforts, in obtaining

sight of her. When the armies were fairly engaged in the plain, I made a long detour across the desert, and reached the position of the prisoners. There I perceived El-Rabek, his brother Herone-Eben-el-Wuard, your uncle Mallek, his son, and the other warriors of our tribe, bound upon camels; near them were the women, and amongst them Ablla, whose beautiful eyes shed torrents of tears. She stretched her arms towards our camp, crying: 'O, Ben-Abess, is there not one of thy children who can come to deliver us? Not one who can inform Antar of my unhappy situation?' The captives were encircled by a hundred warriors, as a ring encircles the finger. In defiance of them I attempted the rescue of Ablla, but was discovered and pursued, discharging my arrows as I fled; in this manner have I passed the whole day, incessantly returning to the charge, but always beaten off by numbers; I killed more than fifteen of the warriors; but Ablla's sufferings are still unmitigated."

The recital drew tears from Antar, who was bursting with rage. The brothers, after fetching a long compass, reached their destination.

At daybreak, the two armies, ready for battle, awaited only the orders of their chiefs to engage, when a report was spread in Ben-Abess that Antar had disappeared. Intelligence so fatal disheartened Zohçir's warriors, who already considered themselves a prey to the enemy. The king was on the point of sending to demand a suspension of arms, that he might gain time for Antar's return, when a cloud of dust was seen at a distance, thickening as it drew nearer. Presently the wailings of suffering and despair were heard; and the appearance of this third army, soon riveted the attention of the other two. Horsemen were soon descried, sheathed in iron, yet pliant as young and tender branches, and rushing joyously to the combat. At their head marched a warrior, tall as a cedar, firm as a rock; the earth trembled beneath his steps. Before him appeared men bound to camels, and surrounded by mounted horsemen leading other horses which had no riders. The cry of the horsemen was Ben-Zobaid, and their voices filled the desert. It was Mehdi-Karab, whom Kaled had despatched to the pillage of Ben-Abess, returning after successfully acquitting himself of his mission.

He had reached the tribe at sunrise, and having made himself master of all the horses, the best camels, and several daughters of the first families, was driving them before him; but Warka hastily collecting the few men at his disposal, marched in pursuit.

Mehdi-Karab, finding himself overtaken, sent the booty forwards under convoy of two hundred horsemen, and returned to the attack. Warka, although very inferior in numbers, obstinately sustained the engagement till the close of day, when the remaining troops of Ben-Abess dispersed, having lost half their numbers, and the chief himself being among the prisoners. Mehdi-Karab, after this affair, resumed his march, and using the utmost expedition, arrived on the field in time to take part in the impending battle. He instantly engaged, and Zoheir, at this sight exclaimed, "All my worst fears are realized! But no matter, the sabre must now decide our fate; any thing is preferable to seeing our wives reduced by slavery to the condition of bodies without souls."

Received with transports of joy, Mehdi-Karab reported the result of his expedition, and made inquiries after Kaled, when to his astonishment he learnt, that having mounted his horse the preceding night to inspect the watch, he was not yet returned. Disguising his uneasiness, he rushed impetuously on Ben-Abess, followed by his whole army, vociferating their war-cry. Zoheir's warriors desperately sustained the shock, preferring death to a life of separation from their friends. Torrents of blood inundated the field of battle: and at mid-day the victory was still undecided, though Ben-Abess began to be sensibly weakened, the enemy making frightful carnage in their ranks. Zoheir, who was in the left wing with his sons and principal chiefs, seeing the centre and right wing give way, without being able to rally them, was at the acme of distress, when he distinguished in the rear of the enemy a body of a thousand chosen warriors shouting Ben-Abess. It was commanded by Antar, who, cased in iron, and resembling a tower of steel, dashed precipitately forward, preceded by Chai-boub, who exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Woe to you, children of Ben-Zobaid! Fly for your lives! it is your only hope of escape; for death is about to shower down upon you. If you doubt my words, look up and behold on the point of my lance the head of your leader, Kaled-Eben-Mohareb."

SECOND FRAGMENT.

Antar, having during his captivity in Persia, rendered important services to the Persian monarch, that prince restored him to liberty, and sent him home laden with valuable presents, in money, horses, slaves, cattle and arms of all sorts. On his road he encountered a warrior of renowned valor, who had made Ablla a prisoner, killed him, and carried back his cousin with him.

Arrived within a short distance of his tribe, he sent to advertise his kinsman, who had long believed him dead ; and overjoyed at the announcement of his return, set out to meet him, accompanied by King Zoheir himself. The enraptured Antar no sooner perceived them, than he sprang from his horse and ran to kiss the stirrup of the king, who cordially embraced him ; an example followed by all the other chiefs, happy in his restoration to them. Amara, alone, his rejected rival, appeared dissatisfied.

To do honor to his sovereign, Antar rode by his side, confiding the guardianship of his affianced bride to ten negroes, who, at night, fell asleep upon their camels. Ablla having done the same in her houdah, was alarmed, on waking, to find herself far from the rest of the troop. Her cries roused the negroes, who then discovered that their camels had wandered from the road. While they were dispersed at a distance, endeavoring to recover the track, Ablla, who had alighted, was seized by a horseman, who placed her on a pillion behind him.

Amara, enraged at the honors lavished upon his rival, had withdrawn from the court, and meeting Ablla alone, resolved to carry her off. When she upbraided him with such baseness, so unworthy an emir, "I would rather," said he, "possess you by violence, than die with vexation on seeing you espoused to Antar." So saying, he galloped off with her, and took refuge in a powerful tribe, hostile to Ben-Abess. Meanwhile the negroes, having recovered the road, returned to take up the houdah, not once suspecting that Ablla had quitted it. Antar, after accompanying the king home, returned to meet his bride, but to his astonishment and dismay found the houdah empty. All attempts to gain intelligence of her from the negroes proving ineffectual, he spent many days galloping fruitlessly in every direction in search of his beloved, lamenting her loss in the following lines :

"Sleep has forsaken my eyelids, tears have furrowed my cheek.

"My constancy is my torture, and leaves me no repose.

"So momentary was our meeting, it has but aggravated my sufferings.

"This estrangement, these perpetual separations lacerate my heart. Ben-Abess, how mournfully I regret your tents.

"What torrents of useless tears have I shed, at a distance from my dearly beloved.

"My prayer would be accomplished were my moments of happiness by thy side but such as the miser would allow for the contemplation of his treasure."

After long and vain researches, Antar returned, resolving to send his brother Chaiboub in disguise on the same errand: the latter, after a rather long absence, brought intelligence that he had found Ablla in the household of Mafarey-Eben-Hammarn, who had taken her by force from Amara, intending to make her his wife; but, resolved to avoid such espousals, she feigned madness, and Mafarey, in revenge, obliged her to serve as a domestic slave in his family; where she was exposed to the ill-treatment of his mother, who employed her in the severest labors. I heard her pronounce your name, added Chaiboub, in these verses:

"Come, my kindred, to my deliverance; or at least inform Antar of my sad situation.

"Grief has consumed my strength; misfortune in every shape oppresses me since my absence from the lion.

"The slightest breath of wind sufficed to impair my health; judge then of my sufferings under the hardships to which I am reduced.

"My patience is exhausted; my enemies ought to be satisfied; what humiliations do I suffer, since I have lost the hero of my heart!

"Ah! if it be possible, restore me to Antar; the lion alone can protect the gazelle.

"My miseries would soften rocks."

Antar would listen no longer, but rode away, and after many and sanguinary combats, achieved the deliverance of Ablla.

REFLECTIONS OF ANTAR.

"Let your sword be dreaded by your enemies; stay not where you are despised.

"Establish yourself amidst the witnesses of your triumphs, or perish gloriously with arms in your hand.

"Be despotic with despots; unrelenting with the cruel.

"If your friend desert you, seek not to recall him; but close your ears against the calumnies of his rivals.

"There is no refuge from death.

"It is better to die in battle, than to live in slavery.

"Though I be reckoned amongst slaves, my actions pierce the clouds, their glory reaches to the skies.

"I owe my renown to my sword, not to nobleness of birth.

"My lofty deeds shall extort respect for my birth from the warriors of Ben-Abess, who might be tempted to despise it.

"Behold the captured warriors and coursers who attest the victories of my arm.

"I have spurred my horse into the centre of the enemy, amid the dust of the combat, in the heat of the action.

"I have brought him back smeared with blood, bemoaning my unequalled activity.

"The battle ended, he was of one hue all over.

"I have killed their most terrible warriors ; Rabiha-Hafrebar, Giaber-Eben-Mehalka, and the son of Rabiha-Zabrke lay dead in the field of battle.

"Zahiba (Antar's mother) chides me for exposing myself by night ; she fears lest numbers should overpower me.

"She would affright me with the image of death, as if we were not destined one day to yield to it.

" ' Death,' I replied, ' is a fountain of which sooner or later all must drink.'

"Cease then to torment yourself ; for if I sought not death I should deserve it.

"I will vanquish all kings, who are already at my feet, trembling at the blows of this dreadful arm.

"The very tigers and lions crouch to me.

"Coursers bend their heads as if mourning their masters.

"I am the son of a woman of black complexion, with the limbs of an ostrich, and hair curling as grains of pepper.

"O ye who return from the tribe, what is passing there ?

"Carry my greetings to her whose love has preserved me from death.

"My enemies long for my humiliation ; cruel fate ! they triumph in my abasement.

"Tell them that their slave deplores their distance from him.

"If your laws permit you to kill me, satisfy your desire ; no one will call you to account for my blood."

Antar, having precipitated himself into the midst of the enemy, was lost to the eyes of his friends, who fearing for his life, were preparing to fly to his succor, when he re-appeared bearing the head of the adverse chief, and reciting these verses :—

"If I slake not my thirsty sword in the blood of the enemy, if that flow not from its point, let my eyes be strangers to repose, though I renounce the happiness of seeing Ablla in my dreams.

"I am more insatiable than death itself ; for I burn to destroy those for whom he would consent to wait.

"Death, beholding my exploits, ought to respect my person. The arms of the Bedouins will be short against me, the most terrible of warriors ; me, the lion in his fury ; me, by whose sword and lance souls are set at liberty.

"When I can find death, I will make him a turban of my sword, the blood on which enhances its brightness.

"I am the lion, who protects all that belong to him.

"My actions shall be immortal.

"My black complexion is blanched when passion for battle inflames my heart; my love is then extravagant, persuasion no longer restrains me.

"Be my neighbor ever triumphant; my enemy humbled, fearful and without asylum.

"By the Almighty, who created the seven heavens, and who knows futurity, I will cease from combat only with the destruction of my enemy; I, the lion of the earth, always ready for war.

"My refuge is in the dust of the battle field.

"I have put to flight hostile hosts, by laying prostrate the corpse of their chief.

"Behold his blood flowing from my sabre.

"O, Ben-Abess! prepare your triumphs, and glory in a Negro who has a throne in the skies.

"Inquire my name of the sabres and lances, they will tell you that I am called Antar (courageous)."

Ablla's father, determined against giving his daughter to Antar, had quitted the tribe in his absence. The hero, on his return, not finding his cousin, composed these lines:

"How can I deny my love for Ablla, when my tears bear witness to my grief for her absence? Separated from her, the fire which consumes me becomes every day more intense; I cannot conceal sufferings which are incessantly renewed.

"My patience diminishes, while my longing to behold her augments.

"To God alone I complain of my uncle's tyranny, for no one comes to my assistance.

"My friends! love is destroying me—me, so strong, so dreaded.

"O, daughter of Mallek! I prohibit sleep to my wearied frame; could it, indeed, taste sleep upon a bed of burning charcoal.

"So incessant are my lamentations, that the very birds know my grief, and lament in sympathy.

"I kiss the earth which thy feet have touched; it may be its coolness will allay the fire in my heart.

"O, beautiful Ablla! my mind and heart are wandering, while thy herds repose in safety under my protection.

"Take pity on my distress; I will be faithful to you to eternity.

"In vain my rivals rejoice; my body shall know no rest."

FRAGMENTS OF ARABIC POETRY.

A CERTAIN Caliph, who, while following the chase, had been separated from his attendants, and lost his way, arrived alone at a spring, at which three Bedouin maidens were drawing water. He asked them for a draught, and each of the three hastened to present one. Charmed with their courteousness, the Caliph wished to recompense them, but having no money, he broke his arrows, (which were of gold,) and distributed the fragments amongst them; for which each of them returned her thanks in verse.

The first said:—"If thy arrows are of gold, it is to mark thy generosity even toward the enemy. Thou affordest, thus, to the wounded the means of cure, and to the dead the means of defraying their obsequies."

The second said:—"In the combat thy too open hand extends its largesses even to its enemies. Thine arrows are of a precious metal, to prove that war hinders thee not from benevolence."

The third said:—"In the day of combat, he lets fly amongst his enemies arrows of massive gold; that the wounded may be shielded from desolation, and that the dead may bury themselves in winding sheets."

An Arabian having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her: "My looks have planted roses on your cheeks; why forbid my plucking them? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

Tanbe-Eben-Homager composed a great many verses on his beloved Lailla-el-Akeatial; among others, the following: "If, after my decease, Lailla-el-Akeatial should visit my resting-place to address me, my voice would pierce the earth and rocks that cover me, in answer to her; or the echo of my tomb itself should be heard."

Such was the violence of Tanbe's passion, that it occasioned his death. Not long afterwards, Lailla, accompanied by her husband—for she was married—passed at no great distance from the tomb of Tanbe, and her husband told her to go and speak to that madman, to see whether he would answer her as he had promised

in his verses. She would have excused herself, but he angrily repeated the command; and constrained to obey, she turned her camel's head towards the tomb, and, on reaching it, asked:—"Tanbe, are you here?"

At these words a large bird took flight from a neighboring bush, and frightened the camel, which recoiled with a bound, and threw Lailla to the ground. She was killed by the fall, and interred near Tanbe.

Ehnassondi said to me:—"I have seen you shed tears of blood, so great was your constancy; why are those tears now turned white?"

I answered:—"It is neither forgetfulness nor infidelity on my part; but I have wept so long that my tears have become white with age."

On the 28th of March, I left Bayreut for Balbec and Damascus. The caravan consisted of twenty-six horses, and eight or ten Arabs on foot, as servants and escort.

On quitting Bayreut, the road ascends by paths cut in a red sandy soil. The edges of these paths, which are adorned with the various flowers of Asia, present all the colors and exhale all the perfumes of Spring. Besides these flowers, I observed the nopal, a thorny shrub, with clustering yellow flowers, like the broom of our mountains; the caronbier, the most beautiful tree of these regions, with leaves of a dark brownish green, intertwining branches, and a brown glossy bark. The vine, too, was hanging in festoons from tree to tree. After journeying about half an hour, we reached the summit of the peninsula which forms the Cape of Bayreut. It terminates by a rounded point extending in the sea, and its base is formed by a beautiful wide plain, intersected by the Nahr-Bayreut.

This plain, which is well watered and cultivated, and thickly planted with fine palms, green mulberry trees, and pines with their broad and tufted tops, terminates at the foot of the first hills of the Libanus.

At the culminating point of the plain of Bayreut, appears the magnificent scene of Fakar-el-Din, or Facar-Din. This is the grand promenade and ride of Bayreut, and the daily resort of Turkish, Arab, and European horsemen. I used to pass some hours there every day, sometimes galloping over the sandy deserts which command the vast blue horizon of the Syrian sea, and

sometimes pacing and meditating beneath the alleys of young pine trees which cover a part of the promontory.

This is the most beautiful spot I ever saw in the world ; gigantic pines, whose vigorous trunks slightly incline beneath the sea breeze, and whose wide-spreading tops, rounded like domes, are grouped two or three together, or scattered singly at the distance of twenty paces one from another over the gold-colored sand, bepatched here and there by a light green down of turf and anemones. These pines were planted by Fakar-el-Din, whose marvellous adventures have spread his fame in Europe. The place still retains his name. I saw with regret a more modern hero daily hewing down the trees which another great man had planted. Ibrahim Pacha has ordered many to be felled for the use of his navy. But there still remain enough to mark out the promontory to the eye of the navigator, and to render it the admiration of every lover of the romantic scenery of nature.

I think the finest view of the Libanus is that which is obtained from Fakar-el-Din. The spectator is there at the foot of the mountains, but yet sufficiently distant to be beyond their shade, and to embrace with his eye their whole height, to discern the gloom of their defiles and the foam of their torrents, and to command a perfectly distinct view of the first cones which flank the mountains, and on each of which rises a monastery of Maronites, surrounded by a grove of pines, cedars, or black cypresses.

The Sannin, the most elevated and pyramidal ridge of the Libanus, commands all the inferior ridges, and with its almost perpetual snow majestically bounds the gold, violet, and pink horizon of the mountains, which floats in the firmament like a vapor—a transparent smoke, through which one seems to discern the other side of the heavens. This is a phenomenon which I never saw any where except among the mountains of Asia, and I used to gaze on it every evening with delight. On the southern side, the Libanus gradually lowers to the advanced cap of Saide, formerly Sidon. Its ridges are no longer covered with snow, except here and there two or three more remote and more elevated than the others and the rest of the Libanian chain. Like a ruined city wall, now rising, now falling, they follow the line of the plain and the sea, and are lost in the vapor of the west, towards the mountains of Galilee, on the shore of the sea of Genesareth, otherwise the lake of Tiberias.

On the north is perceived a corner of the sea, which advances into the plain like a dead lake, and is half concealed by the

massive verdure of San Dimitri, the most beautiful hill in Syria. In this lake, whose junction with the sea is not discernible, some vessels are always lying at anchor; and on its banks grow lentisks, laurels, and nopals.

From the harbor, a bridge, constructed by the Romans and restored by Fakar-el-Din, rises in lofty ogive arches across the river of Bayreut. The latter crosses the plain, through which it diffuses life and verdure, and then is lost at a little distance down the harbor.

This was the last excursion I made with Julia. She was mounted, for the first time, on a horse of the desert, which I brought from the Dead Sea, and which she rode, led by an Arab servant. We were alone; the day, though in November, was bright and warm, and the ground was covered with verdure. I never before saw Julia so perfectly enjoying her existence, and deriving such rapturous sensations from the objects she beheld around her. She every moment turned towards me with some exclamation of delight; and when we had rode round the hill of San Dimitri, crossed the plain, and reached the pine trees, where we halted, she said, "Surely this is the longest and most delightful excursion I ever had in my life!" Alas! it was the last!

A fortnight afterwards, I was riding alone, and weeping beneath those same trees, and the image of the celestial being whom I had possessed and lost, existed only in my breast. I no longer live; to me nature has lost those charms which I felt, as it were, doubly through the mind of my child. I see her yet—she still delights my eyes; but she no longer animates my heart: and if it be for a moment animated, it soon sinks again, cold and broken, into the gulf of sorrow and desolation which Heaven has prepared for it by so many irreparable losses.

In the direction of the east, the eye rests first on some light hills of sand as red as fire, from whence arise a sort of pinky-white vapor; then, following the line of the horizon across the desert, is discerned the dark blue boundary of the ocean, which terminates the whole picture, and in the distance blends with the sky, creating a mist which leaves their limits undecided. Over the hills, the plain, and the sides of the mountains, are scattered numbers of pretty little detached houses, each of which has its orchard of mulberry, pine, and fig trees; and here and there, in groups more compact and striking to the eye, villages and monasteries rise on their rocky pedestals, and reflect on the ocean the yellow rays of the eastern sun. Two or three hundred of these

monasteries are scattered over the rocks, promontories, and defiles of the Libanus. It is the most religious country in the world, and the only one perhaps in which the existence of the monastic system has not led to those abuses which in other places have brought about its destruction.

The monks of this part of the world are poor and industrious, and subsist by the labor of their hands. They are, strictly speaking, merely pious agriculturists; and the only boons they ask of the government and the population are, the bit of ground which they cultivate, and the privilege of being left undisturbed to their solitude and meditation. Their present existence in the midst of these Mahometan regions fully explains the creation of the early asylums of suffering and persecuted Christianity, and the vast multiplication of these asylums of religious liberty in the ages of barbarism and intolerance.

Here the necessity of their existence was first felt, and here that necessity still exists to the Maronites; consequently, these monks have continued what monks should be every where, but what they cannot be any where save by exception. If the present state of society and religion be suited to any kind of monastic orders, it is certainly least congenial to those which had their birth in another epoch, and were created for other circumstances and other necessities. Every age has its social and religious creations. The wants of past times differ from the wants of the present.

There are only two things which can be better effected by modern monastic orders than by governments and individual exertions: namely, the intellectual instruction of mankind and the relief of their corporeal miseries. Schools and hospitals are the only places which remain open to monks in the present state of things; but before they are fitted to occupy those places, they must themselves share the light which they would attempt to diffuse: it is requisite that they should be better informed and more truly moral than the people whom they wish to instruct and improve. But to return to the Libanus.

We commenced our ascent by paths and steps cut in the rock; the former are yellowish, and the latter slightly tinged with pink; and they produce those beautiful hues in which the mountain is clothed when viewed from a distance. We saw nothing remarkable until we had ascended about two-thirds of the mountain, when we found ourselves on the summit of a promontory which advances over a deep valley.

One of the most beautiful prospects which the works of God present to the eyes of man, is the valley of Hammana. It now lay beneath our feet. This valley commences by a dark and deep defile, dug almost like a grotto under the snow of the highest points of the Libanus. At first, it is distinguishable only by the torrent which descends from the mountains, and which traces in the obscurity a line of moving light. It insensibly widens as it descends, and its torrent swells from cascade to cascade ; then, suddenly taking a turn to the east, like a stream which by falling into a river becomes itself a river, it joins a larger valley, and is thus itself converted into a valley. It extends, in an average width of half a league, between two chains of mountains ; and it runs in the direction of the sea by a regular and gentle slope. It rises into hills wherever the masses of rock obstruct its level course.

On these hills are built villages, separated by ravines ; and on each of the vast plateaux, which are surrounded by dark fir trees, rises a fine monastery. Through the ravines are dispersed the waters of a thousand cascades, which roll downward in glittering foam.

The flanks of the Libanus, which enclose the valley, are themselves covered with groups of fir trees, convents, and villages, whose blue smoke rises to the summits of the precipices. At the time when this valley opened on my view, the sun was setting on the sea, and its rays, leaving the defiles and ravines in partial obscurity, merely lighted the roofs of the convents and village houses, and the tops of the firs and other lofty trees. The waters which were then much swollen, fell from all the shelves of the mountains, and gushed in foam from the clefts of the rocks, embracing, by two large arms of silver or snow, the beautiful platform which supports the villages, convents, and groves of fir trees. The noise of the descending waters, like the pealing organ of a cathedral, resounded on all sides, and was so loud as to be almost stunning.

I have rarely felt so profoundly the peculiar beauty of mountain scenery : it is a grave and melancholy sort of beauty, totally different from that of the plains or the sea. It is a beauty which makes the heart retire within itself, instead of opening it ; and which partakes of the melancholy reserve attendant on religious feeling in misfortune, rather than the expansion, love, and joy which accompany religious feeling in happiness !

At every step along our path, which formed a sort of cornice

to the rock, the cascades descended on our heads, or flowed into the interstices which the water had worked for itself in the living rock. These interstices were like gutters to the lofty roofs of the mountains, and incessantly carried the waters down the declivities. The weather was hazy. The wind howled among the fir trees, and every moment wafted along clouds of snow, which were pierced and colored by the fugitive rays of the March sun. I well recollect the novel and picturesque effect presented by our caravan, as it crossed one of the ravines of these cascades. The rocky flanks of the Libanus suddenly took a turn inward, like a deep bay on the sea coast ;—a torrent confined by some blocks of granite, filled with its foaming bubbles this cleft in the mountain : the spray of the cascade which fell from the height of several toises above, was driven by the winds over the two promontories of gray rock which formed the sort of bay, and which, suddenly inclining, descended to the bed of the torrent which we had to pass. A narrow path, like a cornice, running along these two projections of rock, was the only way by which we could descend to the torrent in order to cross it. Along this cornice we could only pass one by one in a file. I was almost the last of the caravan. The long line of horses, baggage, and travelers descended successively to the depth of this gulf, turning and disappearing completely in the mist of the waters, and re-appearing by degrees on the other side and on the other cornice of the passage. They were at first veiled in vapor, of a pale yellow color, like the smoke of sulphur ; next white and transparent like the silvery foam of the waters ; and, at last, brilliantly colored by the rays of the sun, which shone out more brightly as the file re-ascended the opposite flank of the mountain. It was like a scene from the Inferno ; but realized more terrifically than even Dante's imagination could have conceived. But where is the poet like nature ? What invention is like that of God ?

Hammana, a Druse village, where we proposed to rest for the night, was already visible at the upper opening of the valley which bears its name. It stands on a mass of pointed and broken rock, tipped by eternal snow ; and the house of the scheik stands on an elevated projection of rock in the centre of the village. Two deep torrents, bedded in the rocks, and here and there obstructed by blocks which break their foam, completely encircle the village. We crossed them by walking over some trunks of fir trees, over which some earth is scattered ; and from thence we climbed to the houses. These, like all the houses of the Libanus

and Syria, when seen from a distance, present an appearance of regularity and picturesque architecture, which at first glance deceives the eye by a resemblance to groups of Italian villas, with their terraced roofs and their balconies adorned with balustrades.

However, the castle of the Scheik of Hammana surpasses in elegance and grandeur every similar building I have seen, except the palace of the Emir Beschir, at Dier-el-Kamar. It can be compared only to one of our finest Gothic castles of the middle ages,—such at least as their ruins denote them to have been, or as pictures represent them. Windows in ogive arches, adorned with balconies: a wide and lofty entrance-gate, surmounted by an ogive arch which rises like a portico above the threshold; two stone benches carved in arabesque patterns, and placed on each side of the gateway; a flight of seven or eight semicircular stone steps, descending to a broad terrace shaded by two or three large sycamores, and refreshed by water perpetually running in a marble fountain: such was the scene. Seven or eight armed Druses, arrayed in their gay-colored costume, and standing in martial attitude, seemed to await the orders of their chief; one or two negroes, clothed in blue jackets; a few young slaves or pages sitting at play on the flight of steps; and under the arch of the great doorway, the scheik himself, wrapped in his scarlet pelisse, with a pipe in his hand, and seated in an attitude indicative of power and repose; two young and beautiful females, the one looking from a window at the top of the building, and the other in a balcony above the door: such were the figures of the picture.

At Hammana we slept in a chamber which had been prepared for us some days previously. We rose before the sun, and ascended the last height of the Libanus. Our ascent occupied an hour and a half, and at length we found ourselves in the regions of snow. We proceeded along an elevated plain, lightly undulated by hillocks, like the summit of the Alps, and gained the defile leading to the other side of the Libanus. After journeying for two hours, two or three feet deep in snow, we discerned the lofty and frozen points of the Anti-Libanus; next, its naked and barren sides; and at last, the beautiful broad plain of Bkâ, forming a continuation of the valley of Balbec on the right. This plain commences at the desert of Horus and Hama, and does not terminate till it reaches the mountains of Galilee, near Saphad. It is one of the finest and most fertile plains in the world, but it is scarcely cultivated: it is still infested by wandering Arabs; and the inhabitants of Balbec, Zaklé, and the other villages of the

Libanus, can with difficulty venture to sow a few seeds in it. It is watered by numerous torrents and inexhaustible springs; and at the time when we saw it, it presented the aspect of a marsh, or an ill-drained lake, rather than a plain.

At four o'clock we descended to the town of Zaklé; and the Greek bishop, a native of Aleppo, received us and provided us with lodgings. We again set out on the 30th, to cross the plain of Bkâ, and to sleep at Balbec.

RUINS OF BALBEC.

We left Zaklé, which is a pretty Christian village at the foot of the Libanus, on the border of the plain facing the Anti-Libanus; and we pursued our course along the roots of the mountains, reascending in the direction of the north. We passed a ruined edifice, on the remains of which the Turks have erected a dervish's house, and a mosque, presenting a grand and picturesque effect. According to Arabian traditions, this is the tomb of Noah, whose ark touched the summit of the Sanium, and who dwelt in the lovely valley of Balbec, where he died and was buried. Some ancient arches, and other structures of Greek or Roman origin, seem to confirm the traditions. It would appear at least that in all ages this spot has been consecrated by the memory of some great event:—stones support the evidence of history. We journeyed onward, not without reflecting on those remote days when the children of the patriarch dwelt in these primitive regions, and laid the foundations of buildings which are now problematical to us.

We were seven hours in crossing obliquely the plain leading to Balbec. When we arrived at the river which intersects the plain, our Arab escorts wished to oblige us to direct our course to the right, and to sleep that night in a Turkish village three leagues from Balbec. My dragoman could not enforce obedience to my orders, and I was obliged to gallop back to the other side of the river to force the two chiefs of the caravan to follow us. I advanced upon them whip in hand; but a threat sufficed to make them accompany us, though not without murmuring.

As we approached the Anti-Libanus, the plain became more dry and rocky. Anemones and snow-drops were as numerous as

the bubbles beneath our feet. We began to perceive an immense black mass, which detached itself from the white sides of the Anti-Libanus: this was Balbec. At length we reached the first ruin: this was a small octagonal temple, supported on columns of red Egyptian marble. Several of the most lofty of these columns have evidently been truncated, as some have a volute at the capital, and others have no trace of any volute. In my opinion, they have been transported hither and cut at a very recent period, for the purpose of supporting the cap of a Turkish mosque or the roof of a santon, probably in the time of Fakar-el-Din. The materials are fine, and the workmanship of the cornices and the roof bear some traces of skill in art; but these materials are evidently fragments of ruins, restored by a comparatively feeble hand and a taste already corrupt.

This temple is situated at a quarter of an hour's journey from Balbec. Impatient to gain sight of the grand and mysterious monuments bequeathed to us by the most remote antiquity, we urged on our horses, who were beginning to manifest symptoms of fatigue, and were stumbling here and there over blocks of marble, shafts of columns, and capitals. The boundary walls of all the fields surrounding Balbec are built of these ruins: antiquaries may here find an enigma in every stone. Some traces of cultivation began to re-appear, and large walnut trees, the first I had seen in Syria, rose between Balbec and us, and their branches still concealed from us the ruins of the temples. At length we discovered them. They were not, properly speaking, either temples or ruins.

We beheld before us a hill of architecture, which suddenly rose above the plain at some distance from the hills of the Anti-Libanus. We passed along one of the sides of this hill of ruins, upon which rises a forest of graceful columns. These were now gilded by the setting sun, and presented the dead yellow tints of the marble of the Parthenon, or the tuff of the Coliseum at Rome. Among these columns there are some still retaining uninjured their richly carved capitals and cornices: they are ranged in long and elegant files along the walls which enclose the sanctuaries. Some are reclining against the walls, and are supported by them, like trees whose roots are decayed whilst their trunks still remain sound and vigorous. Others, more numerous, are scattered here and there, forming immense masses of marble or stone on the slopes of the hill, in the deep hollows round it, and even in the bed of the river which flows at its feet.

On the level summit of the mountain of stone, not far from the inferior temple, there rise six pillars of gigantic dimensions, still adorned with their colossal cornices. We continued our course by the foot of the mountains, until the columns and architecture ended, and we saw only gigantic walls built of enormous stones, and almost all bearing traces of sculpture:—these are the wrecks of another age, and were employed at a subsequent but now remote period for the erection of the temples at present lying in ruins.

We proceeded very little farther that day. The road diverged from these ruins and led us to others. We passed over some vaults, which resounded beneath our horses' hoofs, and at length we arrived at a little house. This was the palace of the Bishop of Balbec, who, clothed in his violet-colored pelisse, and attended by some Arab peasants, advanced to meet us, and conducted us to his humble door. The poorest peasant's cottage in Burgundy or Auvergne possesses greater luxury and elegance than the palace of the Bishop of Balbec. It was an ill-built hut, without either window or door, and through the decayed roof the rain worked its way and dropped on the mud floor. This was the Bishop's dwelling! But at the farther end of the yard which adjoined the house, a neat wall newly built of blocks of stone, and a door and a window in ogives of Moorish architecture, each ogive being constructed of finely sculptured stones, attracted my attention. This was the church of Balbec, the cathedral of that town in which other gods have had splendid temples—the chapel in which the few Arab Christians who live here amidst the wrecks of so many different faiths, worship, under a purer form, the universal Creator.

We deposited our cloaks beneath the hospitable roof of the bishop, and we left our horses to graze in a large field between the priest's house and the ruins. We collected some brambles and kindled a fire to dry our clothes, which had been wet by the rain: and we supped in the yard of the bishop's house, on a table formed of some fragments of stone belonging to the temples. Whilst we were at supper, we heard the litany of the evening prayer resounding in a plaintive chant, and the deep sonorous voice of the bishop murmuring the pious orisons to his flock: the latter consisted of a few Arab shepherds and women. When the little group quitted the church and gathered round our table to look at us, we saw none but friendly faces, and heard nothing but kind words—the touching and simple salutations of a primitive

people who have not yet made a vain formula of the greeting of man to man, but who concentrate in a few words applicable to the meetings of morning, noon, and evening, all that hospitality can suggest as most welcome and beneficial to their guests—all that one traveler can wish to another for the day, the night, the journey, and the return. We were Christians—this was enough to them: common religion is the strongest link of sympathy among nations. A common idea between man and man is more than a common country; and the Christians of the East, surrounded by Mahometanism, which threatens and persecutes them, always look upon the Christians of the West as their present protectors and future deliverers. Europe is not sufficiently aware that she possesses in these Christian populations a lever sufficiently powerful to move the East, whenever she may direct attention to it, and to confer on that quarter of the world, which is verging on a necessary and inevitable transformation, the liberty and civilization it is so well fitted for and so worthy to enjoy.

The moment has, I think, arrived for transporting into the heart of Asia a European colony, which would carry back modern civilization to those regions from whence ancient civilization came, and form a vast empire from the wrecks of the Turkish empire, now tottering beneath its own weight, and which has no heir but the desert and the dust of the ruins where it will lie buried. Nothing would be easier than to raise up a new monument on these desolate territories, and to re-open those inexhaustible sources of population which Mahometanism has checked by its execrable system. When I say execrable, I do not mean to charge Mahometanism with a brutal ferocity, which is not its nature; I merely accuse it of a culpable negligence, an irremediable fatalism, which, without destroying, suffers every thing to perish. The Turks are a moral and well-disposed people; their religion is neither so superstitious nor so exclusive as we imagine it; but their resignation—the abuse of their faith in Providence—neutralizes the faculties of man by consigning all to God.

God does not act for man, when man is intrusted to act for himself: he is the spectator and the judge of human conduct. But Mahometanism arrogates to itself the prerogative of the Deity: it is an inactive spectator of the acts of God; it paralyzes the energies of man, and man voluntarily perishes in his inertness. With this exception, the religion of Mahomet may lay claim to respect. It is a philosophic religion, which imposes on its votaries only two grand duties—prayer and charity. These duties are indeed the

first principles of all religion, and Mahometanism deduces from them the tolerance which other faiths have so cruelly banished from their dogmas. In this respect, the Mahometans are more advanced in religious perfection than the disciples of some other faiths, who insult and despise them. Islamism might be introduced, without effort or difficulty, into a system of religious and civil liberty, and thus form one of the elements of a great social agglomeration in Asia. It is in its nature moral, patient, resigned, charitable, and tolerant; qualities which well suit it for a necessary fusion in the countries it occupies, and where it would be advisable to improve, and not exterminate. It is accustomed to subsist in peace and harmony with the various forms of Christian worship; to which it allows free exercise even in the bosom of its holiest cities, such as Damascus and Jerusalem. It is careless of supremacy; prayer, justice, and peace are all it requires. In any system of human civilization, whether humane, politic, or ambitious, the religion of Mahomet may easily be allowed to occupy its place in the mosque—its place in the sun or in the shade.

Alexander subjugated Asia with thirty thousand Greek and Macedonian troops. Ibrahim has overthrown the Turkish empire with thirty or forty thousand Egyptians, who knew only how to march and to load their muskets. A European adventurer might easily subdue Ibrahim, and make himself master of Asia, from Smyrna to Bassora, and from Cairo to Bagdad;—advancing step by step; taking the Maronites of the Libanus as the pivots of his operations; organizing the country in his rear in proportion as he might advance, and making the Christians of the East his agents of government and recruiting. The Arabs of the Desert would join him whenever he should offer to pay them. They worship money;—their deities are the sabre and gold. By humoring their mercenary disposition, they might be kept under control until their ultimate submission would become inevitable. After that, their tents might be driven farther back into the Desert, which is their only country; and they might be gradually drawn into civilization, of which they have as yet had no examples round them.

We rose with the sun, the first rays of which lighted the temples of Balbec, and gave to those mysterious ruins that appearance of eternal freshness which Nature can, when she pleases, confer even on what Time has destroyed. After a hasty breakfast, we set off to touch with our hands what we had as yet only touched with our eyes. We advanced to the artificial hill to exa-

mine the different masses of architecture of which it is composed. We soon reached it on the northern side, under the shade of the gigantic walls which in that direction envelope the ruins. A beautiful stream, overflowing its bed of granite, ran beneath our feet, and formed here and there little lakes of limpid water, gurgling and foaming round the huge stones which had fallen from the walls, and the sculptures buried in the bed of the stream.

We crossed the torrent of Balbec by the aid of the bridges which time has thrown over it, and by a steep and narrow breach we mounted to the terrace which runs round the walls. At every step we took, at every stone our hands touched and our eyes measured, we involuntarily uttered exclamations of admiration and surprise. Every block of stone composing this boundary wall is at least eight or ten feet in length, five or six in width, and the same in height. These blocks, of enormous weight to be lifted by men's hands, lie uncemented one upon another, and almost all bear traces of Indian or Egyptian sculpture. At the first glance, it is obvious that these stones have originally served for some other use than to form a terrace or boundary wall, and that they must have been the precious materials of primitive monuments, which have been made use of to surround the monuments of the Greek and Roman ages. Among the ancients it was, I believe, an habitual, and even a religious custom, when a sacred edifice was destroyed by war or by time, or when the advancement of art suggested its improvement or removal, to employ the materials in the accessory constructions of the restored monuments. This was done to prevent any profane use of the stones which had been touched by the shadow of the gods, and also, perhaps, from a feeling of respect for past generations; and that the labor of different ages, instead of being buried under ground, might bear evidence of the piety of man, and the successive progress of art.

Thus it is at the Parthenon, where the walls of the Acropolis, rebuilt by Pericles, contain the materials of the temple of Minerva. Many modern travelers have been led into error through their ignorance of this pious custom of the ancients, and have mistaken for barbarous structures of the Turks or the Crusaders, edifices which owed their origin to the most remote antiquity.

Several of the stones of the wall were twenty and thirty feet in length, and seven or eight in height.

On reaching the summit of the breach, we knew not where to fix our eyes. On every side, we beheld marble doors of prodigious

gious dimensions, windows and niches bordered with exquisite sculpture, richly ornamented arches—fragments of cornices, entablatures, and capitals. The master works of art, the wrecks of ages, lay scattered as thickly as the grains of dust beneath our feet. All was mystery, confusion, inexplicable wonder. No sooner had we cast an admiring glance on one side, than some new prodigy attracted us on the others. Every attempt we made to interpret the religious meaning of the monuments was immediately defeated by some newly discerned object. We fruitlessly groped about in this labyrinth of conjecture:—one cannot reconstruct in one's fancy the sacred edifices of an age or a people of whose religion or manners nothing certain is known. Time carries his secrets away with him, and leaves his enigmas as sports for human knowledge. We speedily renounced all our attempts to build any system out of these ruins; we were content to gaze and to admire, without comprehending any thing beyond the colossal power of human genius, and the strength of religious feeling, which had moved such masses of stone, and wrought so many masterpieces.

We were still separated from the second scene of the ruins by some internal structures which intercepted our view of the temples. The spot which we had now reached was to all appearance the abode of the priests, or the site of some private chapels. We passed these monumental buildings, which were much richer than the surrounding wall, and the second scene of the ruins unfolded itself to our eyes. This was much broader, much longer, much fuller of rich ornament, than the first scene which we had just quitted. It was a vast platform of an oblong form, whose level was frequently interrupted by fragments of more elevated pavements, which seemed to have belonged to temples entirely destroyed, or to temples without roofs, where the Sun, which is worshipped at Balbec, might see his own altar. Round this platform is ranged a series of chapels, decorated with niches, admirably sculptured friezes, cornices, and vaulted arches, all displaying the most finished workmanship, but evidently belonging to a degenerate period of art, and distinguished by that exuberance of ornament which marked the decline of the Greeks and Romans. But this impression can only be felt by those whose eyes have been previously exercised by the contemplation of the pure monuments of Athens and Rome: every other eye would be fascinated by the splendor of the forms and the finish of the ornaments. The only fault is too much richness: the stone groans beneath the weight

of its own luxuriance, and the walls are overspread with a lace-work of marble.

About eight or ten of the chapels appear to be in a perfect state, for they bear no traces of dilapidation. They are open to the oblong platform, round the edge of which they stand, and where the mysteries of the worship of Baal were probably performed in the open air. I will not attempt to describe the thousand objects of surprise and admiration which each of these chapels present to the eye of the observer. I am neither a sculptor nor an architect. I scarcely know the terms applied to the different portions of a building: but that universal language which the beautiful in art addresses to the eye, even of the ignorant—which the mysterious and the antique address to the understanding and the soul of the philosopher, I do understand; and I never understood it so forcibly as in this chaos of marbles and mysteries.

But all this was nothing compared with what we beheld shortly afterwards. By multiplying in imagination the remains of the temples of Jupiter Stator at Rome, of the Coliseum, and of the Parthenon, some notion may be formed of this architectural scene: its wonders consisted in the prodigious accumulation of so many richly executed monuments in a single spot, so that the eye could embrace them at a single glance, in the midst of a desert, and above the ruins of an almost unknown city.

We slowly turned from this spectacle and journeyed towards the south, where the heads of the six gigantic columns I have already mentioned rose like a pharos above the horizon of the ruins. To reach these columns, we had once more to pass external boundary walls, high terraces, pedestals, and foundations of altars. At length we arrived at the feet of the columns. Silence is the only language of man when what he feels outstrips the ordinary measure of his impressions. We stood in mute contemplation of these six columns, and scanning with our eyes their diameter, their elevation, and the admirable sculpture of their architraves and cornices. Their diameter is six feet, and their height upwards of seventy feet. They are formed out of only two or three blocks, which are so perfectly joined together that the junction lines are scarcely discernible. They are composed of a sort of light yellow stone, presenting a sort of medium between the polish of marble and the deadness of tuff. When we saw them, the sun lighted them only on one side; and we sat down for a few moments in their shade. Large birds like eagles, scared by the sound of our footsteps, fluttered above the capitals of the

columns, where they have built their nests ; and returning, perched upon the acanthus of the cornices, striking them with their beaks, and flapping their wings like living ornaments amidst these inanimate wonders. These columns, which some travelers have supposed to be the remains of an avenue, one hundred and four feet long, and fifty-six wide, formerly leading to a temple, have, I think, evidently been the external ornaments of the same temple.

On an attentive examination of the smaller temple, which still stands in a complete state at a little distance, it appears to have been built after the same design. I think it is probable that on the destruction of the first building by an earthquake, the second was erected after the same model ; that a portion of the materials preserved from the first temple were employed for building the second ; that the proportions only were diminished, as being too gigantic for a declining age ; that the columns broken in falling were removed, and that those which escaped injury were retained as sacred memorials of the old monument. If these conjectures be ill-founded, why are there no other remnants of large columns round the six which remain standing ? Every thing, on the contrary, indicates that the area surrounding them was empty and unoccupied by ruins at a remote period ; and that, subsequently, a rich pavement formed around them served for the ceremonies of religious worship.

Before us, to the south, was another temple, standing on the edge of the platform, at the distance of about forty paces from us. This is the most perfect and most magnificent monument in Balbec, and, I may venture to add, in the whole world. If we could repair one or two columns of the peristyle, which have rolled down on the side of the platform, with their heads still resting against the walls of the temple ; restore to their places some of the enormous vaulted arches which have fallen from the roof into the vestibule ; raise up one or two sculptured blocks of the inner door ; and if the altar, recomposed out of the fragments scattered over the ground, could resume its form and place,—we might recall the gods and the priests, and the people would behold their temple as complete and as brilliant as when it received its finishing touch from the hand of the architect. The proportions of this temple are smaller than those which are indicated by the six colossal columns. It is surrounded by a portico, supported by Corinthian columns, each of which is about five feet in diameter, and about forty-five feet in height. The columns are each composed of three blocks of stone ; they are nine feet apart from one

another, and an equal distance from the interior wall of the temple. Above the capitals of these columns are a rich architrave and an admirably sculptured cornice. The roof of this peristyle is formed of large concave blocks of stone, cut with the chisel in vaulted arches, each of which is adorned with the figure of a god, a goddess, or a hero: among them we recognized a Ganymede carried off by the eagle of Jupiter. Some of these blocks have fallen to the ground, and are lying at the feet of the columns. We measured them, and they were sixteen feet wide and nearly five feet thick. These may be called the tiles of the temple. The inner door of the temple, formed of equally large blocks of stone, is twenty-two feet wide. We could not measure its height, because other blocks of stone had fallen near it and half covered it. The appearance of the sculptured stones which form the face of this, and its disproportion to the other parts of the edifice, led me to suspect that it is the door of the ruined grand temple, and that it has been affixed to this. The sculptures which adorn it are, in my opinion, older than the age of Antoninus, and in a style infinitely less pure. An eagle, holding a caduceus in his claws, spreads his wings over the opening; from his beak escape festoons of ribbons and chains, which are supported at their extremities by two figures of Fame. The interior of the monument is decorated with pillars and niches of the richest and most florid sculpture, some of the broken fragments of which we carried away. Several of the niches were quite perfect, and looked as though they had just received the finishing touch from the hand of the sculptor.

At a little distance from the entrance to the temple, we found some immense openings and subterraneous staircases, which led us down to lower buildings, the destinations of which we were unable to guess. Here, too, all was on a vast and magnificent scale. They were probably the abodes of the pontiffs, the colleges of the priests, the halls of initiation—perhaps also royal dwellings. They were lighted from the roofs, or from the sides of the platform under which they were built. Fearing lest we might lose ourselves in these labyrinths, we entered only a small portion of them—they seemed to extend over the whole of the hill. The temple I have just described stands at the southwestern extremity of the hill of Balbec, and forms the angle of the platform.

On leaving the peristyle, we found ourselves on the very edge of the precipice. We could measure the Cyclopean stones which form the pedestal of this group of monuments. This pedestal is

thirty feet above the level of the plain of Balbec. It is built of stones of such prodigious dimensions, that if the descriptions of them were not given by travelers worthy of credit, they would be rejected as false and improbable. The Arabs, who are daily eye-witnesses to the existence of these wonders, attribute them, not to the power of man, but to that of genii and other supernatural beings. When it is considered that some of these blocks of hewn granite are twenty feet long, fifteen or sixteen wide, and of inconceivable thickness; when it is borne in mind that these huge masses are raised one above another to the height of twenty or thirty feet from the ground—that they have been brought from distant quarries, and raised to so vast a height to form the pavement of the temples—the mind is overwhelmed by such an example of human power. The science of modern times cannot help us to explain it, and we cannot be surprised that it is referred to the supernatural.

These wonders are evidently not of the date of the temples—they were mysteries to the ancients, as they are to us. They belong to an unknown age, and are perhaps antediluvian. It is possible, that they may have supported many temples, consecrated to successive and various forms of religious worship. On the site of the ruins of Balbec, the eye at once recognizes five or six generations of monuments, belonging to different ages. Some travelers and Arab writers attribute these primitive structures to Solomon, who lived three thousand years before our time. He, it is said, built Tadmor and Balbec in the Desert. The history of Solomon fills the imagination of the Orientals; but the supposition, as far as concerns the gigantic structures of Heliopolis, is by no means probable. How could a king of Israel, who possessed not even a seaport ten leagues from these mountains; who was obliged to borrow the ships of Hiram king of Tyre, to bring him the cedars of Lebanon—how could he have extended his dominion beyond Damascus and as far as Balbec? Is it likely, that a prince, who, when he wished to raise in his capital, the Temple of temples, the house of the only God, employed merely fragile materials, which left no durable trace behind them, could have built, at the distance of a hundred leagues from his own territories, in the midst of unknown deserts, monuments composed of imperishable materials? Would he not rather have employed his power and his wealth in Jerusalem? And what is there in Jerusalem which affords any trace of monuments like those at Balbec? Nothing. These temples therefore cannot be attributed

to Solomon. I am inclined to believe that these gigantic masses of stone were put together either by the early races of men who in all primitive histories are denominated giants, or by some race of men who lived before the deluge.

It is alleged, that not far from Balbec, in a valley of the Anti-Libanus, human bones of immense magnitude have been discovered. This fact is so confidently believed among the neighboring Arabs, that Mr. Farren, the English consul in Syria, a man of extensive information, proposes immediately to visit these mysterious sepulchres. Oriental traditions, and the monument erected on what is called the tomb of Noah, mark this spot as the dwelling-place of the patriarch. The first generation of his descendants probably long retained the gigantic stature and the strength assigned to man before the total or partial submersion of the globe. These monuments may be their work. Even supposing that the human race had never exceeded its present proportions, it is possible that the proportions of human intelligence may have undergone a change. Who can say but that primitive intelligence might have invented mechanical powers capable of moving, like grains of dust, masses which an army of a hundred thousand men could now scarcely shake! Be this as it may, it is certain that some of the stones at Balbec, which are sixty-two feet long, twenty broad, and fifteen thick, are the most prodigious masses which have ever been moved by human power. The largest stones in the Pyramids of Egypt do not exceed eighteen feet; and these are only exceptional blocks, placed for the sake of peculiar solidity in some parts of the edifice.

On turning the northern angle of the platform, we found the supporting walls in a beautiful state of preservation; but the bulk of the stones of which they are built is less astonishing: these stones are on the average from twenty to thirty feet long, and from eight to ten feet wide. The walls, which are more ancient than the upper temples, are covered with a gray tint, and are here and there pierced with holes at their junction angles. In these openings swallows have built their nests, and tufts of creeping shrubs and flowers are hanging from them. The grave and sombre color of the stones of the base contrasts with the bright yellow color of the walls of the temples and the rows of columns on the summit. At sunset, when the rays play among the pillars and ripple in waves of fire between the volutes and the acanthuses of the capitals, the temples glitter as if they were sculptured out of pure gold and were standing on pedestals of bronze. We de-

scended by a breach formed in the southern angle of the platform. There some of the columns of the smaller temple have rolled with their architrave into the torrent which runs parallel with the Cyclopean walls. The enormous fragments of columns grouped at hazard in the bed of the torrent, and on the rapid slope of the fosse, will doubtless remain eternally where the hand of time has scattered them. Some walnut and other trees have taken root among the blocks of stone, which they cover by their branches and entwine with their roots. The largest trees resemble mere shrubs beside these shafts of columns, twenty feet in circumference, and fragments of acanthus, of which one alone fills up half the bed of the torrent,

Not far from thence, on the northern side of the platform, a cavity opened before us; we descended it. The external light which entered from the two extremities enabled us to see our way sufficiently well. We proceeded along its whole length, which measures five hundred feet: it extends beneath the whole ruins of the temples. It is thirty feet high, and the floor and vaulted roof are formed of blocks of stone, the magnitude of which surprised us, even after those we had just beheld. They are blocks of tuff, cut with the chisel, and are of unequal sizes; but the largest is ten or twenty feet long. The roof is vaulted, and the stones are joined without cement. We could form no conjecture as to the purpose to which this place had been destined. At the western extremity this vault has a branch still more elevated and extensive: it runs under the platform of the smaller temples which we first visited. Here we again found ourselves in the light of day, and beheld the torrent flowing amidst innumerable fragments of architecture, and fine walnut trees growing in the dust of the marbles.

The other ancient edifices of Balbec lay scattered before us in the plain; but nothing had power to interest us after what we had seen. We cast a passing and superficial glance at four temples which would be thought wonders in Rome, but which here resemble the works of dwarfs. Two of these temples are of an octagonal form, and are very elegantly ornamented; and the other two are square, with peristyles of Egyptian granite and porphyry: they are, I think, of Roman origin. One of them served as a church in the early ages of Christianity, and symbols of Christian worship are still discernible: it is now unroofed and in ruins. The Arabs despoil it whenever they want a stone to prop up their dwellings, or a trough to water their camels.

A messenger from the Emir of the Arabs of Balbec came in search of us, and met us here. The prince had sent him to congratulate us on our arrival, and to request our company at a *djerid*, a sort of tournament which he intended to give in honor of our presence next day in the plain below the temples. We returned thanks and accepted the invitation; and I sent my dragoon, attended by some of my Janissaries, to make a visit from me to the Emir.

We returned to the bishop's residence, with the intention of resting for the remainder of the day; but no sooner had we partaken of a little cake and the dish of mutton and rice prepared for us by our *moukres*, than we again set out to wander without a guide round the hill of the ruins, or in the temples which we had seen in the morning. We each of us fixed our attention on some object or point of view which appeared to us peculiarly interesting, and called our companions to come and look at it too: but we could not turn to any new object without losing sight of another which appeared even more attractive, and at length we all confined ourselves to the admiration of our own particular discoveries. The shades of evening, which slowly descended the mountains of Balbec, and obscured one by one the columns and the ruins, imparted an additional air of mystery to the picturesque and magical effect of these wonderful works of man and time. We felt the full insignificance of human nature, and while contemplating the mass and eternity of these monuments, we compared ourselves to the swallows which build their nests for a season in the interstices of these stones, without knowing by whom or for what purpose they have been collected together. The power which moved these masses and accumulated these blocks is unknown to us; the dust of the marble which we trod under our feet knows more than we do, but can tell us nothing; and in a few centuries to come, the generations who may in their turn visit the wrecks of our monuments now existing, will ask, without being able to answer, why we labored to build and carve. The works of man are more durable than his thoughts;—movement is the law of the human mind;—the definitive is the dream of man's vanity and ignorance. God is an object which incessantly recedes from us as we endeavor to approach him. We are continually advancing, but we never arrive. The Deity, whose divine figure man seeks to embody in his imagination and to enshrine in his temples, continually enlarges and exceeds the narrow boundaries of our minds and our edifices, leaves the tem-

ples and the altars to crumble into dust, and summons man to seek him where he is most plainly manifested, viz.—in intelligence, in virtue, in nature, and in eternity.

Same date, Evening.

I have sometimes thought how happy we should be if we had wings to hover over past ages, to look down without vertigo on those wonderful monuments, and sound the depths of human thought and destiny; to scan with our eyes the course of the human mind, advancing by degrees through the twilight of successive systems of philosophy, religion, and legislation;—to sail like the navigator over seas without visible shores, to guess at what point of the circle of ages we ourselves live; and to what manifestation of truth and divinity God destines the generation of which we form a part.

Balbec, March 29th, Midnight.

Yesterday evening I went alone and visited the hill of the temples, to reflect, to weep, and to pray. Heaven knows how much I weep and shall weep as long as a recollection and a tear remain to me. After praying for myself, and for those who are part of myself, I prayed for all mankind. The vast expanse of ruins on which I looked down inspired me with feelings so strong, that I almost involuntarily gave vent to them in verse, which is the language in which I naturally express myself whenever I am under the influence of any powerful impression.

I noted down my ideas this morning on the same spot and on the same stone on which they were conceived last night.

VERSES WRITTEN AT BALBEC.

Mysterious Deserts! Deserts whose large hills
Are bones of cities with a perished name;
Vast block by ruin in its torrent swept,
Huge bed of life whose waves have ceased to flow.
Ye temples, which for your foundations rent
The marble strength of mountains like a tree;

VERS ECRIT A BALBEC.

Mysterieux Déserts! dont les larges collines
Sont les os des cités dont le nom a péri;
Vastes blocs qu'a roulés le torrent des ruines;
Immense lit d'un peuple où la vague a tari;
Temples qui, pour porter vos fondemens de marbre,
Avez déraciné les grands monts comme un arbre ;]

Gulfs where whole rivers roll ;—ye columns high,
 Where my eye vainly seeks to find a way,
 And where the moon is lost as among clouds ;
 Whose capitals I mingle as I gaze ;—
 On the globe's shell, enormous characters—
 To trace you with his hand, to sound your depths,
 A man has wandered from the distant West.

The path which o'er the deep his ship has found,
 An hundred times its rolling sky has spread ;
 Mid gulfs of the abyss his life he flung ;
 His feet are worn upon the mountain's height :
 The sun has burnt the canvas of his tent ;
 His friends, his brothers, wasted 'neath the toil ;
 His dog uncertain, if he e'er returns,
 Will recognize no more his hand nor voice.
 He has let fall, and lost upon the way
 His soul's day star—the child which 'neath yon vault
 Shed round him light and immortality.
 He'll leave nor memory nor posterity.—
 Now seated lonely on some ruin vast
 He only hears the mocking wind pass by.
 A weight bows down his brow, and chains his breath—
 He has nor thought—nor heart !

* * * * *

Gouffres où rouleraient des fleuves tout entiers ;
 Colonnes où mon œil cherche en vain des sentiers ;
 De piliers et d'arceaux profondes avenues,
 Où la lune s'égare ainsi qu'au sein des nues ;
 Chapiteaux que mon œil mele en les regardant ;
 Sur l'écorce du globe immenses caractères,
 Pour vous toucher du doigt, pour sonder vos mystères,
 Un homme est venu d'Occident !

La route, sur les flots, que sa nef a suivie,
 A déplié cent fois ses roulans horizons ;
 Aux gouffres de l'abîme il a jeté sa vie ;
 Ses pieds se sont usés sur les pointes des monts ;
 Les soleils ont brûlé la toile de sa tente ;
 Ses frères, ses amis ont séché dans l'attente ;
 Et s'il revient jamais, son chien même incertain
 Ne reconnaîtra plus ni sa voix ni sa main ;
 Il a laissé tomber et perdu dans la route
 L'étoile de son œil, l'enfant qui sous sa route
 Répandait la lumière et l'immortalité :
 Il mourra sans mémoire et sans postérité !
 Et maintenant assis sur la vaste ruine,
 Il n'entend que le vent qui rend un son moqueur ;
 Un poids courbe son front, écrase sa poitrine :
 Plus de pensée et plus de cœur !

* * * * *

The same date.

I had crossed the summits of the Sannin, covered with eternal snow, and had re-descended from the Libanus, crowned with its diadem of cedars, into the bare and sterile desert of Heliopolis,—thus bringing to a close a long and fatiguing day's journey. At the still distant horizon before us, on the last ridges of the black mountains of the Anti-Libanus, an immense group of yellow ruins, gilded by the setting sun, stood out from the shade of the mountains, and was reflected by the rays of the evening. Our guides, pointing to the ruins, exclaimed, *Balbec ! Balbec !* It was, in truth, the wonder of the desert, the fabulous Balbec, which arose glittering from its unknown sepulchre, to tell us of ages past, of which history retains no memorial. We advanced slowly on our wearied horses—our eyes fixed on the gigantic walls—the dazzling and colossal columns, which appeared to enlarge as we approached them. Profound silence reigned throughout the whole caravan ; every one being apparently apprehensive lest he might destroy, by giving utterance to his feelings, some of the impressions which the scene produced. Even the Arabs were silent, and appeared to be absorbed in deep and serious reflection, on contemplating a spectacle which leveled all reflections. At length we reached the first fragments of pillars, the first blocks of marble, which had been cast by earthquakes to the distance of more than a mile from the monuments themselves, like dry leaves scattered by the hurricane far away from the tree to which they belong. Deep and large quarries, dug into the black sides of the Anti-Libanus, and appearing like natural defiles, already yawned beneath our horses' feet. These vast basins of stone, the sides of which retain the deep traces of the instruments employed in hewing the mountains, still contain gigantic blocks, some partially detached, others completely separated, and cut into squares, as if only awaiting the carriages or the sinews of a race of giants for their removal. One of these Balbec blocks measured sixty-two feet in length, twenty-four in breadth, and sixteen in thickness. One of our Arabs, dismounting, slipped down into the quarry, and climbing up this block by aid of furrows made by the tools, and holding by the moss which had taken root in different parts, he succeeded in gaining its top, where he ran about uttering wild exclamations. The hugeness of the block of stone seemed to annihilate the man. He shrunk to nothing in comparison to the work of his fellow-man. It would require the united strength of sixty thousand men of our time to raise this single stone. But the

quarries of Balbec contain others of still greater dimensions, standing twenty-five or thirty feet above the ground. These were destined to support colonnades of corresponding weight and magnitude.

We pursued our journey, having the desert on our left, and the undulations of the Anti-Libanus on our right. We crossed some small plains cultivated by Arabian shepherds, and the bed of a considerable torrent, which meanders among the ruins, and on whose banks were some fine nut trees. Now and then the Acropolis, or the artificial hill on which are heaped the immense monuments of the Heliopolis, displayed itself to our view through the branches, and above the tall tops of the trees. At length we discovered it entire, and all the caravans, as if by an electric instinct, halted. It is beyond the power of pen or pencil to describe the impression which this spectacle produces on the mind as well as on the sight. Under our very feet, in the bed of the torrent, around the trunks of the trees, were scattered blocks of red and gray granite, veined porphyry, white marble, and yellow stone as bright as Parian marble; truncated columns, richly wrought capitals, architraves, volutes, cornices, entablatures, and pedestals; while portions of figures and whole statues, seemingly animated with life, lay around in confused masses, like the lava of some volcano which had vomited forth the reliques of a mighty empire. Scarcely a path was left for us through these fragments of art, and at every step the hoofs of our horses grazed the rich acanthus of some cornice, or the polished bosom of some female statue. The waters of the river of Balbec made their way through these masses, and laved with their murmuring foam the marble fragments which impeded our advance.

Beyond these masses, which may be truly called marble downs, rises the hill of Balbec, an elevation a thousand feet long, and seven hundred broad, entirely the work of human hands, and built of freestone, some blocks of which measured from fifty to sixty feet long, and from fifteen to sixteen high, but the average from fifteen to thirty. This mound of sculptured granite presented its eastern side to us, with its deep base and its superficies of immeasurable dimensions. Three blocks of granite alone present a surface of nearly four thousand feet. In the expansive hollows of the subterraneous vaults, the river ingulfs itself, and the wind rushing in with the water, produces a noise like the distant peals of cathedral-bells. Above this immense eminence we descried the tops of the great temples relieved from an horizon

alternately azure, red and gold color. Some of these deserted monuments appear intact, and as if fresh from the hands of the artist, whilst others were merely fragments, isolated columns, large portions of inclining walls and dismantled pediments. The eye is absolutely bewildered in surveying the brilliant avenues of the colonnades of the different temples; and the horizon rising above them prevented us from discerning the point where this world of architecture terminated. The six gigantic columns of the grand temple, still majestically supporting their rich and colossal entablature, tower over all the rest, and their terminations are lost in the azure sky, as if the erection were an aerial altar raised by giants for their sacrifices.

We stopped but a few minutes to examine the objects which we had reached after our perilous and long journey, and, certain of enjoying on the morrow a spectacle which could not be imaged even in dreams, we resumed our course. The day was drawing in, and it was necessary to seek some place of shelter, either under a tent or beneath some of the arches of the ruins, where we might pass the night and repose our wearied limbs after a journey of fourteen hours. Leaving on our left the mountains of ruins and the immense plain blanched with marble fragments, and having crossed several meadows in which goats and camels were grazing, we directed our steps towards some smoke which we perceived curling above a group of ruins, intermixed with Arab huts. The ground was unequal and hilly, and resounded under our horses' hoofs as if the vaults we passed over would open beneath our feet. We arrived at length at the door of a little hut, half hidden by fragments of mouldering marble, and the door and straight windows of which, though without either glass or shutters, were formed of marble and porphyry badly joined by cement. A small stone ogive projected one or two feet above the platform which served as a roof to this building, and a small steeple, similar to what is seen in pictures of hermits' grottoes, was tottering with every breath of wind. This was the episcopal palace of the Arab bishop of Balbec, who tended in this desert a small flock of twelve or thirteen Christian families of the Greek faith, surrounded by the deserts and the savage tribe of the independent Arabs of Bka. Hitherto we had not seen a single living thing in this solitude, except the jackals hopping about among the columns of the great temple, and some small swallows with rings of glossy red plumage round their necks, who fringed like ornaments of Oriental architecture, the cornices

of the platform. The bishop, roused by the noise of our caravan, appeared forthwith, and bowing upon the threshold proffered his hospitality. He was a fine old man, with hair and beard of silver, a grave and benevolent cast of features, and a sweet and well modulated voice. He was the perfect image of a priest in poetry or romance; and his aspect, which denoted peace, resignation and charity, was well suited to this solemn scene of ruins and meditation. He led us into a small inner court, adorned with sculpture and fragments of antique mosaics and vases; and according to the Eastern custom, he consigned to us the use of his house, which consisted of two small rooms. Whilst some of our Arabs fixed the iron stakes round the house and fastened to them our horses' legs, and others were kindling fires in the yard to prepare our pilau and cook our barley cakes, we went out to take a second view of the monuments. The great temples rose before us like statues from their pedestals; the last pale rays of the setting sun, slowly retired from column to column, like the glimmerings of the lamp which the priest bears into the recesses of the sanctuary. The shadows of the porticoes, pillars, colonnades and altars, were flitting over the vast forest of stone, and insensibly superseding the brilliant white of the marble and tuff on the Acropolis. Further on in the plain appeared an ocean of ruins terminated only with the horizon. It might be likened to waves of stone breaking upon some rocky shore, and covering an immense plain with their white foam. Above this sea of ruins no object rose, and the shades of night which were descending from the gray summits of a chain of mountains, successively spread over the whole scene. We lingered a short time in silent contemplation of this sublime spectacle, and then returned to the court of the bishop's house, which was now illuminated by the fire of the Arabs.

Seated upon some fragments of cornices and capitals which served us for benches, we quickly despatched the simple repast of travelers in the desert, and for some time before retiring to rest, we conversed together about the grand spectacle we had just seen. The fires had died out, but the full moon had risen and illuminated the clear canopy of heaven, penetrating through the crevices of a large white stone wall, and the open work of an arabesque window, which was on that side of the court next the desert. Our conversation gradually ceased, and we became absorbed in meditation. What reflections occurred to our minds at that time, in that place, so far removed from the living world!—

in that world of the dead, in the presence of so many evidences of past and unknown ages; evidences which overturn the petty theories of human history and philosophy! What then was stirring in our minds, or in our hearts in reference to our system, our ideas, and perhaps, alas! to our individual recollections and sentiments! God alone knows! Our tongues could not have told, nor dared they venture to profane the solemnity of that hour, or even of our thoughts. We were silent. Suddenly a soft and plaintive strain, a slow modulated murmur stole through the arabesque ogives of the ruined wall of the bishop's house. This vague and confused sound swelled higher and higher, until we distinguished it to be a chant from the united voices of choristers; a monotonous, melancholy strain, which rose, fell, and died away, and was alternately revived and re-echoed. It was the evening prayer, which the Arab bishop was chanting, with his little flock in the skeleton of that which had once been his church, viz., a heap of ruins piled up by a tribe of idolaters. We were totally unprepared for this music of the soul, whose every note was, in fact, a sentiment, or a sigh from the human breast. How little did we expect it in this solitude, in the bosom of a desert, issuing as it were from mute stones, strewed about by the combined influence of earthquakes, barbarous ignorance and time. A hallowed emotion inspired us, and we joined with religious fervor in the sacred hymn, until the last sighs of the pious voices had died away, and silence again reigned over the venerable ruins.

Same date.

The temples almost made us forget the djerid, which the Prince of Balbec had prepared for our entertainment. We passed the whole of the morning in inspecting the ruins. At four o'clock, some Arabs came to inform us that the horsemen were in the plain, beyond the temples, but that impatient at our delay, they were about to retire. They added that the Prince supposed the spectacle was not agreeable to us, since we had not attended, and begged that after we had satisfied our curiosity at the ruins, we would repair to his seraglio, where he was arranging another entertainment for us. This courtesy from the chief of a fierce tribe of the most redoubtable Arabs of this desert astonished us. In general the Arabs and Turks do not allow strangers to visit alone any ruins of ancient monuments. They imagine that these ruins enclose vast treasures guarded by genii or demons, and that the Europeans know the magic words which lead to their disco-

very, therefore they cause the Franks to be watched with extreme vigilance. Here, on the contrary, we were absolutely left to ourselves; having not even an Arab guide with us, and the children of the tribe kept at a distance out of respect to us. I know not how to account for this respectful deference, on the part of the Emir of Balbec. Perhaps he took us to be emissaries of Ibrahim Pacha. We were not sufficiently numerous to inspire with fear a whole tribe of from five to six hundred men, inured to conflict and existing by robbery; and yet they seemed to be afraid to approach us, to interrogate us, or to oppose the least obstacle to our movements. We might have remained a month amidst these temples. We might have made excavations, and carried off the most precious fragments without the least opposition from any one. I deeply regret that here, as well as at the Dead Sea, I was not aware beforehand of the character of the various tribes. I should then have brought with me workmen and camels, and carried home objects which would have enriched our museums.

We left the temples and proceeded to the Emir's palace. A line of deserted but less important ruins separates the great hill of the temples, or the Acropolis of Balbec from New Balbec, which is inhabited by the Arabs. The latter place is merely a cluster of huts, which have been a hundred times destroyed in the incessant wars of the people, who, on those occasions have fled for shelter to the cavities among the ruins. Branches of trees and thatch form the roofs of these dwellings, whose doors and windows are frequently adorned with admirable fragments of ancient architecture.

The space occupied by the ruins of the modern city is immense. They extend beyond the reach of the eye, and spread over two hills, which undulate above the great plain. They produce a melancholy effect. These modern ruins reminded me of those of Athens, which I had seen a year previously. The dead dry white of these crumbling walls and scattered stones, has none of the majestic character and rich coloring of genuine ancient ruins. They present the appearance of a vast beach covered with the foam of the sea. The Emir's palace is a spacious open court, surrounded by huts of various forms, looking very much like a farm-yard in one of our poorest provinces. The door was guarded by several armed Arabs. A crowd of people were pressing to gain admission; but the guards cleared a passage for us, and ushered us in. The court-yard was thronged by all the

chiefs of the tribe, and a great number of the people. The Emir and his family, together with the principal Scheiks, wearing the ragged remains of splendid kaftans and pelisses, were seated on a platform raised above the crowd, and having their backs to the principal building. Behind them were ranged servants, armed men, and slaves. The Emir and his suit rose at our approach; they helped us to ascend a few high steps, consisting of irregular blocks of stone, which served as a staircase to the platform. After the usual compliments, the Emir requested us to sit on the Divan, by his side; pipes were brought to us, and the entertainment commenced.

A band of music, consisting of drums, tambourines, shrill fifes, and iron triangles, gave the signal, and four or five actors, grotesquely attired, some in male and others in female costume, advanced to the centre of the court-yard, and executed the wildest and most indecent dances that even the eyes of those savages could endure. These dances were kept up for about an hour, and were intermingled from time to time with words and gestures, and changes of costume, which seemed to indicate a dramatic intention; but there was only one thing intelligible, viz., the horrible and disgusting depravity of the manners of these people, indicated by the movements of the dancers. I averted my eyes. The Emir himself seemed to blush at the scandalous diversions of his subjects, and made signs of contempt and disapproval. But the shouts and transports of the people rewarded the actors in those parts of the dances which represented the most revolting obscenities.

The performers danced, until overcome by heat and fatigue, they could no longer keep up with the increasing rapidity of the music. They then rolled on the ground, and were carried away. No females were present at the spectacle; but the wives of the Emir, whose harem looked into the court-yard, could see it from their apartments, and we saw them through the wooden railings, pressing to the windows to look at the dancers. The slaves of the Emir handed to us sherbets and various kinds of sweetmeats, and exquisite beverages composed of the juice of pomegranates and orange flowers, iced. These drinks were served in crystal cups. Other slaves presented to us muslin napkins, embroidered with gold, to wipe our mouths. Coffee was likewise handed round several times, and the pipes were continually renewed. I conversed for about half an hour with the Emir. He appeared to me to be a shrewd and sensible man, greatly superior to what I should

have imagined him to be, had I judged of him from the barbarous amusements of his people. He was about fifty years of age. His countenance was handsome, and his manners were distinguished for dignity, and a sort of solemn politeness, qualities which the lowest of the Arabs possess, as the gift of their climate, or as a legacy bequeathed by ancient civilization. His dress and arms were extremely magnificent. His horses, too, which were standing in the court-yard and in the road, were superb; and he offered me some of the finest. He questioned me with the most delicate discretion respecting Europe, Ibrahim Pacha, and the object of my journey in these deserts. I replied with an affected reserve, which must have led him to believe that I had a totally different object from that of visiting and examining ancient ruins. He offered me all his tribe to accompany me to Damascus, across the unknown chain of the Anti-Libanus, which I wished to pass. I accepted only a few horsemen as my guides and escort, and I retired, attended by all the Scheiks, who followed us on horseback to the door of the Greek Bishop's dwelling. I gave orders for our departure on the following day; and we spent the evening in conversation with our venerable host, to whom we were soon to bid farewell. A few hundred piastres, which I left as alms for his flock, paid for the hospitality we had received from him. He promised to despatch a camel laden with some fragments of sculpture, which I wished to carry with me to Europe. He faithfully executed this commission, and on my return to Syria, I found these valuable objects which had arrived before me at Bayreut.

March 31st, 1833.

We left Balbec, at four o'clock in the morning. The caravan consisted of our usual number of Moukres, Arabs, and servants, together with eight horsemen of Balbec, who rode at two or three hundred paces in advance of the caravan. Day was beginning to dawn as we crossed the first hill leading to the chain of the Anti-Libanus. Over the whole of this hill, there were immensely deep quarries; whence had been dug the prodigious monuments we had just examined. The sun was beginning to gild their tops, and they shone in the plain beneath our feet, like masses of gold. We could not turn our eyes in any other direction, and we stopped twenty times to look at them, before they were entirely out of sight. At length they disappeared completely under the hill, and we beheld across the desert only the black or snowy summits of the mountains of Tripoli and Latakia blending together in the firmament.

The mountains which we now traversed were entirely barren, and almost deserted. The soil generally in this part is poor and sterile; and in places where it is cultivated, it is of a red color. There are many pretty valleys, with gentle and undulating slopes, in which the plough might work its way without impediment. We saw neither travelers, villagers, nor inhabitants, until the middle of the day. We pitched our tents and halted at the entrance of a deep ravine, through which runs a torrent, at that time dry. We found a spring at the foot of a rock; the water was abundant and delicious. We filled our jars which hung at the saddles of our horses. We rested for two hours, and then resumed our journey.

For the space of two more hours we passed along a steep path on the flank of a mountain of barren rock. The valley, which became deeper and deeper on our right, was intersected by the bed of a broad river, then dry. A mountain of gray rock, completely bare, rose on the other side, like a perpendicular wall. We had begun to descend to the other mouth of this defile, when two of our horses, laden with baggage, slipped and fell down the precipice. The cushions and divan carpets with which they were laden, broke their fall, and they were saved. We encamped at the outlet of the defile, near an excellent spring. We passed the night in this unknown labyrinth of the mountains of the Anti-Libanus. The snows were only fifty paces above our heads. Our Arabs kindled a fire with their brambles and branches of trees, in a little grotto, about ten paces from the spot where we had pitched our tent. The blaze of the fire shone through the canvas, and lighted the interior of the tent, in which we sheltered ourselves from the cold. The chill air made our horses neigh, though they had on their *libets*, a sort of covering of felt. Throughout the whole of the night we heard the complaints of the horsemen of Balbec and the Egyptian soldiers, who lay shivering under their cloaks. We ourselves, though well wrapped up and covered, could scarcely endure the bitter cold. At seven next morning we mounted our horses. The sun was shining splendidly, and the heat obliged us to lay aside successively our caftans and cloaks. At eight o'clock we entered an elevated plain, adjoining an Arab village, containing large houses, with yards filled with cattle and poultry, like the farm-houses of Europe. We did not stop there. These people are on hostile terms with the inhabitants of Balbec and the Arabs of Syria. They are a race almost independent, and have more connection with

the people of Damascus and Mesopotamia. They seemed thriving and laborious. All the plains surrounding the village are well cultivated. We saw men, women, and children in the fields. The ground is tilled by oxen. We met several scheiks richly dressed and mounted, going to and returning from Damascus. These were men of rude and ferocious aspect. They looked at us in a very unfriendly way, and passed us without salutation. The children called after us insulting names. In a second village, about two hours' journey from that just mentioned, we with difficulty purchased some poultry and a little rice, for the dinner of our caravan. At six in the evening, we encamped in a field, above a mountain defile, descending to a river. There was a little torrent in the defile, at which we watered our horses. The air still continued cold. Before us, at the mouth of the ravine, there rose points of rock, grouped like pyramids, and mingling with the clouds. These points were destitute of vegetation, and the gray or black color of the rock formed a broad contrast to the brilliant clearness of the firmament, with which they were blended.

April 1st, 1833.

We mounted our horses at six in the morning. We had a delightful journey, traveling all day among steep mountains; separated only by narrow ravines, through which rolled torrents of melted snow. Not a tree or a bit of moss was growing on the sides of these mountains. Their strange forms and groupings gave them the appearance of monuments raised by the hands of men. One of them rose to an immense height, and was nearly perpendicular on all its sides, like a pyramid: it might be a league in circumference. It is impossible to conceive the possibility of its ever having been ascended. No trace of paths or steps are visible, and yet all its sides are hollowed by caverns which have been the work of human hands. There are likewise a number of cells of various sizes, whose doors are adorned with sculpture, and carved work; some of these grottoes, whose mouths opened above our heads, had terraces cut in the rock before their doors. We also saw the remains of chapels or temples, and columns standing erect on the rock. The Arabs affirm that the Christians of Damascus dug these caverns; and I think it is probable that this was one of the Thebaides, in which the early Christians sought refuge in the ages of cenobitism and persecution. St. Paul founded a large church at Damascus, and that church, though it flourished long, finally underwent the phases and persecutions of all the other churches of the East.

We passed this mountain, leaving it on our left, and it was soon a considerable distance behind us. We descended rapidly, and by almost impassable precipices into a broad and open valley. A beautiful river flowed through it; on the banks of this river we again saw vegetation—willows, poplars, and huge trees, with black foliage, and branches curiously bent, were growing in the interstices of the rock, which bordered the river. We journeyed along these delightful banks for the space of an hour, still descending, but insensibly. The murmuring river accompanied us, and its foaming waves washed our horses' feet. The high mountains, which formed the defile whence the river descended, gradually receded, and their wooded sides were gilded by the rays of the setting sun.

We now caught the first glimpse of Mesopotamia. We gradually discerned more and more distinctly the large valleys, opening into the great plain of the Desert of Damascus at Bagdad. The valley in which we now were, wound gently and widened on the right and left of the river; we began to perceive traces of cultivation, and we heard the distant lowing of cattle. Orchards of apricot trees as large as nut trees, bordered the roadside. Soon, to our great surprise, we saw hedges like those in Europe, separating the orchards and gardens: the latter were interspersed with kitchen plants, trees and flowers. Barriers, or doors of wood opened here and there upon these beautiful orchards. The road was broad, even, and in as good condition as in the environs of a great town in France. None of our party were aware of the existence of this oasis in the bosom of the inaccessible mountains of the Anti-Libanus. We were evidently approaching a town or a village, but we were ignorant of its name. However, we soon met an Arab horseman, who informed us that we were in the neighborhood of a large village, called Zebdami. We already saw smoke rising from the tops of the high trees scattered through the valley. We entered the streets of the village. They are broad and straight, with stone pavements on each side. The houses are large, and surrounded by yards full of cattle, and well cultivated gardens. The women and children came to the doors to see us pass by, and greeted us with smiling and cheerful faces. We inquired whether there was any caravansary in which we could find shelter for the night; but we were told that there was none, because Zebdami not being in any road, no caravans passed that way. After going through several of the streets of the village, we arrived at an open square, on the

bank of the river. There, a house more spacious than the rest, fronted by a terrace and surrounded by trees, denoted the residence of the Scheik. I presented myself with my dragoman, and requested the use of a house for the night. The slaves went to inform the Scheik, who speedily made his appearance. He was a venerable man, with a white beard, and an open and pleasing countenance. He offered me the use of the whole of his house, and he pressed this offer with a degree of earnestness and courteous hospitality, which I never met with elsewhere. His numerous slaves and the principal inhabitants of the village led my horses to a large stable, where they unloaded them, and brought them corn and straw.

The Scheik directed his wives to vacate their apartments; and we were first ushered into his divan, where coffee and sherbets were served to us, and then the whole house was consigned to our use. The Scheik asked me if I would allow his slaves to prepare our supper. I begged that my cook might spare them that trouble; and only asked him to procure me a calf and some sheep to renew our store of provisions, which had been exhausted in our journey from Balbec. In a few minutes the calf and the sheep were brought and killed by the butcher of the village; and while our servants were preparing supper, the Scheik introduced to me the principal inhabitants of the place, who were his relatives and friends. He even asked my permission to present his wives to Madame de Lamartine. "They were," he said, "very anxious to be introduced to an European lady, and to see her clothes and jewels." Accordingly, the Scheik's wives, veiled, passed before the divan on which we were seated in conversation, and entered my wife's apartment. There were three of them, and one seemed old enough to be the mother of the two others. The younger ones were remarkably beautiful, and showed the greatest respect, deference, and affection to the elder one. My wife gave them some little presents, and they in return, gave some to her. During this interview, the venerable Scheik of Zebdami conducted us to a terrace which he had constructed close to his house, at the edge of the river. Some piles, fixed into the bed of the river, supported a platform covered with carpet. A divan extended all around it; and an immense tree, similar to those which I had seen on the road-side, covered with its shade, the terrace and the river. There the Scheik, after the custom of the Turks, passes whole hours, enjoying the refreshing coolness of the water, the shade of the tree, and the

singing of a thousand birds which people it. A wooden bridge leads from the house to this terrace. The prospect it commanded was as fine as any I had seen in my travels. It extends as far as the last mountains of the Anti-Libanus, commanded by the pyramids of black rock, or the snowy peaks; whilst the river, with its waves of foam, descends amidst forests of various trees, and is lost in the sloping plains of Mesopotamia, which enter, like gulfs of verdure, into the sinuosities of the mountains.

Supper was now ready, and I begged of the Scheik to partake of it. He consented, and appeared greatly amused at the European mode of eating. He had never seen any of the utensils used at our tables. He drank no wine, and we did not try to persuade him to do so: the conscience of the Mussulman is as much to be respected as ours; to induce a Turk to sin against the law which his religion imposes upon him, has always appeared to me no less reprehensible than to tempt a Christian. We conversed a long time about Europe and our customs, of which the Scheik appeared to be a great admirer. He explained to us his mode of governing his village. His family had for ages ruled this privileged district of the Anti-Libanus; and the advanced state of agriculture, together with the regulations respecting police and cleanliness, which we had admired in crossing the territory of Zebdami, are due to this excellent race of Scheiks. Thus it is with every thing in the East. All is exception and anomaly. Good, like evil, is perpetuated without end. We could judge, by the aspect of this enchanting village, what these provinces would be if restored to their natural fertility.

The Scheik greatly admired my arms, especially a brace of pistols, and he ill disguised the pleasure which the possession of them would afford him; but I could not offer them. They were the pistols which I had carried for defence through the whole of my journey, and I wished particularly to take them back with me to Europe. I presented him with a gold watch for his wife. He received this present with all the polite reluctance which we Europeans evince on similar occasions. He declared himself completely satisfied, though I could discern that he still cherished a predilection for the brace of pistols. A quantity of cushions and carpets were brought in for our beds. We spread them out in the divan where the Scheik himself likewise slept, and we were lulled to rest by the murmuring of the river under our windows.

Next morning we set out at dawn of day. We passed through

the second half of the village of Zebdami, still more beautiful than the part which we had seen the day before. The Scheik sent some horsemen of his tribe to escort us as far as Damascus. We here dismissed the horsemen of the Emir of Balbec, who would not have been in safety on the territory of Damascus. We journeyed for the space of an hour along roads bordered with quick-set hedges, as large as those in France, and kept in perfect order. A canopy of apricot trees and pear trees hung over our heads. On the right and left were orchards without end, and behind them cultivated fields, in which were men and cattle. All the orchards are watered by streams descending from the mountains on the left, which are covered with snow on their summits. The plain was immense, and was bounded to our eyes only by forests in luxuriant foliage. We proceeded thus for the space of three hours, as if amidst the most delicious landscapes of England or Lombardy, with no traces of the desert or of barbarism. We then entered a rude and sterile tract of country. Vegetation and culture almost completely disappeared. Hills of rock, scantily covered with a yellowish kind of moss, extended before us, bounded by gray mountains, more elevated, but equally barren. We pitched our tents, and halted at the foot of these mountains, far from every human habitation. There we passed the night, on the margin of a deeply imbedded torrent, which rolled like thunder through a ravine amongst the rocks, scattering its foam like flakes of snow.

We were again on horseback, at six o'clock. This was our last journey. We put on our Turkish dresses that we might not be known for Franks in the environs of Damascus. My wife wore the costume of the Arab women. She was covered from head to foot with a long white veil. Our Arabs arranged their dress with great care, and pointing towards the mountains which we had yet to cross, exclaimed, "Scham! Scham!" This is the Arabic name for Damascus.

The fanatical population of Damascus and the surrounding country, renders necessary the most rigid precaution on the part of the Franks who venture to visit that country. The Damascenes are the only people of the East who cherish a religious hatred and horror of the European name and costume. They are the only Mahometan people who have refused to admit the consuls, or even the consular agents of the Christian powers. Damascus is a holy city, fanatical and free: nothing must sully its sanctity.

In spite of the menaces of the Porte ; in spite of the more formidable interventions of Ibrahim Pacha and a garrison of twelve thousand Egyptian or other foreign troops, the people of Damascus have obstinately refused to admit within their walls the English consul general in Syria. Two terrible insurrections have arisen in the city on the mere report of the approach of that consul. If he had not speedily turned back, he would have been torn to pieces. Things are always in this state. The arrival of a European in Frank costume would be the signal of a new disturbance, and we are not without apprehension that the report of our journey may have reached Damascus, and may expose us to serious danger. We have taken every possible precaution, having all assumed the most rigid Turkish costume. One European only, who has adopted the Arab manners and dress, and who passes for an Armenian merchant, has exposed himself for several years to the danger of inhabiting Damascus. His object is to render himself useful to the commerce of the coast of Syria, and to travelers who may be tempted to visit these inhospitable regions. This man is M. Baudin, the consular agent of France and all Europe. He was formerly the agent of Lady Stanhope, whom he accompanied in her first visits to Balbec and Palmyra, and was subsequently employed by the French Government to purchase horses in the desert. M. Baudin speaks the Arabic language like a native, and has established friendly and commercial relations with all the wandering tribes in the deserts round Damascus. He is married to an Arab woman of European origin. He has been ten years in Damascus, and in spite of the numerous connections he has formed, his life has been several times endangered by the fanatical fury of the inhabitants of the city. Twice he has been obliged to fly to escape death. He has built a house at Zarkley, a little Christian town on the side of the Libanus, and there he takes refuge in times of popular commotion. M. Baudin, whose life is incessantly endangered at Damascus, and who, in that great capital is the only channel of communication, the only link of the policy and trade of Europe, receives from the French government, as the reward of his vast services, the moderate salary of fifteen hundred francs ; whilst other consuls, surrounded by security, and enjoying all the luxuries of life in the ports of the Levant, receive liberal and honorable remunerations. I cannot comprehend by what indifference and injustice the governments of Europe and the French government in particular, thus

neglect an intelligent, honorable, courageous and active young man, who renders the greatest services to his country.

I had known M. Baudin in Syria during the preceding year, and I had arranged with him my projected journey to Damascus. He had been informed of my departure and my approaching arrival, and this morning I sent forward an Arab to acquaint him with the hour when I should be in the neighborhood of the city, and to beg of him to send me a guide to direct my course and to advise me how to act.

At nine in the morning we passed along the side of a mountain covered with country houses and gardens, belonging to the inhabitants of Damascus. A fine bridge is thrown across a torrent at the foot of the mountain. We saw numerous strings of camels laden with stones for new buildings, and every thing indicated that we were approaching a great capital. After another hour's journey, we perceived, on the summit of an eminence, a little insulated mosque, the dwelling of a solitary Mahometan. A fountain flows near the mosque, and copper cups, chained to the basin, enable the traveler to slake his thirst. We halted for a short time in this spot, beneath the shade of a sycamore. The road was now thronged with travelers, peasants, and Arab soldiers. We again mounted our horses, and after proceeding along an ascent of a few hundred paces, we entered a deep defile, bounded on the left by a mountain of schistus, rising perpendicularly above our heads; and on the right by a ridge of rock thirty or forty feet high. The descent was rapid, and fragments of loose stone rolled under our horses feet. I was riding at the head of the caravan, at a few paces behind the Arabs of Zebdami. They suddenly stopped short, and uttering exclamations of joy, pointed to an opening in the rock on our right; I approached, and looking through the cleft, I beheld the grandest and most singular prospect that ever presented itself to the eye of man. It was Damascus and its boundless desert, lying at the depth of a few hundred feet below us. The city, surrounded by its ramparts of black and yellow marble, flanked by its innumerable square towers, crowned by sculptured cranies, commanded by its forest of minarets of every form, and intersected by the seven branches of its river and its numberless streams, extended as far as the eye could reach. It was a labyrinth of gardens and flowers, thrusting its suburbs here and there in the vast plain, encircled by its forest of ten leagues in circumference, and every where shaded by groves of sycamores, and trees of every form and hue. From

time to time the city seemed lost beneath the umbrageous canopies of these trees, and then again re-appeared, spreading into broad lakes of houses, suburbs, and villages, interspersed with labyrinths of orchards, palaces, and streamlets. Our eyes were bewildered, and only turned from one enchantment to fix upon another. We stopped simultaneously. All thronged round the little aperture in the rock which was pierced like a window, and we contemplated, sometimes with exclamations, and sometimes in silence, the magic spectacle which had suddenly opened beneath our eyes at the close of a journey through so many barren solitudes, and at the commencement of another desert, which has no bounds but Bagdad and Bassora, and which it requires forty days to traverse. At length we pursued our course. The parapet of rock which concealed from us the plain and the city, lowered insensibly, and soon afforded us an uninterrupted view of the whole horizon. We were now not more than five hundred paces from the walls of the suburbs. These walls, which are surrounded by charming kiosks and country-houses in various styles of oriental architecture, glitter round Damascus, like a circlet of gold. The square towers which flank them, and which surmount their line, are encrusted with arabesques pierced in ogives, with columns as slender as reeds and edged with cranies surmounted by turbans. The walls are covered with stone, or slabs of yellow and black marble arranged in elegant symmetry. The tops of the cypresses and other large trees in the gardens in the interior of the city rise above the walls and towers, and crown them with sombre verdure. The innumerable cupolas of the mosques and palaces of a city containing four hundred thousand inhabitants, now reflected the rays of the setting sun, and the blue and brilliant waters of the seven rivers alternately sparkled and disappeared amidst the streets and gardens. The horizon was boundless as the ocean. On the right the broad sides of the Anti-Libanus receded one behind the other, like immense waves of shadow; sometimes advancing like promontories into the plain, and sometimes opening like deep gulfs in which the plain imbedded itself with its forests and villages: several of the latter contain as many as thirty thousand inhabitants. Some branches of the river and two large lakes were here visible, shining in the obscurity of the general tint of verdure in which Damascus seems to be veiled. On our left, the plain was more open, and it was only at the distance of twelve or fifteen leagues that we again saw the summits of mountains, blanched with snow, shining in the blue sky like clouds on the ocean. The city is

entirely surrounded by orchards, or rather by forests of fruit trees, with which the vines are entwined, as at Naples, and hang in festoons among fig, apricot, pear, and cherry trees. Under these trees, the earth, which is rich, fertile, and always well watered, is carpeted with barley, corn, maize, and all the leguminous plants which this soil produces. Little white houses peep out here and there, from amidst the verdure of the forests: they are either the gardeners' houses, or little summer houses belonging to the family who own the ground. These cultivated enclosures are peopled with horses, sheep, camels, and doves, and every thing that can impart animation to the scenery of nature; they are on the average two or three acres in extent, and are separated one from another by mud walls baked in the sun, and by fine quickset hedges. Numerous shady paths, refreshed by fountains, intersected these gardens, leading from one suburb to another, or to the different gates of the city. The gardens form a boundary of twenty or thirty leagues in circumference round Damascus.

We had advanced for some time in silence through the first labyrinths of trees, somewhat uneasy at not seeing the guide we expected. We halted; and he at length made his appearance. He was a poor Armenian; ill-dressed, and having on his head a black turban, such as all the Christians of Damascus are obliged to wear. He approached our caravan, said a few words, and made a sign; and, instead of entering the city by the suburb and the gate before us, we proceeded along the walls, which we passed almost entirely round, and entered, by a solitary gate, near the quarter of the Armenians. The house in which M. Baudin had prepared lodgings for us was in that quarter. Nothing was said to us at the first gate of the city. Having entered it, we rode for a considerable way past some high walls, with grated windows. On the other side of the street was a deep canal of running water, which turned the wheels of several mills. At the end of this street we were stopped, and an altercation arose between my Arabs and some soldiers who guarded a second and inner gate; for all the quarters of the city have distinct gates. It was my wish to remain unknown, and that our caravan should pass for a caravan of Syrian merchants; but as the dispute continued, and seemed to become angry, I spurred my horse, and rode up to the head of the caravan. Close to the gate was the guard-house of the Egyptian troops, who, having observed two fowling-pieces, which my Arab servant had not taken the precaution to conceal.

refused to let us enter. An order issued by Scherif-Bey prohibited the introduction of arms into the city; and every night fears were entertained of an insurrection and the massacre of the Egyptian troops. Fortunately, I had in my bosom a recent letter from Ibrahim Pacha. I presented it to the officer commanding the post. He read it; pressed it to his forehead and lips, and permitted us to enter, making a thousand excuses and compliments. We wandered for a considerable time through a labyrinth of dirty narrow lanes, lined on either side with little low houses, whose mud walls seemed ready to fall upon us. Through the trellis work, which screened the windows, we saw beautiful Armenian girls, who, attracted by the noise of our long file of horses, came to look at us, and addressed to us words of kind greeting. At length we halted at a low narrow door in a street through which we scarcely had room to pass. We alighted from our horses, passed through a dark, gloomy corridor, and found ourselves, as if by enchantment, in a court paved with marble, shaded by sycamores, refreshed by two Moorish fountains, and surrounded by marble porticoes and richly furnished rooms. This was the residence of M. Baudin. The house, like those of all the Christians in Damascus, had the appearance of being a mere hut on the outside, but it was a delicious palace within. The tyranny of the fanatical populace obliges the Christians to conceal their wealth and their comforts under the mask of poverty and misery. Our baggage was unloaded at the door; the court was filled with our packages, our tents, and saddles; and our horses were conducted to the kahn of the bazaar.

M. Baudin assigned to each of us a little apartment, furnished in the oriental style; and whilst reposing on his divans, at his hospitable table, we forgot the fatigues of our long pilgrimage. To meet a man whom one knows and loves, in a strange and foreign land, is like being restored to one's country. We experienced this in the house of M. Baudin, and the pleasant hours I spent in conversing with him in the evenings, by the light of his lamp, are engraven in my memory and my heart, and are among the most agreeable recollections of my travels.

M. Baudin is one of those rare men whom nature has fitted for every thing. He possesses a shrewd and clear mind, a firm and upright heart, and indefatigable activity. He is alike at home, in Europe, in Asia, in Paris or in Damascus, on land or on sea. He can accommodate himself to any place, and he finds happiness every where, because his mind is resigned, like that of

the Arab, to the great law which forms the basis both of Christianity and Islamism, viz., submission to the will of God; and also, because he is animated by that ingenious activity of mind, which is the second soul of the European. His language, his person, and his manners, all bear the impression which his fortune has stamped upon them. To hear him conversing about France and the passing events of Europe, he might be taken for a man just arrived from Paris: to see him in the evening reclining on his divan, between a merchant from Bassora, and a Turkish pilgrim from Bagdad, smoking his pipe or his narguilé, indolently passing his fingers over the amber beads of an oriental chaplet, a turban drawn over his forehead, and slippers on his feet, uttering a word in about every quarter of an hour, on the price of coffee or furs, he would be taken for a slave merchant, or a pilgrim returning from Mecca. No man's education and views can be enlarged unless he has traveled much; unless he has changed twenty times his modes of thinking and the habits of his life. The conventional and uniform customs adopted by the man who leads a regular and monotonous life in his own country, are moulds which give a diminished impress to every thing. Taste, philosophy, religion, character, all are more enlarged, more just and accurate in the man who has seen nature and society under various points of view. Traveling supplies an optic for the material and intellectual universe. To travel in search of wisdom, was a sort of proverb among the ancients: but it is not understood among us. They traveled not merely in search of unknown dogmas and lessons of philosophy, but to see and to judge every thing. For my part I am constantly struck with the narrow and petty view we take of the institutions and customs of foreign nations; and if my mind has been enlarged—if my views have been extended—if I have learned to tolerate things by understanding them, I owe all these advantages to my frequent changes of scene and points of view. To study past ages in history, men by traveling, and God in nature—that is the grand school. We study every thing in our miserable books, and compare every thing with our petty local habits. And who have made our habits and our books? Men who knew as little as ourselves. Let us open the Book of books! Let us live, see, and travel! The world is a book of which we turn a page at every step. How little must he know who has turned but one page!

DAMASCUS.

April 2d, 1833.

Dressed in the Arabic costume, I this morning traversed the principal quarters of Damascus, accompanied only by M. Baudin, for we were fearful that the appearance of a numerous party of strangers would attract attention to us. We passed a considerable time in exploring the dark, dirty, and tortuous streets of the Armenian quarter. It has all the appearance of one of the most miserable villages of our provinces. The walls of the houses are built of mud, and are pierced on the side next the street, with small grated windows, having shutters painted red. The low doors look like the entrances to stables, and they are almost invariably obstructed by a heap of dirt and a pool of water. We entered some of these houses, which belong to the principal Armenian merchants, and I was astonished at their internal richness and elegance. Having made our way into the door, and passed through an obscure corridor, we found ourselves in a court-yard, ornamented with superb marble fountains, and shaded by one or two sycamores or Persian willows. This court is paved with large slabs of polished stone or marble. Vines grow up the walls, which are likewise faced with white and black marble. Five or six doors, with marble steps, and ornamented with arabesque sculpture, lead to saloons which are occupied by the different members of the family, male and female. These rooms are large, with vaulted roofs, and have a great many small high windows to admit the free entrance of the external air. Almost all are divided into two compartments; the first, which is lower than the other, is occupied by the servants and slaves. The second compartment is elevated by a few steps, and separated from the lower one by a balustrade of marble or cedar wood, exquisitely carved. In general, one or two fountains, or *jets-d'eau*, are playing in the centre, or in the angles of the room. Round these fountains are vases of flowers; and tame swallows and doves perch on the edges of the basins and drink the water. The walls of these rooms are faced with marble up to a certain height, beyond which they are covered with stucco, painted in arabesque patterns of a thousand colors, and frequently finished by elaborate gilt mouldings. The furniture consists of magnificent Persian or Bagdad carpets, completely covering the marble or cedar-wood floor, and a great quantity of cushions and mat-

tresses of silk are lying in the middle of the apartment, and serve as seats or sofas for the members of the family. A divan, covered with rich stuff, extends all round the room. Women and children are generally sitting or lying upon it, engaged in different occupations. Cradles for young infants are on the floor among the carpets and cushions. The master of the house has, usually, one of these apartments for himself: there he receives the visits of strangers. We generally found him seated on his divan, his writing case lying on the ground by his side, a sheet of paper lying on his knee, or in his left hand, writing and calculating; for commerce is the occupation and the genius of the inhabitants of Damascus. Wherever we went to return the visits which had been paid to us on the preceding day, we were invariably received with courtesy and cordiality by the master of the house. He ordered for us pipes, coffee, and sherbets, and conducted us to the saloon occupied by the women. The high opinion I had formed of the beauty of the Syrian females, and my vivid recollections of the charms of the women of Rome and Athens, all vanished at sight of the Armenian women, and the young girls of Damascus. We every where saw features so exquisitely pure and delicate, that the pencil of the most expert European artist could scarcely render justice to them:—eyes in which the serene light of the soul is diffused in a sombre azure tint, and with a softness of expression which I never saw in any eyes before,—complexions so transparent, that they vie with the most exquisite tints of the rose-leaf,—the teeth, the smile, the grace of form and motion, the clear and silvery voice, all is in harmony in these beautiful creatures. They converse with elegance and modest reserve; but without embarrassment, and, as if accustomed to the admiration which they inspire. They seem to preserve their beauty to an advanced age. This may be attributable to the climate, and the peaceful lives they lead in the bosom of their families, where mind and body are not worn out by the artificial passions of society. In almost all the families which I visited, I found the mother as beautiful as her daughters; though the latter were not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age. They marry at twelve or thirteen. The dress of these women is the most elegant that we had yet seen in the East. Their heads were adorned with a profusion of hair, which, mingled with flowers, was twisted several times over the forehead, and then fell in long plaits on each side of the neck and shoulders. Ornaments consisting of pieces of gold and pearls were sometimes

mingled with the hair, and a little calot of wrought gold is worn on the crown of the head. The bosom is very slightly covered with a small bodice, with wide open sleeves, made of silk embroidered with gold and silver, wide white trowsers descend in fulness to the ankle, and on their feet they wear yellow morocco slippers without stockings. A long robe of silk of some brilliant color, descending from the shoulders, is open in front, and confined round the waist by a girdle or sash with long ends. I could not avert my eyes from these beautiful and graceful women. Our visits and conversations were every where prolonged, and I found them as amiable as they are beautiful. The customs of Europe, the dress, and the habits of the women of the west, were in general the subjects of conversation. They did not seem to envy the lives of our women, and on observing the grace, the simplicity, the amiability, the serenity of mind and heart which they preserve in the seclusion of their domestic life, it would be difficult to say what they could envy in our women who mingle with the world, and who, in the turmoil of society, waste in a few years their beauty, their minds, and their health. The Armenian women occasionally visit each other, and they are not entirely excluded from the society of the men; but that association is confined to a few young male relatives or friends, among whom, with due consideration to inclination and family interests, a husband is selected for them at a very early age. When this choice is made, the bridegroom is permitted to frequent the house like a son, and to take part in all the amusements of the family.

I was introduced to the chief of the Armenians at Damascus—a very clever and well-informed man. Ibrahim has appointed him to represent his countrymen in the Municipal Council, by which the city is at present governed. This man, though he has never been out of Damascus, has the most enlightened and accurate views on the politics of Europe, on the general advancement of human intelligence, on the transformation of modern governments, and the probable state of future civilization. I never met in Europe a man whose opinions on these subjects were more just and sensible. I was the more surprised at this, as the only languages, besides his own, with which he was acquainted, were Latin and Greek; consequently, he had never read the journals and other publications of the West, in which the questions above mentioned are placed within the reach of even those who often discuss them without understanding them. Neither had he ever

enjoyed the opportunity of conversing with well-informed men from our part of the world—for Damascus is shut out from all connection with Europe. The Armenian I speak of has gained all his information from geographical charts, and the accounts of some great historical and political events which have reached him, and which his natural shrewdness of mind has enabled him to comprehend and to reflect upon. I was quite delighted with this man, and I passed a good part of the morning in conversing with him. He has promised to come and see me this evening, and every day during my stay at Damascus. He foresees, as I do, all that Providence has prepared for the East and the West, by the inevitable intermingling of these two parts of the world; mutually giving to each other space, activity, and information. This Armenian has a daughter, fourteen years of age, one of the loveliest girls I ever beheld. Her mother, who is still young, is, likewise, very pretty. He presented to me his son, a lad of twelve years old, on whose education he bestows great attention.

“You should send him to Europe,” said I, “and give him that education you regret the want of yourself. I will take charge of him.”

“Alas!” replied the Armenian, “I have often thought of doing so; but if great changes should not yet take place in the state of the East, what service should I render to my son if I were to raise him, by his knowledge, above the age and the country in which he is destined to live? What would he do in Damascus on returning hither with the information, the manners, and the taste for liberty he has acquired in Europe? If one must be a slave, it is better never to have known any thing but slavery.”

Having made this round of visits, we quitted the Armenian quarter of the city, which is separated from another quarter by a gate closed every evening. We entered a street broader and cleaner than those through which we had hitherto passed. It contained the palaces of the principal Agas of Damascus. These are the nobles of the country. The façades of their palaces, which looked to the street, are like the long walls of prisons or hospitals. They are built of mud and have few or no windows. Here and there a large door opens into a court-yard, and under the shade of the door, a number of grooms, servants, and black slaves were lying. I visited two of these Agas, friends of M. Baudin. The interior of their palaces was superb. First, there was a spacious court-yard ornamented with superb *jets-d'eau*, and shaded by trees. These saloons were still more richly furnished than those

of the Armenians. The decorations of some of them cost as much as one hundred thousand piastres. Nothing more magnificent could be seen in Europe. They are all fitted up in the Arabian style. Some of the palaces contain eight or ten of these splendid saloons. The Agas of Damascus are, in general, descendants or sons of Pachas, and they lavish on the decorations of their palaces the treasures acquired by their fathers. It is the nepotism of Rome under another form. These Agas are numerous. They hold the principal employment of the city under the Pachas, deputed by the Grand Signior. They have vast territorial possessions in the villages round Damascus. Their luxury consists in palaces, gardens, horses, and women. At a signal from the Pacha their heads are struck off, and then their palaces, their gardens, their women, and their horses, pass into the hands of some new favorite of fortune. Such a system naturally invites to enjoyment and resignation;—voluptuousness and fatalism are the two necessary results of Eastern despotism.

The two Agas whom I have visited, received me with the most perfect politeness. The brutal fanaticism of the common people of Damascus does not extend to the higher classes. They know that I am a European traveler, and they believe me to be a secret ambassador, sent to collect information for the sovereigns of Europe relative to the disputes between the Turks and Ibrahim. I expressed to one of the Agas, my wish to see his finest horses, and to purchase some if he would consent to sell them. He immediately desired his son, accompanied by a groom, to conduct me to his vast stable, where he has thirty or forty of the finest horses from the Desert of Palmyra. I never beheld such superb animals. They were very high and of a dark gray or whitish-gray color. Their manes were like black silk, eyes of a dark chestnut color, broad and flat shoulders, and necks and chests as graceful as those of the swan. When these horses saw me enter the stable, and heard me speak a foreign language, they turned their heads and trembled and neighed. They expressed their astonishment and fear by oblique and timid glances, and by a curling of their nostrils, which gave to their beautiful heads an extraordinary expression of intelligence. I already had occasion to remark, that the intellect of animals in Syria is much more prompt and developed than in Europe. A group of the Faithful, surprised in a mosque by a Christian, could not by their attitudes and countenances have more forcibly expressed indignation and alarm, than did these horses on seeing a stranger's face, and hearing an

unknown tongue. I examined them. They were led into the court-yard, but I could not decide on which I should fix my choice, for they were all remarkable for beauty. At length I decided on a young white three-year old stallion, which seemed to me the very pearl of all the horses of the desert. The price was a good deal debated between M. Baudin and the Aga, but at length fixed at six thousand piastres, which I paid over to the Aga. The horse had been brought from Palmyra, where it had been but a short time; and the Arab who had sold it to the Aga had received for it five thousand piastres and a magnificent mantle of silk interwoven with gold. The animal, like all Arabian horses, bore his genealogy on his neck, suspended in a bag, together with several amulets, to preserve him from the influence of the evil eye.

We looked through the bazaars of Damascus: the grand bazaar is about half a league in length. They all consist of long streets, covered with timber-work, at a considerable height, and lined with shops, stalls, magazines, and coffee-houses; the shops are narrow, but rather deep; the dealer is squatted upon his heels in front, his pipe in his mouth, and his narguil beside him. The magazines are replete with merchandise of all kinds, and above all, with stuffs from India, which are brought to Damascus by the caravans of Bagdad. Barbers are lively, inviting the passers-by to have their hair cut, or be shaved; and their stalls are always full of people.

A crowd, as numerous as that thronging the galleries of the Palais Royal, is all day to be seen traversing the grand bazaar. But the *coup d'œil* presented by this crowd is infinitely more picturesque. There are Agas, clothed in long garments of crimson silk, stuffed with martin-skin—their sabres or poniards, enriched with diamonds, suspended from their girdles. These have each five or six followers—servants or slaves—who march silently behind them, bearing their pipes and narguils. They are accustomed to seat themselves, during part of the day, upon divans placed outside the coffee-houses constructed on the borders of the brooks that run through the town, which divans are shaded by fine plantains. Here they smoke, and chat with their friends, and this forms the soul means of communication, excepting the mosque, enjoyed by the inhabitants of Damascus. Here are concocted, almost in silence, the frequent revolutions which convulse that capital. The mute fermentation is suppressed for some time, and then bursts forth at the moment when least expected. The people fly to arms under the conduct of any

leader whatsoever, and the government passes, for a brief time, into the hands of the victor. The conquered are either put to death, or escape into the deserts of Balbec or Palmyra, where they are sheltered by independent tribes.

To return to the bazaar. Officers and soldiers belonging to the Pacha of Egypt, dressed nearly in the European fashion, drag their sabres along the pavement. We encountered several who accosted us in the Italian tongue. They are obliged to be on their guard at Damascus, for the people view them with horror. Every night there is a risk of a commotion breaking out. Scherif-Bey, one of the most able men in the service of Mehemet-Ali, commands them, and governs the town very minutely. He has formed an encampment of ten thousand men outside the walls, on the banks of the river, and established a garrison in the castle; he himself inhabits the seraglio. Intelligence of the least check sustained by Ibrahim in Syria, would be the signal for a general rising, and for a deadly struggle at Damascus. The thirty thousand Armenian Christians who dwell in the city are in a state of considerable alarm, and would most probably be massacred, should the Turks get the upper hand. The Mussulmans are greatly irritated at the equality which Ibrahim has established between them and the Christians, many of whom abuse this moment of tolerance by insulting their enemies, and by a violation of their usages, which is well calculated to exasperate their fanaticism. M. Baudin holds himself ready, at the first warning, to seek refuge at Zarkley.

The Arabs of the Great Desert, as well as those of Palmyra, muster strong in the city and abound in the bazaar. Their dress consists simply of a large cloak of white wool, in which they envelope themselves, forming a drapery not unlike that seen on the statues of the ancients. Their complexion is tanned, their beard black, their eyes ferocious. They form groups before the shops of the tobacco merchants. Their horses, always saddled and bridled, are made fast in the streets and in the squares. They despise both Turks and Egyptians; but in case of a revolt, would march against the troops of Ibrahim. That chief has not been enabled to exclude them more than two days from Damascus, though he marched himself with his artillery against them during his progress to that city. They are at present, as I have said, his enemies. I shall speak more at large by and by of these unknown tribes belonging to the grand desert of Euphrates.

Every species of commerce and industry has its appointed quarter in the bazaars. Yonder are the armorers, whose shops are, however, far from presenting any of those splendid and renowned arms which one reads of with respect to the ancient commerce of the Levant. The fabrication of the celebrated sabres, if ever it existed in Damascus, is completely lost and forgotten; none are produced now but of the commonest temper; and one meets with nothing at the shops of the armorers but old weapons, almost good for nothing. I vainly sought for a sabre or poniard of the valued ancient temper. Such sabres, however, are occasionally brought from Khorassan, a province of Persia—and even there they are no longer fabricated. A certain number exists, which pass from owner to owner, like precious relics, and which are of inestimable value. The blade of that which was presented to me had cost the Pacha five thousand piastres. The Turks and Arabs, who estimate these blades more highly than diamonds, would give all they had in the world for such a weapon. Their looks sparkled with enthusiasm and delight when they saw mine, and the expression upon their features amounted almost to adoration of so perfect an instrument of death.

The jewelers have neither art nor taste in the arrangement of their pearls and other precious stones, of which, nevertheless, they possess an immense quantity. All the riches of orientals are of a species calculated for individuals of erratic and unsettled habits. There are great numbers of goldsmiths among them, who, however, make but little display of their treasures, all being enclosed in small cabinets, which they open whenever a jewel is required.

The saddlers are perhaps the most numerous and most ingenious artisans to be found in the bazaars. Nothing in Europe can equal the taste, the gracefulness, or the richness of those splendid trappings which they make for the horses of Arab chiefs or of the agas of the land. The saddle is fabricated of velvet or silk bordered with gold and with pearls. The collar of red morocco, which in broad fringes falls over the horse's chest, is adorned with buttons of gold and silver and tufts of pearls. The bridle, infinitely more elegant than ours, is also invariably of morocco of different colors decorated with points of silk or of gold. All these articles are at the same time much lower in price than those fabricated in Europe. I purchased two of these magnificent bridles for a hundred and twenty piastres, about fifty francs.

But the dealers in eatables are those whose stores exhibit most order, elegance, and cleanness, and are in fact altogether most attractive to the eye. Their shops are set out in front with a multitude of baskets filled with vegetables of different kinds, dried fruits, and vegetable seeds, whose names I know not, but whose glossy surface presents a beautiful variety of form and color, shining like pebbles newly thrown up by the sea. Sundry kinds of bread, of every size and every quality, are likewise displayed outside the shops, with muffins and similar preparations, calculated for different hours of the day and different kinds of repast; they are vended hot, like our pastry, and have a delicious flavor. I have, in truth, never seen so many varieties of pastry as at Damascus, and it costs scarcely any thing.

There are restaurateurs also, who provide dinners for the merchants or promenaders of the bazaar. They furnish, however, neither table nor cloth; but present on skewers little pieces of meat about the size of a walnut, and baked in an oven. The customer bears the savory morsels away upon certain of the muffins before-mentioned, and eats them with finger and thumb. The numerous fountains of the bazaar furnish the sole liquid to wash down this Arab feast. A man might board himself plentifully at Damascus for two piastres, or about ten sous per day. The natives generally spend but half this sum upon their food. One might hire a beautiful house for from two to three hundred piastres a year. In fine, with an income of three or four hundred francs, a man might live at his ease—and it is the same all throughout Syria.

Proceeding through the bazaar, we reach the quarter occupied by the manufacturers of chests and trunks, which is a very considerable branch of industry; for all the movable furniture of an Arab family consists in two or three trunks, wherein they stow their clothes and their trinkets. The greater part of these chests are made of cedar wood, painted red, and they exhibit devices worked in gold nails. Several of these devices are, indeed, admirably sculptured in relief, and covered elegantly and ingeniously with arabesques. I bought three of these trunks, and despatched them by the caravan of Tarabourlous. The odor of cedar wood, in fact, is expanded throughout every bazaar; and the atmosphere of these places, in which are mingled the thousand different perfumes exhaled from the shops of spice-sellers, druggists, venders of perfumed gems and amber, trunk-makers, cabinet-makers, or coffee-sellers, together with that of

pipes unceasingly pouring forth their clouds of smoke, reminded me altogether of the impression which I experienced the first time I visited Florence, where the manufactories of cypress wood filled the streets with an odor extremely similar.

Scherif-Bey, governor of Syria for Mehemet Ali, left Damascus this day. Intelligence having arrived during the night of the victory of Konia gained by Ibrahim over the Grand Vizier, Scherif-Bey has profited by the terror wherewith the news has impressed the Damascenes, to go to Aleppo. He has confided the government of the city to an Egyptian general, assisted by a municipal council, the members of which are selected from the principal merchants of different nations. A camp of six thousand Egyptians and three thousand Arabs, is stationed at the gates of the town: the *coup-d'œil* presented by this assemblage is extremely picturesque: tents of all shapes and all colors are raised under the shade of immense fruit trees on the banks of the river. The horses, for the most part admirable, are fastened in long files stretched from one extremity of the encampment to another. Undisciplined Arabs are seen there, in all the grotesque diversity of their tribes, arms, and costumes; one party almost rising in appearance to the dignity of kings or patriarchs, another more resembling brigands of the desert. The bivouac fires throw up their azure-tinted smoke meanwhile, which is trailed by the wind over the river or over the gardens of Damascus.

I was present at the departure of Scherif-Bey. All the principal agas of Damascus, and officers of the several corps established in and around the town, were assembled at the seraglio. The vast courts encircled by the dilapidated walls of the castle and palace, were filled with slaves leading or holding the most beautiful horses of the city, richly caparisoned. Scherif-Bey breakfasted in the interior apartments. I did not enter there, but remained with some Egyptian and Italian officers in the paved court. Thence we looked upon the crowd outside; saw the agas arrive in companies, and the black slaves pass, bearing upon their heads immense tin vessels, containing the several pilaus of the repast. The stud of Scherif-Bey was likewise set out here, and certainly comprised the very finest animals I had hitherto seen at Damascus. They are Turcomanian steeds, of a breed infinitely larger and stronger than the Arabian. They resemble, in fact, great Norman horses, with limbs more supple and muscular, a lighter head—and the eye large, ardent, fiery, yet gentle, of the Eastern steed. They are all of a kind of bay color, with long

flowing manes—true Homeric horses. At noon, Seherif-Bey took his departure, accompanied by an immense cavalcade two leagues distance from the town.

In the centre of the great bazaar of Damascus, I found the most beautiful Khan of the East, that of Hassad-Pacha. It exhibits an immense cupola, whose boldly-constructed arch reminds one of that of St. Peter's, at Rome. It is equally supported by granite pillars. Behind these pillars are magazines of stores, and flights of steps conducting to the upper stories, where the chambers of the merchants are situated—each of whom, of any consideration, hires one of these rooms, depositing there the most valuable of his merchandise, and his books. Guards are on the watch both day and night, to ensure the security of the Khan; large stables are provided for the horses belonging to travelers or to caravans; beautiful fountains spout forth refreshing streams around the Khan; and in truth, it may almost be denominated the Commercial Exchange of Damascus. The gate of the Khan of Hassad-Pacha, which opens upon the bazaar, is one of the richest specimens of Moresque architecture, as well in conception as in all its details, and one of the most striking in point of effect, to be seen in the world. The Arabian style of architecture may there be recognized in its full perfection. Nevertheless, this edifice has been built within the last forty years. A people who possess architects capable of designing, and workmen capable of executing such a monument as the Khan of Hassad-Pacha, cannot be characterized as dead to the arts. These Khans are generally built by wealthy Pachas, who bequeath them to their families, or to the cities which they are desirous to enrich. They yield great revenues.

A little farther off, I saw, within a gate opening upon the bazaar, the great court-yard of the principal mosque of the town. It was formerly the church of St. John of Damascus. The building seemed to be of the period of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem—heavy, vast, and of that Byzantine style of architecture, which imitates, while it degrades the Grecian, and appears to be constructed of ruins. The large doors of the mosque were closed by heavy curtains; nor have I ever been able to view the interior. It is at the peril of death that a Christian profanes the mosque, as they term it, by entering therein. We were only permitted to stop a moment or two in the court-yard, on pretence of quenching our thirst at the fountain.

Same date.

The caravan from Bagdad arrived this day. It comprised three thousand camels, and encamped at the gates of the city. I bought several bales of Mocha coffee, such as I cannot procure elsewhere, together with some Indian shawls.

The caravan from Mecca has been suspended on account of the war. The Pacha of Damascus is charged with its escort. The Wahabites have several times dispersed it; but Mehemet Ali has driven them back towards Medina. The last caravan, attacked by the cholera at Mecca, worn down with fatigue and destitute of water, almost wholly perished. No less than forty thousand pilgrims were left behind in the desert! The dust of the desert surrounding Mecca is in fact the dust of men. It is hoped that this year the caravan will be more successful under the auspices of Mehemet Ali; but ere many years have elapsed, the progress of the Wahabites will interdict for ever this pious pilgrimage.

The Wahabites may be termed the first reformers of Mahometanism. A sage dwelling in the environs of Mecca, and named Aboul-Wahiab, has undertaken to restore Islamism to its original purity of faith; to extirpate, first by the arguments, then by the force of the Arabs converted to his schism, those popular superstitions—the fruit of credulity and imposture—which in time modify all religions; and to construct, out of the religion of the East, a practical and rational Theism. There will be little ingenuity necessary to accomplish this; for Mahomet is not believed to be a God, but a being full of the Spirit of God, who promulgated nothing more than the unity of God and charity towards man. Aboul-Wahiab himself is not taken for a prophet, but for a man illumined by the light of reason. Reason has, in this instance, made fanatics of the Arabs equally with fraud and superstition. They have armed themselves in her name; in her name have they conquered Mecca and Medina; stripped the prophet's worship of the veneration hitherto paid it; and mustered a hundred thousand armed missionaries, who threaten to change the entire aspect of the East. Mehemet Ali has indeed opposed a momentary barrier to their encroachments; but Wahabism still subsists and propagates itself in the three Arabias; and on the first opportunity these purifiers of Islamism will extend themselves as far as Jerusalem, Damascus, and even Egypt. Thus, human creeds are overturned even by the very same means that were used to propagate them. Nothing is impenetrable to the progres-

sive light of reason, that gradual but incessant revelation of humanity. Mahomet issued from the same deserts with the Wahabites, to overturn idols and establish the pure worship, undefiled by sacrifices, of one immaterial God. Aboul-Wahiab comes in his turn, and, striking at popular credulity, aims at recalling Mahometanism to pure reason. Every succeeding age lifts a corner of the veil which hides the great presence of the God of Gods, and discovers him behind, under all those symbols which characterize him—alone, eternal, evident throughout nature, and imprinting his oracles upon the conscience.

Damascus, April 3d.

We passed the day in traversing the city and its bazaars. Remembrances of St. Paul are always present to the Christian of Damascus. The ruins of the house are still visible, from whence he escaped during night, let down in a basket. Damascus was one of the first spots wherein he sowed the seeds of that faith which has since changed the world—and these seeds fructified there rapidly. The East is the country of numerous creeds, of prodigies, and of superstitions. The grand idea which there fills and expands the imagination of all people, is that of religion. Throughout, the manners and laws of all the tribes are founded on the religious principle. The West has never displayed this—and why? Because they are a less noble race—children of barbarians, still savoring of their origin. These lofty matters are out of place in the West, where the lowest of human feelings and ideas constantly take precedence of the highest. It is the region of gold or of iron—of agitation and noise. The East is the region of profound meditation—of intuition—of adoration! But the West marches forward with a giant's step; and when religion and reason, which the darkness of the middle ages had separated, shall be united there in spirit and in truth, in light and in love, the religious principle shall germinate on its shores, and bring forth prodigies of virtue, of civilization and genius. So be it!

Damascus, April 4th.

There are thirty thousand Christians at Damascus, and forty thousand at Bagdad. Those of Damascus are either Armenians or Greeks. Some Catholic priests are opposed to those of the prevailing persuasions, and officiate for the members of their own communion. The inhabitants tolerate a few Catholic monks, who adopt the fashion of their costume, and are considered as orientals. During my stay there I several times saw two Lazarist

French priests, who inhabit a little convent buried in the poorest quarter of the Armenians. One of these, called Father Poussous, came to pass his evenings with us. He was a worthy man, pious, well-informed, and amiable. He took me to his convent, where he gave instruction to the children of poor Arab Christians. The pure love of good for itself alone retains in these deserts men who must constantly feel themselves insecure. Father Poussous, nevertheless, was serene, resigned, and even gay. From time to time he received, by the caravans from Syria, news and assistance from his superiors in France, together with some Catholic journals. He lent me several of the latter; and nothing appeared more strange to me, than to read of the intrigues, political or ecclesiastical, of the quarter of St. Sulpice, on the borders of the desert of Bagdad, behind Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, in the vicinity of Balbec, in the centre of an immense throng of human beings occupied with ideas and interests altogether different, and where the names of our great men of the present day have never even reached. All is vanity of vanities, except the service of the most High God! and never was I more completely impressed with this truth than whilst traveling. How insignificant must be that agitation, the progress of which a sea can stop—that fame, the spreading of which a mountain can intercept—that renown, the object of which a strange tongue cannot even correctly name. Our true immortality is very different from this false and fleeting immortality we are so anxious to acquire here below.

We dined to-day with an old Christian of Damascus, whose age exceeded ninety years, but who still possessed the full use of all his faculties, physical and moral. This excellent and venerable person bore in his countenance abundant marks of benevolence, serenity, and virtue,—those feelings which smooth the approach to its termination of a pure and pious life. He loaded us with attentions of every description, running about for us here and there with all the alacrity of a young man. Father Poussous and his companion, two merchants of Bagdad, and a great Persian signor, who was on his road to Mecca, completed the tranquil party of the evening, seated on the divans of M. Baudin, and in the middle of vapors of tobacco, which perfumed while they obscured the atmosphere. By the assistance of M. Baudin, and M. Mazoyer, my dragoman, we managed to converse with considerable facility. The most perfect cordiality and singleness of heart reigned throughout the entire meeting, among men from all extremities of the globe. The customs of India and Persia; the

recent events at Bagdad; the revolt of the Pacha against the Porte; these were the chief subjects of our conversation. The merchant of Bagdad had been obliged to fly across the desert in forty days, upon his dromedaries, with his treasures and two young Franks. He was impatiently awaiting news of his brother, of whose safety he was apprehensive; and a letter from this brother was brought him during our interview. He had been fortunate enough to escape his perils, and would arrive with the rear-guard of the caravan, which was shortly expected. Our companion shed tears of joy on reading this. We wept with him—both from the sympathy, and from thinking of the difficulties we might have to encounter ourselves. These tears, shed at the same time by eyes which might never again gaze on each other round the hearth of a common friend—in the midst of a city wherein we were but passing strangers—these tears, I say, softened our hearts still further, and we felt the emotion of actual friendship towards men whose names even were destined soon to perish from our remembrance.

April 4, 1833.

There was a terrible storm during the night. The lofty chambers in which we slept having numerous unglazed windows, trembled like a vessel in a squall. The rain has, in some few instances, dissolved the roof of mud which form the terraces above these chambers, and inundated the floors. Fortunately our mattresses were placed upon platforms raised from the ground by large Damascus chests. The bed-clothes sheltered us, but in the morning we found our garments floating about the chambers. These heavy storms are frequent at Damascus, and sometimes overturn houses whose foundations are not laid in marble. The climate is cold and humid during the winter months. Snow falls abundantly in the mountains. This last winter half of the bazaars have been penetrated by the weight of the snows, and the roads rendered impassable during two months. The heats of summer, on the other hand, are, it is said, insupportable. Up to the present time we have experienced nothing of this. Almost every evening we light braziers, called in this country mangalese.

I bought another Arab stallion of a Bedouin whom I met at the gate of the city. I followed this cavalier, and contrived to enter upon a bargain with him in a manner at once appropriate and natural. This animal, smaller in size than that I had purchased of the Aga, is yet stronger, and of a more rare color, namely, that of the peach-tree. He is of a race whose name sig-

nifies king of the hoof. I got him for four thousand piastres, and mounted, in order to try his paces. He is not so gentle as my other Arabian steed. His disposition seems, in fact, savage and intractable, but he appears indefatigable. I shall have Tadmor (which is the Arab name of Palmyra, and given by me to the horse I bought of the Aga) led by one of my *sais* on foot; while I shall mount Scham during the route. Scham is the Arabian name of Damascus.

A chief of the tribe of the Bedouins of Palmyra, whom M. Bau-din had summoned, is arrived here. He is charged to conduct me to Palmyra, and to bring me back safe and sound, on condition, however, that I shall go alone and clad as a Bedouin of the desert: he is to leave his son as a hostage at Damascus, during the interval. I and my party deliberate upon this proposition. I strongly desired to see the ruins of Tadmor; nevertheless, as they appear to be less surprising than those of Balbec, and will take at least ten days to visit and return from, and as my wife could not accompany me; as, moreover, the time for regaining the sea-shore at the point where our vessel will await us, is arrived—I made up my mind to renounce, although with regret, this journey in the desert, and we prepared to depart the third day following.

April 6th, 1833.

We left Damascus at eight o'clock A. M., having traversed the town and its bazaars, which were encumbered by the crowd. Heard several injurious murmurs, and endured sundry opprobrious epithets, which were vented upon our party in consequence of its being taken for recruits about to join Ibrahim. We issued from the city by a different gate from that whereby we had entered it: followed the course of numerous delicious gardens, by a route which bordered a torrent, and was overshadowed by superb trees: climbed up the mountain, whence we had enjoyed so fine a prospect of Damascus; halted in order to contemplate it again, and bear away a perfect image of it. I understand that Arabian traditions represent this city and its neighborhood to form the site of the lost Paradise; and certainly I should think that no place upon earth was better calculated to answer one's idea of Eden. The vast and fruitful plain, with the seven branches of the blue stream which irrigates it; the majestic framework of the mountains; the glittering lakes which reflect the heaven upon the earth; its geographical situation between the two seas; the perfection of the climate:—every thing indi-

cates that Damascus has at least been one of the first towns that were ever built by the children of men—one of the natural halts of fugitive humanity in primeval times. It is in fact one of those sites pointed out by the hand of God for a city—a site predestined to sustain a capital, like Constantinople. These are perhaps the only two cities which could not possibly have taken their post in an empire from arbitrary selection; but which were palpably indicated by the configuration of the places. So long as the earth shall bear empires upon her surface, Damascus will continue to be a great city, and Stamboul the metropolis of the world. On emerging from the desert, and entering on the plains of Cœlo-Syria, and the valleys of Galilee, the caravans of India need repose—and they find a spot of enchantment at Damascus. Commerce is there upheld by industry. Damascus is, like Lyons, one vast manufactory. Its population, according to some, reaches four hundred thousand souls; according to others, only two hundred thousand. I cannot decide, and indeed it is impossible to do so: one can only conjecture. In the East, there is no exact census taken, and the traveler can only judge by the eye. By the extent of the crowd which inundates the streets and bazaars; by the number of armed men who issue from the houses on the least signal of revolution or tumult; and the extent of ground which the houses cover, I should myself be inclined to believe, that those who are inclosed within the city walls might number between three and four hundred thousand souls. But if we do not limit the town thus arbitrarily—if we include in the aggregate of its population those who inhabit the immense faubourgs and villages which are confounded to the eye with the houses and gardens of this enormous assemblage of human beings, I should think that the territory of Damascus might nourish a million. I cast a lingering look upon it, with internal prayers for the welfare of M. Baudin, and the other excellent men who protected and enlivened our sojourn there; and then, a few paces of our steeds withdrew from our sight for ever even the tips of its trees, and of its minarets.

The Arab who walked beside my horse pointed out to me, on the horizon, a large lake which glittered at the foot of a mountain; and he related to me a history connected therewith, of which at the time I understood only a few words, but which my dragoman afterwards interpreted.

There was a herdsman, whose business it was to tend camels upon the borders of this lake, which belonged to the inhabitants

of a desert district of this high mountain. One day, while engaged in watering his herd, he perceived that the water of the lake escaped by a subterranean channel, which he closed with a huge stone, but at the same time let fall therein his shepherd's staff. Some time after, a stream dried up in one of the provinces of Persia. The Sultan, seeing this part of his dominions threatened with famine by want of water to irrigate the land, consulted the sages of his empire, and by their advice sent emissaries into all the surrounding countries to discover in what manner the source of his river had been diverted or dried up. These messengers carried with them the shepherd's staff, which the subterranean channel had brought to light. The herdsman chanced to be at Damascus when the emissaries arrived there; he recollected the staff which he had accidentally lost, approached, and recognized it to be the same which they held in their hands. "What will the Sultan bestow upon the man who will restore to him his flood?" demanded he.

"The Sultan," replied the messengers, "will bestow on him the hand of his daughter, and half his dominions."

"Depart then," rejoined the herdsman, "and before you can regain the Sultan's court, the lost stream shall flow again through the land of Persia, and rejoice his royal heart."

The herdsman repaired to the mountain, rolled back the block of stone, and the waters, resuming their course through the secret channel, filled anew the bed of the important river. The Sultan hereupon despatched fresh ambassadors, who conveyed his daughter under their escort to the fortunate herdsman, who was also gifted with half the provinces of the empire.

These marvelous traditions are preserved with entire faith among the credulous Arab populations; not one individual doubts them, because, in fact, the imagination doubts nothing.

April 7th.

I encamped last evening under the brow of a lofty mountain, after eight hours' march through a country hilly, naked, sterile, and cold. We were overtaken by a caravan less numerous than our own. It was that of the Cadi of Damascus, sent every year from Constantinople, and who was on his return thither, to embark at Alexandretta. His wives and family traveled in a kind of double basket, poised upon the back of a mule; one woman and several little children occupying each half of the receptacle, the whole being covered up. This caravan passed us and proceeded to encamp much farther on.

A rough journey of ten hours' march in severe cold, and through valleys completely deserted. We traversed, for one whole hour, the bed of a torrent, wherein large masses of stone rolled down from the mountains, intercepted every instant the progress of our horses. I mounted for an hour or two my fine steed, Tadmor, in order to give rest to Scham. In spite of having undergone two days of so fatiguing a route, this magnificent animal sprang forward like a gazelle over the rocky footing of the desert. In a moment he outstripped the fleetest coursers of the caravan. He is gentle and intelligent as a swan, of which he has both the whiteness and the grace. I will carry him to Europe, together with Scham and Saide. As soon as I alighted, he escaped me, and bounded on to rejoin the Arab, called Mansours, who tends and leads them. He reclined his head on his shoulders like a fond spaniel; there is, indeed, as perfect a fraternity between the Arab and his horse, as there is between us and the dog. Mansours and Daher, my two principal Arab *sais*, whom I had brought from the environs of Bayreut, and who had now been in my service a year, are the most faithful and gentle of domestics; steady, indefatigable, sagacious, attached to their masters and their steeds, always ready to encounter with us an impending peril,—what might not an able leader achieve with such a race of men! If I had one quarter of the wealth of a banker of Paris or London, I would renovate in ten years the face of Syria; all the elements of regeneration are there; nothing is wanting but a hand to unite and arrange them, an eye to select a foundation, and a will to guide a people!

I slept in a kind of hostelry, quite isolated upon a plain: the cold was extreme, but we found a little wood and lighted a fire in the low chamber where we spread our carpet. Our provisions brought from Damascus were exhausted; we therefore kneaded a little barley-flour which had been destined for our horses, and eat the cakes, which were bitter and black.

At daybreak we departed; and having traveled for twelve hours through a barren and deserted land, arrived at a small village, where we found a shelter, some fowls, and a little rice. The rain inundated us during the whole day; we were not above eight hours' journey from the route of the valley of Beka; but we mean to coast it by its eastern extremity, much lower down than Balbec.

April 7.

Arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon, in sight of the desert of Beka. Our caravan made a hesitating halt. The plain, from

that point where we stood, even to the foot of Lebanon, which uplifts itself like a wall on the other side, is one immense lake, in the middle whereof several black-looking islands emerge, while, in other places, the tops of trees only, rise above the surface. Vast antique ruins crown a hill about three leagues from us. How are we to traverse, with no other guide than chance, this inundated plain? Nevertheless, it is necessary to move forward without delay. To-morrow we may not be able to cross it at all; for the rain continues to descend, and the mountain-torrents, in all directions, launch their streams into the hollows. We accordingly marched on, for two hours, upon the most elevated plain, which brought us towards that hill whereon, as I have said, stood the extensive ruins of a temple. These are on our left hand: they appeared to be the unknown relics of some city, now without name, and which flourished contemporaneously with Balbec. Shafts of gigantic columns have rolled down the sides of the hill, and lie in the dirt at our feet. The day declined, the rain increased, and we had not time to ascend to the temple.

This hill being passed, we could make no further progress, unless in water up to our horses' knees. At every instant, one of our mules slipped and rolled with his load of baggage into the deep gulfs, whence our moukres extricated them with great difficulty. We made an Arab precede us at the distance of twenty paces, in order to sound the ground; but, when we had reached the middle of the plain, at that point where the stream of Balbec hollows its bed, the soil seemed to give way beneath us, and it became actually necessary to swim over a space of thirty or forty feet. My Arabs, throwing themselves into the water, and holding the horses by the head, conveyed across my wife and an English *femme-de-chambre*, who accompanied her. We all at length gained the opposite shore.

Night had now almost completely set in. We hastened to cross the rest of the valley, whilst there still remained a glimmering of twilight to guide us. We passed near one or two ruinous huts, inhabited by a ferocious tribe of the Arabs of Balbec. Had they attacked us at this juncture, we should have been at their mercy; all our arms being entirely out of order. The Arabs gazed at us from their terraced roofs, but descended not into the morass. At the very moment when night positively fell around us, the surface of the ground began to rise, and we were, at length, high and dry upon the extreme borders of the chain of Lebanon. We guided ourselves towards a remote light which

twinkled at a distance of three leagues, from the verge of a mountain ; it was, no doubt, from the town of Zarkley. Overcome with fatigue, half-frozen with cold, and wet even to our bones, we at last succeeded in reaching the first heights upon which rises the town. There, on calling over our muster-roll, we found that one of our friends, M. de Capmas, was missing. We made a dead stop ;— we shouted his name ; we fired several guns ; but still, no answer. We detached two horsemen to prosecute the search, and entered ourselves into Zarkley. It took us an hour to coast a river which runs round the town, and to find a bridge that crosses it. Our jaded horses could scarce keep their footing upon the slippery stones of this bridge, abrupt, and without parapet. At length, the house of the Greek Bishop received us. We lighted fires of brambles in the huts which surround the court. The bishop lent us some mats and carpets. We were quite exhausted. The two Arabs, who had been sent to seek our friend, returned with him in safety. They brought him in half dead, and placed him beside the hearth. He slowly revived. We found at the bottom of a trunk saturated with water, a bottle of rum ; the bishop provided us with sugar ; and we succeeded in reanimating with some glasses of punch our sinking comrade. Meanwhile, the Arabs prepared for us the pilau. The poor bishop had literally nothing more than a shelter to offer us ; but the curiosity of the women and children of Zarkley was such, that at each instant they absolutely encumbered the court, and pushed open the doors of our chambers to gaze on the two Frank women. I was ultimately obliged to station two armed Arabs at the gate of the court-yard, to interdict their entrance.

The next day, we remained at Zarkley, in order to get our clothes thoroughly dry, and renew the various provisions for our route, which had been destroyed by the inundation of the previous evening.

Zarkley is a town wholly Christian, and founded a few years since in a mountain gorge upon the side of Lebanon. It owes its rapid and prodigious increase to the persecuted families of Armenian and Greek Christians of Damascus and Homs. It counts from eight to ten thousand inhabitants, possesses a considerable traffic in silk, and is augmenting itself every day. Under the protection of the Emir Beschir, the Sovereign of Lebanon, it is no longer disquieted by the incursions of the tribes of Balbec and Anti-Lebanon. The inhabitants, industrious, active, and agricultural, till the heights most sedulously that descend from the

mountain into the plain, and endeavor to turn to account even those parts of the desert which lie next them.

The aspect of the town is very extraordinary. It presents a confused assemblage of black looking houses built of earth, without either regularity or symmetry, on the steep sides of two hillocks separated by a stream. The ravine from whence the stream descends before it flows round the city and through the plain, is a large and deep indentation of perpendicular rocks which part, as it were, to give passage to the torrent. It rolls from platform to platform, forming three or four cascades in sheets of water, which cover all the breadth of these natural platforms or successive steps. The foam of the torrent wholly envelopes the rocks, and the noise of the falls resounds through the streets of Zarkley with a murmur heavy but continual. Several very neat houses shine out from amidst the verdure of poplars and lofty vines above the cascades. Among them is the house of refuge of our friend M. Baudin, while another is a convent of Maronite monks.

The river, after having traversed the mansions of the town, which are grouped and suspended in a manner the most grotesque on its precipitous banks, almost indeed hanging over its bed, proceeds to water the narrow fields and meadows below, over which its fluid has been carefully distributed by the townsmen in a thousand rivulets. Curtains, as it were, of tall Persian poplars stretch along its course, and direct the eye, as through a verdant avenue, as far as the desert of Balbec and the snowy points of Anti-Lebanon. Almost all the inhabitants are either Syriac or Damascene Greeks. The houses resemble the miserable huts of the peasants of Savoy or Brescia; yet each one has its shop, or workshop, where saddlers, armorers, and even watchmakers, pursue, though with clumsy tools, their peculiar trades.

The people themselves appeared to be worthy and hospitable. The sight of strangers like us, so far from frightening or amazing, seemed to be agreeable to them. They offered us all the little services that our situation required, and were evidently proud of the degree of prosperity which their town had attained. Zarkley may be considered as a kind of appendix to a great commercial city, destined, even, one day to vie with Damascus, and to rival, in the commercial dealings of its Christian population, those of the Mahometan race of the larger repertorium. If the death of the Emir Beschir should not destroy that unity of sway which combines all the powers of Lebanon under one chief, Zarkley, some twenty years hence, will be the first town of Syria. Other

places deteriorate ; but it increases : others sleep, but it labors. The Greek genius every where exhibits the principle of activity which is in the very blood of that lively European race. But the activity of Asiatic Greece is valuable and fruitful ; whereas that of Greece of the Morea and the Isles, is only a sterile agitation. The air of Asia softens the blood of the Greeks : there, they always exhibit a people admirably civilized ; elsewhere, they are frequently barbarians. It is the same with respect to the physical beauty of the race. The Greek women of Asia are *chef-d'œuvres* of creation — imagination, grace, and voluptuousness sparkle in their eyes. The female Greeks of the Morea and the Isles have fresh looking but hard features ; and their eyes, dark and fiery, want the sweet languishing expression which bespeaks mildness and sensibility. The eyes of the one race may be likened to ardent coals ; those of the other, to a lambent flame veiled by humid vapors.

Same date.

The poor Greek Bishop of Zarkley is descended from a family of Aleppo, where he passed his early life amidst the elegance and luxurious effeminacy of that city, the Athens of Asia ; he is, however, here quite an exile, without society or mental resources. His manners have preserved that dignity for which the inhabitants of Aleppo are remarkable ; but in the extreme penury to which he is reduced, he could offer us nothing besides the use of his humble dwelling. We spoke Italian with him. I presented him, at parting, with five hundred piastres for the use of the poor of his district—or of himself, for he seemed in a most wretched condition. Some Arabian and Greek books lying in confusion about his room, and an old trunk containing his magnificent furred cloak and his episcopal robes, comprised his whole riches.

I took guides at Zarkley to enable me to pass Lebanon by an unknown road, the ordinary route being blocked up by the great quantity of snow that had fallen during the winter. We proceeded first by gentle acclivities over hills planted with vines and mulberry trees. We soon, however, arrived at the region of rocks, and of torrents without beds, of which, indeed, we passed about thirty in less than six hours. These falls are so rapid that they have not time to hollow out a course for themselves ; they have the appearance of a curtain of foam, gliding over the naked rock, and passing with the rapidity of the wings of a bird. The sky was now covered with clouds, which, although the day was but little advanced, already intercepted the light ; deluging us in their

vapory waves as they rolled along, and frequently concealing from us the head of our caravan, thus involved in darkness. The snow also began to fall in large flakes, obliterating all traces of the path, which our guides sought in vain, and we had some difficulty in supporting our weary horses, whose iron shoes caused them to slip on the steep ledge which we were obliged to follow. The magnificent prospect of the Valley of Balbec beneath us, and the summits of Anti-Lebanon, with the noble ruins of the Temples of Beká, (lying in the full blaze of day,) we could only catch glimpses of at short intervals, through the chinks of the dividing clouds; we appeared to be sailing in the heavens, and our resting-place, from which we were viewing the earth, seemed not to belong to it.

And now the murmuring winds, that had slept in the deep and lofty defiles of the mountains, began to utter a mournful sound, as from beneath the earth, like the roaring of a heavy sea after a storm. The gusts passed like thunder-bolts, sometimes over our heads, and sometimes in the lower regions, beneath our feet, driving before them as dead leaves, masses of snow, quantities of stones, and even large pieces of rock, with the same violence wherewith they would have been thrown from the cannon's mouth. Two of our horses were struck by them, and rolled over the precipice: not one of us, however, was touched. My young Arabian stallions, that were being led, seemed petrified with terror; they stopped short and raised their nostrils. They did not neigh, but uttered a guttural cry similar to the rattling in a man's throat. We walked close together, both for the sake of mutual protection, and that we might the more easily afford each other assistance in the event of an accident.

The night grew darker and darker; and the snow, which beat in our eyes, deprived us of the little light which might still have directed us. The whirlwind filled all the defile in which we were with snow, which, turning rapidly round, rose in columns to the sky, and fell again in immense sheets, like the foam of a huge wave upon the rocks beneath. There were times when it was impossible to breathe; our guides stopped every instant; hesitated, and discharged their muskets as signals to us; but the furious wind would allow nothing to be heard, and the sound of our arms resembled the light crack of a whip.

In proportion, however, as we advanced farther into this lofty defile of the highest regions of Lebanon, we heard, with considerable alarm, a deep, continued low roar, which increased from

time to time, and formed, as it were, the bass of this horrible concert of warring elements. It seemed as if a part of the mountain had fallen and was rolling down like a torrent of rocks. The thick cloud, touching the very ground, hid every thing from us, and we, therefore, knew not where we were; when we saw pass suddenly by us horses without riders, mules without burthens, and several camels, who were flying down the snowy side of the mountain. These were quickly followed by some Arabs, who, calling out to us, directed us to stop, showing us at the same time, with their hands, at forty or fifty paces beneath us, a ruinous cottage built against a rock, which the clouds had hitherto concealed from us. A column of smoke, and the glimmer of a fire, were to be seen through the door of this cabin, the roof of which, of enormous branches of cedar, had just been half carried away by the hurricane, and was now hanging against the wall. This, the dwelling of Murat-Bey, was the only asylum that we could procure on this part of Lebanon. A poor Arab inhabits it during the summer, to offer barley and a shelter to the caravans of Damascus, which pass by this route into Syria.

We descended thither with some difficulty, by means of steps cut in the rock, but now covered a foot deep with snow. The torrent, which flowed a hundred paces beneath the cottage, and which we had to cross in order to ascend to the highest region of the mountains, had become all at once an immense river, hurrying along with it huge masses of stone, and the wrecks of the tempest. Surprised on its banks by the whirlwind, and half buried in snow, the Arabs whom we met had taken the burthens from their camels and mules, and had left them on the spot, to save themselves at the cottage of Murat. We found it, indeed, filled with these men and their beasts; no space was left either for us or our horses; nevertheless, sheltered by the projection of rock, which was larger than a house, we felt the wind less, and the clouds of snow, hurried from the summit of Lebanon, and passing over our heads in their progress to the plain, began to fall less heavily, and allowed us to perceive at intervals, a small portion of the sky where the stars were already glittering. The wind soon after altogether fell; we dismounted and endeavored to construct a shelter in which we might pass, not only the night, but perhaps many days, if the torrent, which we heard without seeing it, should continue to obstruct the passage.

Beneath the walls of the cabin, and under shelter of a part of the branches of cedar which had formed the roof, there was a

space of ten feet square covered up with snow and mud. We swept away the snow, but there still remained a foot of soft mire on which we could not place our carpets; we therefore drew from the roof some branches of trees which we laid like a hurdle upon the saturated ground, and which thus prevented our mats from becoming soaked in the water; our mattresses, our carpets, and our cloaks formed a second flooring; we lighted a fire in one corner of our retreat, and thus we passed the long night between the 7th and 8th of April, 1833. From time to time the hurricane, which had been hushed, again rose; the mountain seemed about to tumble to pieces: the enormous rock against which the cottage had been built, trembled like the trunk of a tree shaken by a gust of wind, and the torrent seemed to fill all space with its continued roar. We contrived, however, to get to sleep at last, and were awakened at a late hour the following day by the dazzling rays of an unclouded sun upon the snow. The Arabs, our companions, had departed; they had made the passage of the torrent in safety, and we perceived them at a distance climbing the hills over which we had to follow them. We now set out ourselves, and walked for four hours through a lofty valley, where, as on the summit of Mont Blanc, we saw nothing but the snow beneath our feet, and the sky above our heads. The dazzling effect upon our eyes, the dead silence, and the danger that attended each step as we advanced over these deserts of newly fallen snow (where not a trace of path was to be found), induced a solemn and religious train of thought, as we traversed these lofty pillars of the earth, the spine as it were of a continent. We looked involuntarily towards each point of the horizon and of the heavens, and every phenomenon of nature attracted our attention; one, indeed, presented an appearance which I had never before observed. Suddenly, at the summit of Lebanon, against the side of a projection half shaded from the morning sun, I beheld a magnificent rainbow, not thrown up like an airy bridge, uniting the mountain-top with the heavens, but lying upon the snow in concentric circles, like a serpent of most dazzling colors; it was like a rainbow-nest surprised on the most inaccessible ridge of Lebanon. As the sun rose and fell upon the white projection, the circles of the rainbow, of a thousand mingling hues, appeared to be disturbed and to rise. The extremity of these luminous volutes springing in effect from the earth, mounted some fathoms towards heaven, as if it essayed to lance itself toward the sun, and descended again in light-colored vapor and liquid pearls, which fell

thick around us. We seated ourselves there, in this region of snow, in order to dry before the sun our miry shoes. We had begun to perceive the deep and black valleys of the Maronites; and in two hours descended to the village of Hamana, situated at the head of the magnificent valley of that name, and where we had already reposed ourselves on our way to Damaseus. The Scheik appropriated to our use three houses of the village. The evening sun gilded the broad leaves of the fig and mulberry trees; husbandmen trailed along their ploughs; women and children were promenading in the different roads between the houses, and saluted us with a smile of hospitality. Animals paced over the fields; pigeons and fowls covered the terrace roofs; and the clocks of two Maronite churches jingled heavily through the tops of the cypresses, ringing in order to announce the pious ceremonies of the morrow, which was Sunday. All pictured, in a word, the aspect, the sounds, and the tranquillity of a little quiet village in France or Italy; and the effect was strange, recognizing the resemblance immediately on issuing from the precipices of Lebanon, the deserts of Balbec, and the inhospitable streets of Damascus. Never, perhaps, was there transition so rapid, so agreeable. We resolved to pass the Sunday among this interesting and worthy people, and to repose during that entire day after our long fatigues.

The day was accordingly passed at Hamana. The Scheik partially furnished us with provisions, and some purchases at the market rendered our stock abundant. The females of Hamana came to visit us consecutively throughout the day. They are far less handsome than the Syrians who dwell near the sea-shore. They constitute a pure Maronite race—have all the appearance of strength and health—but their features are too marked; the eye, likewise, somewhat hard; the complexion rather too ruddy. Their costume consists of white pantaloons, or trowsers, and, above these, a long robe of blue cloth, open in front, and leaving the bosom bare: necklaces, formed of innumerable piastres, adorn the neck, and fall over the throat, and even as low as the shoulders. The married women complete this costume by a silver horn, about a foot in circumference, and sometimes a foot and a half in length; and this they fix upon their twisted hair, and it rises over the forehead a little obliquely. This horn, sculptured or carved, is attached to the extremity of a muslin veil which is suspended thence, and occasionally conceals the countenance. They never lay aside this ornamental horn, even during sleep.

This peculiar custom, however, whereof one cannot decipher the exact meaning or origin—which can be only traceable to the vagaries of the human intellect—disfigures them not a little, and gives a heaviness to all the movements of the head and neck.

April 9th.

We quitted Hamana at five o'clock, A. M., on a morning veiled in mists, and traveled, for two hours, over the steep declivities and high ridges of Lebanon, descending towards the plains of Syria. The valley, which we leave on the right, hollows and enlarges itself more and more under our feet. It might be there about two leagues in breadth, and one league, at least, in depth. The transparent waves of morning vapor moved softly, like waves of the sea, throughout the prospect, and left nothing visible above them but the high points of mamelons, the heads of cypresses, and some turrets of villages, or of Maronite monasteries. Soon, however, the sea-breeze, which mounted insensibly with the sun, unrolled gradually all these vaporous waves, turning them back in white masses, to be confounded with the snowy summits upon which they lie, in the form of light gray spots.

The valley is now fully disclosed. Why has not the eye a language qualified to paint by a single word as it sees by a single glance? I would wish to preserve eternally in my memory the incomparable scenes and impressions of the Valley of Hamana. I stand above one of the thousand torrents which furrow its sides with their bounding foam; and behold through its masses of rock, the hanging meadows, the cypress clumps, the groves of poplars, the wild grapes, and black carobs, which run even to the depths of the valley, adorning there the central stream which flows through its entire length. The valley is so deep that my eye cannot penetrate to its bottom. I only hear, at intervals, the mingled roaring of its waters and leaves; the lowing of its herds; and the distant and silvery sound of its monastery bells. The morning mist is still wrinkled over the deep bed of the gorge which bounds the principal torrent. Here and there, winding around several high mounds, I perceived the white line of foam which it traces in this dark shade. From the same side of the valley at which we stand, I see arise, at about a quarter of a league distance from one another, three or four large platforms, resembling natural pedestals. Their sides, very steep, are of a grayish granite. These platforms, of the circumference of about half a league, are entirely clothed with forests of cedar, fir, and umbrel-

la-shaped pines, with large tops. One may distinguish huge branches shooting from these trees, between which the morning light circulates and plays. Their black and motionless leaves are intersected here and there by light columns of blue smoke, rising from the cabins of Maronite laborers, and by little stone ogives, within which the village clocks are hung. Two large monasteries, whose walls shine like copper, are built upon two platforms of pines. They are not unlike fortresses of the middle ages. One sees, underneath, convents, and Maronite monks, clothed in their black capuchins, who labor between the stocks of vines and huge chestnut trees. Two or three villages, grouped around rocky mamelons, are visible still lower down, like bee-hives clustered about the trunks of old trees. Beside every cottage some tufts of pale verdure appear; these are pomegranates, figs, or olive trees, which begin to fructify at the depth of the valley. The eye loses itself, at length, in the impenetrable shade of the bottom of the gorge. If we lift our regard beyond this ravine, upon the opposite side of the mountain, we perceive, in some parts, perpendicular walls of rocky granite, which almost pierce the clouds. Above these natural walls are patches of the most lovely vegetation, high summits of firs, hanging over the chasms below, immense heads of sycamores, looking like huge spots on the face of heaven; and, again, behind these pinnacles of vegetation, steeples belonging to villages or monasteries, whereto one cannot even imagine any access.

In other places, the granite sides of the mountains are broken into wide cavities, where the sight is lost in the obscurity of forests, and nothing can be distinguished save certain luminous points, which are, in fact, the beds of torrents and of little lakes. Elsewhere, the rocks altogether disappear: immense circular bastions flank them, like eternal fortifications, and terminate at their angles in towers and turrets. Elevated valleys, which the eye can scarcely fathom, sink or emerge amidst ramparts of snow or wood; and here descends the principal torrent of Hamana, which one sees at first rushing like a vast gutter of snow, then losing itself in a huge basin, resounding with cascades, afterwards vanishing behind black masses, to re-appear in one single strip of foam, which bends and unbends itself according to the sinuosities of the ground, over the slow or rapid declivities of the hills. It plunges, at length, into the principal valley, whereinto it falls in a cascade of one hundred paces broad, and two hun-

dred feet high. Its foam, which rebounds up again, and which the wind blows here and there, covers with floating rainbows the crests of the huge pines which border the fall.

At our left, the valley, in descending towards the sea-shore, expanded itself, and exhibited to the eye the sides of its hills more woody and better cultivated: its river serpentine between mamelons crowned with monasteries and hamlets. Farther off, the palm trees uplift themselves behind low hillocks covered with olive trees, displaying their tufts of yellow green, and intersecting the long line of golden sand which borders the sea. The eye is at length lost in the uncertain distance—uncertain whether sea or sky.

The details of this magnificent *ensemble*, are no less attractive than the general *coup d'œil*. At each winding of the rocks, at each summit of the hills whither the path conducts the traveler, he perceives a new prospect,—wherein waters, trees, rocks, the ruins of bridges or aqueducts, snow, sea, and the fiery sand of the desert, all are mingled in some unexpected manner, drawing forth an exclamation of surprise and delight. I have seen Naples and its islands, with the valleys of the Alps and the Apennines, in Savoy or in Switzerland;—but the valley of Hamana and some others scattered about Lebanon, effaced the recollection of all these. The hugeness of the masses of rock; the multiplied waterfalls; the purity and depth of the heavens; the prospect of vast seas bounding the horizon in every direction; the picturesque appearance of the hamlets and convents, perched like human nests upon heights whither the regard almost dreads to follow them; in a word, the sense of novelty induced by the color, sometimes dark, sometimes light, of the vegetation,—the majesty of the venerable trees, many of whose trunks resemble columns of granite,—all this combined, colors, as it were, and solemnizes the country, and stirs the soul with emotions far more profound and religious than do the Alps themselves. It may be remarked, that no region can be considered perfect that does not possess a sea-coast. Here the ocean, the desert, and the heavens form the frame work of this sublime picture: and the ravished eye glances eternally from the depth of forests, from the umbrageous banks of rivulets, from the summit of aerial peaks, or from the tranquil scenes of rural or cenobitical life, to the blue sea ploughed by ships, to the naked height of snowy rocks, or to the yellow waves of the desert, where the caravans of camels describe afar off their sinuous route. Such is this incessant contrast, which gives birth

to a whole host of thoughts and ideas, and solemn impressions of heaps of stone, of poetry, and of severe, yet glowing beauty.

Same date.

At noon, we encamped under our tents, on the mid-heights of Lebanon, to let pass the extreme heat of the day. They brought me an Arab courier, who was on his way to seek me at Damascus. He put into my hands a packet of letters, arrived from Europe, which announced, among other things, my nomination to the Chamber of Deputies. This was a new source of annoyance added to all the others. Unfortunately I had aspired to this distinction at another period, myself soliciting a mark of confidence, which I could not, without ingratitude, now decline. I will accept it, and go. But oh! how much do I now wish that this cup might pass far from me. The future presents nothing to me, individually, in this drama of the social and political world, whose principal scene is acted amongst the French. I have none of those aspirations for glory and fortune which constitute the impulsive force of public men. The only interest which I shall take in their stormy deliberations will be the common interest of the country and of humanity. There are indeed abstract existences to men who would possess the present hour alone, and bring about at any price, the aggrandizement of family, of caste, or of party. How can the calm and impartial voice of philosophy be heard amongst the tumult of conflicting and contradictory facts and opinions? Who is he that can penetrate the future, and define its boundaries, behind the dust raised by actual warfare? No matter: man chooses neither his own path, nor his own work. God assigns him his task, according to his circumstances and his convictions:—it must be accomplished. But I can foresee, for myself, nothing but a moral martyrdom in the melancholy duty now imposed upon me.

I was born for action. Poetry, in me, is but action modified. I have thought, and, in the absence of other power, have expressed in words my ideas and sentiments. But now, activity solicits me no longer. I have too deeply proved the value of sublunary things not to estimate them thoroughly. I have lost too many of the beings whom my active life could interest, not to be deprived of all personal stimulus to exertion. A life of contemplation, of philosophy, of poetry, and solitude, will form the only resting-place for my heart before it is finally broken.

April 10th, 1833.

Return to Bayreut, and the visit to the Cedars of Solemon.

We arrived here yesterday, and I passed two hours in the convent of the Franciscans, at that tomb in which all my future hopes lie buried. There are no tidings of the Alceste, which is to convey these precious remains to France, and I have freighted another vessel for our own conveyance. We shall sail in company; but the mother will at least be spared the pain of being in the same apartment with the body of her child. We intend visiting Kesrouan, Tripoli in Syria, Latakia, Antioch, and the Cedars of Lebanon, which tower on the summits of the mountains behind Tripoli, whilst Captain Coulonne is making the necessary preparations for the reception of so numerous a party. Our many friends here have visited us this morning: namely, the governor, a Maronite Prince; Habib Barbara, our country neighbor, who has treated us since our arrival, and more especially since our affliction, with the zeal of true friendship; M. Borneo, the Sardinian Consul, and M. Borda, a young and amiable Piedmontese, brought by the caprice of fortune to the deserts of the East, (as an associate in the religious mission here,) when his education, character, and taste, qualify him to shine as a diplomatist in the most polished courts of Europe; M. Laurella, the Austrian consul; M. Farren, the consul-general, and M. Abbot, special consul from England to Syria; a young French merchant, named Humann, from whose company we have derived equal advantage and pleasure during our sojourn here; M. Caillé, the French traveler; M. Jorelle, first interpreter to the consulship;—this young man, educated in France, was brought early to the East, and is complete master of Turkish and Arabic—upright, active, intelligent, and full of natural courtesy, to oblige another is to oblige himself. Lastly, M. Guys, the French consul to Syria, a worthy representative of our national honor in these countries, where his character commands the respect of the Arabs, but who has only recently come here, and with whom of course we are not so well acquainted as with his colleagues.

I transcribe all these various names of individuals who have loaded us with favors during a year's residence among them, that I may be ever reminded of the respective debt of gratitude I owe to each. Were it not for the letter I received yesterday—were it not for the recollection of my aged father, which is ever present to my mind, recalling me to France,—if I had to select a

place of exile in this world wherein to end my earthly pilgrimage, it is here that I would make that selection, in the bosom of solitude and the beauties of nature.

April 30th, 1833.

We started this morning at four o'clock with the same caravan I had got together at Damascus; took the sea-shore as far as Cape Batroun—a route previously described—and slept at Djebail, in a khan outside of the city, and which lies on a rising ground overlooking the sea. All that is worthy of note in this town is a mosque of Christian architecture, and which, it is probable, was originally a church built by the counts of Tripoli. Djebail is supposed to be the country of the ancient Gibbites, who supplied King Hiram with blocks of stone for the building of the Temple of Solomon.

The father of Adonis had a palace here; and the worship of the sun constituted the religion of all the neighboring country of Syria. To the left of the town is a castle remarkable both for its elegance and the science with which its several fortifications have been planned. We went into the town to view the harbor, in which floated some Arab barks. The inhabitants are almost exclusively Maronites. A beautiful Arab lady, richly dressed, paid my wife a visit in the caravansary, and we made her some trifling presents. On the next day we continued to follow the sea-shore, which formed indeed the base of the mountains of Castravan, and we slept under our tents, in a delightful situation, on the confines of the territory of Tripoli. Here the road leaves the coast, and taking a sudden turn to the right, plunges into a narrow valley, through which runs a rivulet. About a league from the sea, the valley contracts and is completely shut in by a rock, fully a hundred feet high, and from five to six hundred feet in circumference. This rock, whether it be natural or hewn out of the side of the mountain which adjoins it, bears on its summit a Gothic castle, in a state of complete preservation, but the abode of the jackal and eagle; staircases, cut out of the rock itself, communicate with terraces, ranged one above another, protected by towers and battlements, and terminated in a platform, whence rises up the donjon-keep, pierced with loop-holes. A luxuriant vegetation covers the castle, its walls, and turrets; immense sycamores have struck root in its halls, and rear their spreading heads above the crumbling roof:—the ivy clinging to doors and windows; the lichens revealing here and there the colors of the stone; and the numberless parasitic plants which hang in profuse and tufted

festoons, give this fine monument of the middle ages the appearance of a castle frained of moss and ivy. A beautiful spring flows at the foot of the rock, shaded by three of the finest trees that can be imagined. They are a species of elm. The shadows of one of them shielded our tents, our thirty horses, and the scattered groups of our Arabs.

The next day we ascended a rising ground, on whose white and slippery sides our horses could scarcely keep footing. Its summit displays a boundless prospect of all the western shore of Syria, as far as the Gulf of Alexandria; of Mount Taurus, and a little to the right, the Plains of Aleppo, and the Hills of Antioch, with the course of the Orontes. From this spot, three hours' journey took us to the gates of Tripoli, where we were expected; and when about a league from the town, we were received by a party of young Frank merchants, of different nations, and by some officers of Ibrahim's army, who had come to meet us. A son of M. Lombart, a French merchant settled at Tripoli, requested us, from his father, to make his house our home; but being unwilling to trespass upon him, we repaired to the Franciscan convent, which we found inhabited by one monk only, who gave us a hearty welcome. We spent two days at Tripoli, and dined with M. Lombart, in whose house we met with a family ever ready to extend its hospitality to a countryman. In the evening we went for an hour to the abode of Messrs. Katchiflisse, Greek merchants, and consuls for Russia, whose family has been established in Tripoli from time immemorial, and have a handsome palace there. Madame Katchiflisse, and her two daughters, are celebrated throughout Syria for their beauty and the charm of their manners, in which are exquisitely blended the Asiatic reserve, the charming freedom of the Greeks, and the finished politeness of the most elegant of our European females. They received us in a large vaulted apartment, lighted by a cupola, and cooled by a fountain of running water. They were seated on a semicircular divan, which occupied the extremity of the room, and the whole was covered with rich carpets, strewed with sherbet, pipes, and vases of flowers; and, clad in their Oriental costume, these ladies presented, in their different styles of beauty, the completest picture on which the eye of man could fall. We spent a delightful evening in their company, and promised to see them again on our return.

The Scheik of Eden, the last inhabited village on the summit of Lebanon, was the uncle, by the mother's side, of my inter-

preter, M. Mazoyer. Hearing from his nephew of our arrival at Tripoli, the venerable Scheik descended from his mountains with his son, and a party of followers, to pay me a visit in the Franciscan convent, and to invite me to his house at Eden. From Eden to the cedars of Solomon, is only three hours' journey; and, if not hindered by the snows which still cover the mountain, we should be enabled to visit those primeval trees which have shed their glory over Lebanon, and are contemporary with the Great King. We accepted the invitation, and the next day was fixed for our departure.

We were on horseback by five in the morning. The caravan, more numerous than ordinary, was headed by the Scheik, an excellent old man, whose elegant manners, noble and easy politeness, and magnificent costume, were far from assimilating with our notions of an Arab chief. He might rather have been taken for a Patriarch, marching at the head of his tribe. He rode a courser of the desert, of a bright chestnut, with flowing mane, worthy to have borne one of the knights of Jerusalem. His son, and principal followers, curveted their magnificent stallions, some paces before him: we followed, and a long file of our moukres and sais brought up the rear. On leaving Tripoli, the traveler follows the course of a river hemmed in by two hills; the finest trees, with groves of oranges, overshadow its banks; a public kiosk, built under these trees, presents its perfumed terrace to the pedestrian, and hither repairs the citizen to smoke his pipe, take his coffee, and inhale the fresh breeze cooled by the stream at his feet. The sea, which is about half a league from the city, is seen from this spot through an opening, with the beautiful square-towers erected by the Arabs on the two sides of the port, and the numerous ships anchored in the road. We crossed a large plain, in a state of cultivation, and planted with olive trees; and on the first hill rising from the plain towards Lebanon, in the midst of a forest of olive and fruit trees of every kind, we found the road lined with an immense crowd of men, women, and children, the inhabitants of a large village here which belongs to the Scheik. Here he passes the winter months, his summer residence being at Eden. These Arabs saluted their prince respectfully, offered us refreshments, and a number of them accompanied us in order to supply us with provisions, and assist us in climbing the steep sides of the mountain. We proceeded onward for four hours,—sometimes traversing deep valleys, sometimes scaling the summits of sterile heights, until we halted at

the brink of a torrent which descends from the summits of Eden, and which rolled down heaps of half-melted snow. The Scheik had caused a large fire to be lighted under the shelter of a rock, and we breakfasted and rested our horses here. The path then became so steep, over bare rocks as slippery as polished marble, that it is astonishing how the horses could climb, much more descend them. Four Arabs on foot kept close to each of ours, assisting them with hand and shoulder; and, although several slipped down, notwithstanding their aid, no one met with any serious accident.

By this horrible road, or rather perpendicular wall, we arrived, after two hours' labor, at a rocky platform, whence we enjoyed a view over a large mountain valley, and the village of Eden, which is situated at its loftiest extremity in the region of snow. Above Eden, there rises a pyramid of bare rock alone, the last peak of Lebanon in this quarter, and a small chapel, in ruins, crowns its summit. The winter winds, which war incessantly with this rock, bring down from it enormous masses, which roll as far as the village. The neighboring fields are covered, and even the castle of the Scheik is surrounded with these vast blocks. This castle is of pure Arab architecture, with loop-hole windows in couples, each couple separated by elegant pilasters. The terraces, which serve both as roofs and apartments, are crested with pinnacles; the arched door-way has on each side a high seat of hewn stone, and arabesques over even the door-posts. The Scheik had arrived first, and awaited us at the head of his family. His youngest son, with a silver censer in his hand, burnt incense before our horses, and his brothers sprinkled both ourselves and them with perfumes. We found a magnificent banquet in the hall, where whole trees were burnt on the hearth. There was abundance of game; and the choicest wines of Lebanon and Cyprus gave zest to the repast, while our Arabs were not less hospitably treated in the court below. In the evening we went through the village. Part of the fields were yet covered with snow, but we saw every where traces of rich cultivation; the smallest nook of mould among the rocks, presented its vine or nut tree; innumerable fountains flowed at our feet; artificial canals distributed their waters over the fields, and these fields hung in the air, supported by terraces, framed of immense blocks of stone. A monastery lay under the peak of the rock to our left, and we gazed on numerous villages, scattered thickly together over the sides of the mountains.

Same date.

The Scheik has dispatched three Arabs on the road to the Cedars to learn whether the snow will permit us to reach them. They have returned with intelligence, that the road is impracticable. The snow lies to the depth of fourteen feet in a narrow valley, which it would be necessary to cross. Wishing to approach as near as possible, I beg the Scheik to allow his son and some horsemen to accompany me, leave my wife and the caravan at Eden, mount the strongest of my horses, Scham—and start at sun-rise. We journey for three hours over the summits of mountains, or in fields saturated with melted snow. I arrived upon the borders of the Valley of Saints, or Holy Valley, a profound gorge, where the eye plunges, from the summit of rocks, into a dell more shut in, more sombre, more solemn, even than that of Hamana. At the upper extremity of this valley, at the point where, still ascending, it reaches the snows, is a superb sheet of water, which falls from a height of one hundred feet, upon a breadth of two or three hundred fathoms. The whole valley resounds with the noise of this fall, and of the rebound which the fluid makes. On all sides the rocks are covered with spray, through which we perceive, in the depth of the valley, two large villages, whose houses are scarcely distinguishable from blocks of stone rounded by the torrent. The loftiest poplars and mulberry trees look, from hence, like tufts of rushes or herbs.

The descent hence into the village of Beschierai, is by footsteps cut in the rock, and so steep that one could scarce conceive that men would trust them. Indeed individuals often perish here. A stone launched from the point where we were, would fall plumb upon the roofs of the hamlet, to us an hour's descent. Above the cascade and the snows stretch immense fields of ice, which undulate like vapors, and are of a mingled green and blue color. At some distance on the left, in a kind of semicircular hollow formed by the last curves of Lebanon, we observed a large black spot upon the snow, which was the celebrated clump of cedars. They crown, like a diadem, the brow of the mountain; they overlook all the numberless spacious valleys that slope away beneath them; the sea and the sky blend in their horizon.

We galloped our horses across the snow, in order to make the nearest approach through the forest; but when arrived at five or six hundred paces from the trees, we sank almost as deep as to the shoulders of our horses. We discovered that the report of our Arabs was exact, and that it would be impossible to touch

these relics of ages and of nature. We therefore alighted, and sat down under a rock to contemplate them.

These trees are the most renowned natural monuments in the universe. Religion, poetry, and history, have all equally consecrated them. Holy Writ celebrates them in many places. They form one of the images which the prophets loved to employ. Solomon was desirous to consecrate them to the adornment of the Temple which he first erected to the One God; doubtless, on account of the renown which these prodigies of vegetation had, even at that epoch, obtained for magnificence and sanctity. They must have been the same: for Ezekiel speaks of the Cedars of Eden as the most beautiful upon Lebanon. The Arabs of all sects entertain a traditional veneration for these trees. They attribute to them not only a vegetative power which enables them to live eternally, but also an intelligence which causes them to manifest signs of wisdom and foresight similar to those of instinct in animals and reason in men. They are said to understand the changes of season; they stir their vast branches as if they were limbs; they spread out or contract their boughs, inclining them towards heaven or towards earth, according as the snow prepares to fall or to melt. They are, in short, asserted to be divine beings under the form of trees. They grow upon the proudest site of the groups of Lebanon, and prosper above that point where all other vegetation expires.

All this strikes with astonishment the imagination of the people of the East; and I do not know if men of science would not be astonished also. Alas! notwithstanding all, Basan languishes, Carmel, and the flower of Lebanon wither. These trees diminish in every succeeding age. Travelers formerly counted thirty or forty: more recently, seventeen; more recently still, only a dozen. There are now but seven: these, however, from their size and general appearance, may be fairly presumed to have existed in biblical times.

Around these ancient witnesses of ages long since past, which know the history of the world better than history herself; which might tell us, if they could speak, so much of the creeds of human races long since vanished!—there still remains a little grove of yellower cedars, appearing to me to form a group of from four to five hundred trees or shrubs.

Every year, in the month of June, the inhabitants of Beschierai, of Eden, of Kanobin, and the other neighboring valleys and villages, climb up to these cedars, and celebrate mass at their feet. How many prayers have there not resounded under those branches!

And what more beautiful temple can exist—what nearer to Heaven? What dais can we imagine grander, more majestic, or more holy, than is afforded by the topmost platform of Lebanon, on which stand the trunks of these cedars surmounted by the dome of their sacred boughs, which have overshadowed, and still overshadow, succeeding generations of men, calling on the name of God differently, but all recognizing Him in his works, and adoring Him in his natural manifestations. And I also uplift my prayer in presence of these cedars! The harmonious wind which resounds through their sonorous branches plays amidst my hair, and dries upon my eyelids tears of grief and adoration!

Having remounted we proceeded for three hours over the platforms which tower above the valleys of Kadisha, and then descended to Kanobin, the most celebrated Maronite monastery of all the Holy Valley. There is a fine view from the monastery of Deir Serkis, at present abandoned to one or two solitaries. Burkhart, in 1810, found here an old Tuscan hermit, who ended his days in these solitudes, after having been a missionary in India, in Egypt, and in Persia.

There is a view of the monastery of Kanobin from a peak which juts over the valley like a promontory. I gave my horse to the Arabs, and lay down in the sun on a point of rock whence the eye looks at once over the hollow of the Holy Valley. The river Kadisha rushes along at the foot of this rock; its bed presents one line of foam, but I was so high above it that no sound reached me. Kanobin was founded, as the Maronite monks say, by Theodosius the Great. The whole valley in which it is situated resembles the nave of a vast natural church, with the arch of heaven for a roof, the towering sides of Lebanon for pillars, and the numerous cells of hermits, hollowed out of the rock, for chapels. These hermitages are placed on the brink of precipices which appear wholly inaccessible, and are to be seen like swallows' nests in every part of the wall of the valley. Some consist merely of a grotto hollowed in the rock; others of little houses built between the roots of trees upon projections of the mountains.

The large convent is at the lower part of the valley, on the borders of the torrent. There are about forty or fifty Maronite monks engaged there, some in cultivating the ground and others in printing elementary books for the instruction of the people.

These excellent persons are the sons and fathers of the people, living not by their exertions, but laboring night and day

for the advancement of their fraternity : guileless men, who look for neither riches nor renown in this world. To work, to pray, to live in peace ; this is the highest ambition of the Maronite monks.

Same date.

Yesterday I descended again from the summits of these Alps, and became the guest of the Scheik of Eden, an Arabian Maronite village suspended beneath the highest peak of these mountains, on the very limits of vegetation, and only habitable during summer. The noble and venerable old man, accompanied by his son and some servants, had come out to meet me as far as the neighborhood of Syrian Tripoli, and had received me in his house at Eden with a kindliness, a dignity, and an elegance of manner which one would imagine to be possessed by one of the old lords of the court of Louis XIV. Whole trees were burning on the wide hearths : sheep, kids, and stags lay heaped up in the vast halls : and the old wines of Lebanon, brought from the cellar by his servants, were poured out abundantly, both for ourselves and our attendants. After having spent some days in studying these delightful manners, reminding one of the descriptions of Homer, and as full of poetic associations as the place in which we found them, the son of the Scheik, and a certain number of Arabian horsemen were commissioned to conduct me to the Cedars of Solomon, which yet consecrate the highest ridge of Lebanon, and have been venerated for ages as the last testimony of his glory. I have already described them.

On our return from this memorable journey we lost our way among the windings of the rocks, and in the numerous and deep valleys with which this group of Lebanon is every where divided. We found ourselves all at once on the brink of an immense wall of rocks, of some thousand feet depth, which surrounds the Holy Valley. The sides of this rampart of granite were so perpendicular that the mountain goats themselves could not find a path, and our Arabs were obliged to lie on their faces, and stretch their heads over the abyss, to discover the bottom of the valley. The sun was setting ; we had already been traveling for many hours, and we had still many more to travel before we could recover our lost path, and regain Eden. We dismounted and trusted ourselves to one of our guides, who knew that, at a short distance, there was a rocky ladder, formerly hewn by the Maronite monks, who had from time immemorial inhabited this valley. We kept along the brink of this ledge for some time, and then descended

by the slippery steps to a rocky platform, which was detached, and commanded a view all around.

The descent into the valley was, at first, by wide and gentle slopes from the region of snow on which the cedars appeared like a dark stain. It then spread itself out covered with a moss of a yellowish green, and as soft as that which grows on the lofty range of Jura, and of the Alps; a number of small streams bubbled from beneath the melting snow, and having crept through these turfy slopes, united in one foaming stream at the foot of the first ledge of rock. There the valley sank at once four or five hundred feet; and the torrent, precipitating itself to an equal depth, and spreading over a wide surface, sometimes covered the rock with a transparent veil, and sometimes leapt forward, detaching itself from the rock in liquid arches, and falling at last on immense pointed blocks of granite torn from the summit; there it was shattered into a thousand floating particles with sound resembling thunder. The wind of its fall reached us, hurrying along, like a thin fog, the light watery vapor of a thousand colors; bearing it over the whole valley, or hanging it in dew upon the branches of the shrubs, and the rough edges of the rocks.

In stretching towards the north, the Holy Valley became gradually deeper and broader; then, at about two miles distant from the place where we were, two naked mountains, involved in shade, arose so near to one another, as scarcely to leave an opening of a few fathoms between them. Here the valley terminated, with its mosses, its lofty vines, its poplars, its cypresses, and its foaming torrent.

Beyond these two little mountains which thus closed it in, something like a lake was to be seen of a darker blue than the sky. It was a small portion of the Mediterranean ingulfed between some other mountains of this chain; and although at twenty leagues distance from us, the transparency of the air enabled us to see it as plainly as if it lay at our feet. We even distinguished two vessels under sail, which, suspended between the blue of the heavens and that of the sea, resembled two swans floating on the horizon. This spectacle occupied us so much at first as to withdraw our attention from the valley itself; but as soon as we had recovered from the first dazzling effect, and our eyes were able to pierce through the vapors of evening, as well as through those which arose from the water, a scene of another nature gradually unfolded itself before us.

At each turn of the torrent, where the foam left a dry spot,

a convent of Maronite monks was to be seen, built of a reddish brown stone upon the gray rock, the smoke from it rising between the lofty poplars and cypresses. Around these convents were little fields, won from the rock or torrent, which appeared to be cultivated with as much care as the choicest gardens of our country houses. Here and there were to be seen the Maronites themselves, covered with their black cowls, returning from their labor in the fields—some with their spades over their shoulders, or driving small herds of Arabian foal; while others were holding the handle of the plough, and driving their oxen between the rows of mulberry trees. Many of these dwellings of prayer and labor are placed, with their oratories and hermitages, on the brink of rocky eminences which project from the two immense chains of mountains; some are hollowed out of the rock itself, like the habitations of deer. Nothing was perceived but the door, surmounted by an empty ogive, in which hung the bell, and some small terraces, cut out beneath the overhanging rock, or wherever the foot of man could reach, as places of resort for the old and infirm monks, whenever they wished to breathe the fresh air or to see a little of the sun. To certain precipitous points the eye could not perceive any access; yet even there was placed a convent, an oratory, and a hermitage; and the figures of the anchorites themselves were seen moving about among the rocks and shrubs, working, reading, or praying. One of these convents was an Arabian printing office, for the instruction of the Maronite people: its terraces were crowded with monks, passing and repassing, and laying upon a kind of rush mats, white leaves of wet paper.

Nothing but the pencil can describe the number and picturesque appearance of these retreats; the very stones appeared to have produced naturally the cells which they formed; the very hermits to belong naturally to their grottoes; each stream had a movement and a life of its own; each tree, its anchorite beneath its shade: wherever the eye rested, the valley, the mountain, the precipices seemed to become animated, so to speak, beneath its gaze, and a scene of life, of prayer, and of contemplation to detach itself from these eternal masses, or to mingle with them only to render them more sacred. But the sun soon declined, the labors of the day ceased, and the dark figures, scattered through the valley, retired to their grottoes or their monasteries. The bells sounded from all parts the hour of meeting for the duties of the evening; some with voices strong as the winds

as they rush over the sea ; others with the light and silvery tones of birds as they sport among the corn. All these bells replied to each other from the opposite sides of the valley, and the thousand echoes from the grottoes and precipices repeated them in confused murmurs, mingled with the roaring of the torrent and of the cedars, and the thousand falls of the streams and cascades which worked their way down the two sides of the mountain.

A moment of silence ensued, and a new sound, more sweet, more melancholy, and more affecting, filled the valley. It was the chant of the Psalms, which, rising all at once from each monastery, each church, each oratory, and each rocky cell, mingled as it rose to us in one vast murmur, and resembled a single melodious complaint of the whole valley, which now seemed to possess but one soul, and one voice ; then a cloud perfumed the air that angels might have breathed : we remained mute and enchanted, like those celestial spirits when, reposing themselves for the first time over this globe which they believed a desert, they heard rise from these same regions the first prayer of man. We acknowledged that it was in the power of the human voice to animate even the dust of nature, and we felt that this voice must, in the last days, (all the feelings of the heart being then absorbed in one,) give utterance to poetry, when poetry itself would be but hymns of adoration.

April 14, 1833.

I went down to Tripoli from Syria with the Scheik and his tribe. I gave to his son a piece of silk stuff to make a divan. We passed a day in traversing the delicious environs of Tripoli ; departed for Bayreut, by the sea-shore ; and passed five days in embarking our luggage on board of the brig which I had hired, the *Sophia* ;—circumstances preparatory to a tour in Egypt. We bade adieu to all our friends, both Frank and Arab. I gave them some of my horses ; and sent away six of the finest of the others under the care of an Arab groom, and three of my most trustworthy *sais*, instructing them to go through Syria and Caramania, and await me on the 1st of July, on the borders of the Gulf of Macri, over against the Isle of Rhodes, in Asia Minor. At break of day, on the 15th of April, 1833, we quitted the house where Julia had embraced us for the last time, and plumed her wings for heaven. I kissed the floor of the chamber a thousand times, and watered it with my tears : that house was to me even a sacred relic : I still beheld *her* in every part of it, reminded by the birds, the doves, her horse, her garden, and the two pretty little Syrian

girls who used to play with her, and lived on the lawn under our windows. They have risen before daylight, and, clad in their richest apparel, they weep; they lift their hands towards us, and tear the flowers from their hair. I gave, as a present to each, to keep by way of remembrance of stranger-friends whom they will never more behold except in thought, a necklace of gold, to be worn on their wedding-day. One of these girls, Anastasia, is the most lovely maiden I have seen in the East.

The sea shines like a mirror. The vessels laden with our friends who are come to see us on board, follow us. We set sail with a light east wind.

The shores of Syria, bordered with a long fringe of sand, gradually disappeared together with the cedar-tops. The white peaks of Lebanon, however, remained in sight a long while. We doubled Cape Carmel during the night; at break of day, we had got as high as St. Jean d'Acre, in front of the Gulf of Kaïpha: the sea is beautiful, and the waves are furrowed by a shoal of dolphins who bound alongside our ships. Every thing has the appearance of jubilee and joy throughout nature, and upon the waters which flow round that bark which bears two hearts dead to all enjoyment and all serenity.

I passed the night upon deck—in what thoughts? My heart alone can answer. We coasted the low shores of Galilee. Jaffa glittered like a rock of chalk in the horizon, upon a bank of white sand. We steered thitherward; we staid there several days. My wife and such of my friends as had not accompanied me to Jerusalem were unwilling to pass so near the Holy Sepulchre, without going to carry thither some additional lamentations. In the evening the wind freshened, and we cast anchor at seven o'clock in the stormy roads of Jaffa. The sea was running too high to admit of our lowering a boat from the stern. Next day, however, we all disembarked. A caravan had been prepared by the attentions of my old friends, Messrs. Damiani, agents of France, at Jaffa. It started on its expedition at eleven o'clock, proposing to sleep at Ramla. I alone remained meanwhile with M. Damiani.

I passed five days in wandering by myself about the environs. The friendly Arabs whom I had known at Jaffa during my two first passages, conducted me through the gardens possessed by them in the suburbs of the town: there we saw deep forests of orange trees, citron, pomegranate, fig, and other trees, as large as walnut trees in France. The Desert of Gaza surrounds every

part of these gardens. A family of Arab peasants lived in an adjoining cabin ; where is a cistern or well, together with several camels, some goats and sheep, pigeons and fowls. The ground was strewed with oranges and lemons which had fallen from the trees. We pitched a tent on the banks of one of the canals that irrigated the ground, which was sown with melons and cucumbers ; carpets were spread ; the tent was left open toward the sea, in order to admit the breeze which blew from ten o'clock, A. M. until evening. In passing under the orange trees it stole their perfume, which it wafted to us in clouds. We descried from hence the summit of the minarets of Jaffa, and the vessels which pass and repass between Asia Minor and Egypt.

I spent my days thus, occasionally writing some verses illustrative of the single thought that pressed upon my mind ! I should like to take up my rest here. Jaffa, isolated from the whole world, on the frontier of the great desert of Egypt, whose sands form white downs around these woods of oranges, in an atmosphere ever pure and genial,—would form a delightful place of sojourn for a man weary of life, and desiring nothing more than a spot shone upon by the sun.

The caravan is returned. I demand of Madame de Lamar-tine some accounts of Bethlehem, and the surrounding places, which the prevalence of the plague hindered me from visiting during my first excursion. She gave me the following details, which I here insert.

“On quitting the gardens of Jaffa, we put our horses to a full gallop, across a huge plain then covered with yellow and violet-colored weeds. From time to time, immense herds, which an Arab cavalier drove before him, armed with a long lance, as in the Pontine Marshes, swept by to seek a scanty nourishment amongst those herbs which the sun had not yet entirely calcined. Farther on, to our right, and towards the entrance of the Desert of El-Arish, several mud-heaps, sprinkled with dry herbs, rose above the surface of the ground, like hay-cocks made yellow by the storm before the laborers could get them in. It was a village.

“On approaching, we saw several naked children, like Lapons, issue from those little reversed cones which form their habitation. Some women, with hair hanging about their shoulders, and half-naked likewise, quitted the fire which they were kindling upon two stones in order to prepare their repast, and ascended to the top of their huts, in order to witness our march a longer time.

“After four hours' journey we reached Ramla, where we

were visited by the agent of the Sardinian Consulate, who very kindly lent us the use of his house, as females could not be received at the Latin convents. In the evening we visited an ancient tower, an eighth of a league from the town, called the Tower of the Forty Martyrs, at present occupied by dervishes. It was Friday—the day of worship for their sect: we were present. A score of dervishes, dressed in long robes, and with pointed caps of white felt, were squatted in a circle in a space surrounded by a little balustrade; he who appeared to be the chief, displayed a venerable figure with a large white beard, and was, for distinction, seated upon a cushion, from whence he presided over the rest. An orchestra, composed of a *nahi*, or bassoon; a *shoubabé*, or kind of clarionet, and a sort of small double-drums, called *nacariate*, played airs the most discordant to our European ears. The dervishes rose gravely one by one, crossed before the superior, saluted him, and then began to whirl in a circle round each other, their arms extended, and their eyes raised towards the sky. Their movement, at first slow, was gradually quickened, until it gained an extreme rapidity, and ended in something resembling a whirlwind, wherein all is noise and confusion. So long as the eye could follow them, their looks appeared to express great animation, but soon one could distinguish nothing. I cannot tell exactly how long this strange waltz lasted, but it seemed to me an immense space of time. By degrees, however, the number of waltzers diminished; overpowered with fatigue, they sank down one after the other, and resumed their original attitudes. The last who gave in, seemed to place great importance on keeping up the game as long as possible, and I experienced a painful sensation on seeing the efforts made by an old dervish, halting and tottering even to the very end of this rude dance, to prevent succumbing until after all the others. During this interval, our Arabs conversed respecting their superstitions; they pretend that a Christian, by continually reciting his creed, would force a Mussulman to revolve unceasingly, even to his death, by an irresistible impulse—of which *fact* they aver that there are numerous examples; and that once, the dervishes, having seized on one who employed this kind of sorcery, had forced him to recite the creed backward, and thus destroyed the charm at the very moment when the revolver was on the point of expiring. We made sorrowful reflections on the weakness of human reason, which gropes along in its search, like the blind, its route directed towards heaven, but often missing the path. These extravagancies which, in a

measure, degrade the human mind, have nevertheless an object worthy of respect, and originate in a noble principle. They exhibit man desirous to honor God; the imagination wishing to exalt itself by physical movements, and seeking, as men intoxicate themselves with opium, this divine intoxication, this complete annihilation of personal feeling and identity, which leads them to believe that they are absorbed in the infinite Unity, and communicate with God himself. Their rites are perhaps a pious imitation of the celestial dance of stars before the Creator; perhaps an effect of that same enthusiastical and passionate inspiration which, in olden times, made David dance before the sacred ark. Some of us were tempted to play the part of the wife of the poet-king, and to mock the performance of the dervishes, which to those individuals appeared absolute folly; thus to men ignorant of the foundation of our worship, monastical observances might appear ridiculous; as also, the mendicancy of our monks, and the self-maceration of certain ascetic orders. But however absurd any form of religious worship may appear at first sight, the practice of devotion always presents something worthy of veneration in the eye of a more profound and loftier reason, to which the motive is every thing. Nothing is in its nature ridiculous which touches upon the idea of God. It may be sometimes fierce; often undignified, but always serious. The conscience of the dervish is at rest when he has accomplished his pious waltz, and he firmly believes that his pirouettes have contributed to honor the Deity. If we regard him not with ridicule, we are, however, soon tempted to look on him with pity; and I know not if we have more right to do one than the other. Where should we ourselves be without the light of Christianity, which comes to illumine our reason:—would it otherwise be more luminous than theirs? History furnishes an answer. It yields us one Plato for millions of idolaters.

“On leaving the tower we entered the galleries of a ruined cloister, which lead to a subterranean church, and a descent of many steps brought us under an elliptical arch supported by a fine colonnade. I have always been struck by an effect at once imposing and affecting, in the aspect of a subterranean church. The solitude and mysterious obscurity of these silent vaults recall the earliest periods of our worship, when the Christians retired to the deepest grottoes to conceal their mysteries from profane eyes, and to escape persecution. In the East most of these churches seem to have been built for the purpose of embellishing these humble primitive asylums (in which the faith so long took

refuge), with all the luxury of architecture ; as if to revenge, by a glorious reparation, the humiliation and injuries of pagan dominion ; but the times of persecution were to return for the unfortunate Christians, and the name of this edifice, the Forty Martyrs, indicates that it has been a retreat to the faithful, without having the power to protect them ; at present all is in ruins ; the naves and colonnades, erected by emperors, have commanded no more respect from the conquerors than the humble grottoes of the first disciples of the Cross ; the vaults serve for stables, and the cloisters for barracks.

“Some tombs of the times of the Crusades are still to be seen here, but the darkness prevented our making a longer stay : we were obliged to return to our night’s lodging, and prepare our caravan for departure in the morning.

“The Aga of Ramla gave us an escort, and commanded the chief Cawass not to quit me for an instant in the defiles of the mountains upon which we were about to enter, and to obey my orders in all things. The respect of the Mussulmans for European women is singularly contrasted with the dependence in which they hold their own females. In fact we had much cause for satisfaction in the extreme attention and refined politeness of this janissary ; constantly watching the Arab mare I rode, he seemed to fear that I should be endangered by its fleetness, and could not comprehend how I could maintain my equilibrium in the steep paths we were climbing ; he was very useful to us afterwards, when we encountered in these very gorges innumerable pilgrims returning from Jerusalem, who barred our passage ; he compelled them to yield to us the least impracticable road amongst the blocks of granite and roots of shrubs which bordered the ravine, and prevented our falling down the precipice ; which would infallibly have happened to us, but for the weight of his authority, as any attempt made by the opposite long file of procession to push our advancing column aside must have thrown us over.

“On quitting Ramla the route continues to traverse the plain for two leagues ; we stopped at Jacob’s well, but having no pitcher to draw the water, which was very deep, we continued our journey. This whole country preserves such lively traces of the Bible times that we feel neither difficulty nor surprise in admitting the tradition which gives the name of Jacob to a well still existing ; and one would expect to see the Patriarch there, watering Rachel’s flocks, rather than doubt of its identity. It is

only through the medium of reflection that astonishment or doubt finds admission into our minds, when the four thousand years that have elapsed, and the divers phases that the history of mankind has since assumed, present themselves to the imagination, and cause one's faith to waver ; nevertheless, in a plain where water is met with only at intervals of three or four hours, a well, or a spring must have been an object of as much importance in past ages as in the present, and its name was likely to be as religiously preserved as that of the towers of David, or the cisterns of Solomon. We soon entered the mountains of Judea, when the road became difficult ; sometimes the horses had but just sufficient footing on the edge of the precipice ; sometimes the masses of broken rock, lying across the path, formed a rude ladder, which an Arab horse alone could get over ; yet, laborious as is this route, it presents no danger comparable to those which obstruct the road to Hamana.

“ On reaching the summit of the first ridge, we turned for a moment to enjoy a magnificent view over all the country we had traversed, as far as the shore beyond Jaffa. Though all was calm around us, the horizon of the sea, heavy and red, announced to the experienced eye a coming tempest : already the threatening waves agitated the ships in the roads ; we endeavored to distinguish ours, and thought of those who were still on board ; my melancholy presentiments were not chimerical. The next day several vessels were cast upon this dangerous coast ; and ours, after driving at anchor a considerable time, broke her cable in the midst of a tremendous squall. After a moment's halt, we descended the mountain to climb others, sometimes across avalanches of stones which rolled under our horses' feet, sometimes on the edge of a precipitous bank. The declivities to the right and left are occasionally well wooded ; the brilliant green presented by the beautiful bushes of the strawberry shrub making a pleasing contrast with the scanty foliage of the mastick and olive trees ; water only was wanting to the beauty of these landseapes. But a spectacle of a very different nature was preparing for us ; an innumerable procession of pilgrims of all nations coming from Jerusalem, defiled before us from the summit of a naked and barren mountain, winding downwards to the gorge through which we were passing. It is impossible to describe the picturesque effect of this scene ; the diversity of colors and costumes of the various pilgrims, from the rich Armenians to the poor Calogeri, and the equal diversity of animals on which they were mounted, all con-

tributed to embellish it. After admiring the general effect, we had leisure to examine the details of this long cavalcade during the two hours we were passing each other:—now we met with a train not unlike the triumphal march of a papal legate of the middle ages; it was that of a Greek Patriarch in his fine costume, majestically seated on a red and gold saddle, his bridle held by two *sais*, and followed by a numerous retinue on foot:—then a poor family, the father driving, with his pilgrim's staff, a mule overloaded with children; the eldest seated on his neck, holding a cord for a bridle, and a wax taper for a standard:—others, heaped in the panniers by its sides, nibbled some remnants of holy bread; while the mother, pale and attenuated, followed with weary steps, suckling her youngest babe as it hung from her bosom tied by a large sash. Next came a long file of neophytes, singing psalms in a monotonous nasal tone, and each carrying a paschal taper, according to the Greek rite: farther still was a group of Jews in red turbans, with long black beards, and the sinister expression of whose piercing eyes seemed to curse the religion which had disinherited them. Why were they here amidst this crowd of Christians? Some had taken advantage of the opportunity offered by the passage of the caravan, to visit the tomb of David or the valley of the Tiberiad; others had speculated on the profits to be made by purveying food for this multitude. Here and there the pedestrian crowd was interrupted by camels laden with immense bales of merchandise, and accompanied by their drivers in the Arab costume, the vest and large pantaloons of brown embroidered with blue, and the yellow caftan on their heads. Some Armenian families followed; the women, traveling in a *tactrewan*—a sort of cage borne by two mules—were concealed under their great white veils; the men, in long dark-colored robes, their heads covered with the great square *calpack* worn by the inhabitants of Smyrna, led by the hand their young sons, whose grave, thoughtful, calculating countenances, showed no traces of the levity of childhood: there were also Greek sailors and owners of pirate vessels, who were come from the ports of Asia Minor and the Archipelago laden with pilgrims, (as the ships in the slave trade with African negroes,) swearing in their energetic language, and hastening the march to re-embark, with the least possible loss of time, their human cargo. A sick child was carried on a litter, surrounded by its family weeping over their expiring hopes of a sudden miraculous cure which they had anticipated from their pious pilgrimage. Alas! I also wept; I had hoped and prayed like them;

but still more unhappy than they, the extent of my calamity was no longer even shrouded in uncertainty !

“ This long procession was closed by a crowd of miserable, tattered Copts, men, women and children, dragging themselves along with as much difficulty as though they were just dismissed from a hospital ; sunburnt, and panting with fatigue and thirst, this troop marched and marched to keep pace with the caravan, fearful of being left behind in the defiles of these mountains. I blushed to find myself on horseback, escorted by janissaries, and accompanied by devoted friends, who spared me all danger and all fatigue, while so lively a faith had led thousands of individuals to brave hardships, maladies, and privations of every kind. These, indeed, were true pilgrims. I was but a traveler.

“ This first chain of mountains is separated from the higher summits overlooking Jerusalem by a pretty valley, in which the village of Jeremy is situated. We had scarcely passed the ancient Greek Church, which, like so many others, is now used as a stable, when we caught sight of about fifty Arabs, ranged in form of an amphitheatre on the slope of the hill, and seated under a group of fine olive trees. On a slight elevation in the middle of the circle, overlooking the others, sat their chief, the famous Abougosh ; his brother and son, completely armed, and holding their pipes, stood one on each side ; their horses, attached to trees behind them, filled up the picture. On the arrival of our caravan, the chief sent his son to parley with our dragoman who marched at its head ; and learning that the escort was conducting to Jerusalem the wife of the Frank Emir with whom he had been acquainted six months' previously, he sent a request that we would alight and take coffee with him. We had more discretion than to refuse, and distributing among our attendants the provisions for the halt, we suffered ourselves to be conducted within a short distance of the Arabs, where we stopped : our dignity requiring that they should, in their turn, advance to give us the meeting. Abougosh thereupon arose, and coming forward, accosted M. de Parseval. After showing us many civilities, and offering us coffee, he solicited a private audience of me ; when, desiring my people to retire four paces, I learnt, through the medium of my interpreter, that one of his brothers was a prisoner to the Egyptians, and that believing M. de Lamartine to have immense influence in the councils of Ibrahim Pacha, he entreated me to solicit his intervention for the restoration of the captive to liberty.”—We were certainly far from possessing the credit

which he ascribed to us, but accident afforded me the means of serving him, by procuring his cause to be pleaded with the Egyptian commander.

“As we approached Jerusalem, the walls were entirely intercepted by a great encampment of Ibrahim Pacha’s troops. The sentinels advanced, examined us, spoke to our dragoman, and opened to us a large passage through the camp, to the general’s tent, before which we presently stood. The raised curtains discovered him to us in person, extended upon a divan of cashmere, and surrounded by his officers, some standing, others seated on Persian carpets. The bright colors of their vestments, trimmed with the finest furs and embroidered with gold, their shining arms, the black slaves who were presenting them coffee in silver *flujeans*, formed altogether a scene as brilliant as to us it was novel. Around the tent, *sais* were leading by the bridle the most beautiful Arabian stallions, to dry the foam from their glossy hides; while others, fastened to the spots on which they stood, were neighing with impatience, pawing the ground, and casting fiery glances towards a platoon of cavalry prepared for a march. The Egyptian troops were composed of young conscripts, whose tight and shabby red garments, of a fashion half European, half Oriental, contrasted strongly with the full draperies of the Arabs; yet these Egyptians, small, ill-made, ugly, and ill-dressed as they were, were marching from conquest to conquest, and made the Sultan tremble at the very gates of Constantinople.

“We entered the Holy City by the Bethlehem gate, turning immediately to the left to proceed to the Latin Convent. Women being denied admission, we took possession of a house usually uninhabited, but which serves as an asylum for strangers when the convent of the Holy Land is full. Here we extended our mattresses on benches disposed for the purpose, hoping to repose from the emotions of the day, and recover strength for supporting us through new and yet more agitating trials. But assailed by thousands of insects, muskitoes, fleas, and bugs, which had doubtless been long confined to short commons in those deserted chambers—or, a still more alarming supposition, had been left there by some of the ragged pilgrims we had just encountered, sleep was impossible, and we passed the night in endeavoring to defend ourselves against them by continual change of place; one, however, of our traveling companions, in spite of our exhortations to patience, resolved to seek a refuge in the convent itself. The steward consequently paid us a visit, and told us that had he re-

ceived notice he would have prepared a better lodging for our reception, and promised an improvement in our arrangements for the morrow. I made a thousand apologies, assured him we wanted for nothing, and again I blushed, in the presence of so humble an apostle of poverty and self-denial.

"The steward was a Spaniard, of superior mind and much information respecting persons and things; and, during our stay at Jerusalem, I had opportunities particularly to appreciate his extreme kindness, his merit, and the usefulness of his influence in the convent of the Holy Land; but his course of trial in this world was about to be consummated by martyrdom, at scarcely fifty years of age, and at the moment when he was probably flattering himself with the enjoyment of a short repose in the bosom of his native country. Having embarked, a short time after our departure, to return to Spain, he was massacred, with fifteen other monks, by some Greek sailors, at no great distance from the coast of Cyprus. A Mussulman child, who alone escaped the carnage, pursued and denounced the assassins, who were arrested in Caramania.

"At daybreak the next morning we commenced our visits to the sacred localities. But I must here arrest my pen, and restrain the secret emotions inspired by those localities, and which interest myself alone; nor need I dwell on the appearance of the streets of Jerusalem, already described by my traveling companions. All the impressions here produced upon my mind I veiled in a close reserve; I had no occasion to commit them to paper, they were too profound to be ever effaced from my remembrance; if there is a spot in the world which possesses the melancholy power of arousing to new energy all of sorrow and affliction that lies dormant within the human breast, and of answering its inward regrets by a grief which may be called material, Jerusalem is that spot. Every step which we there take, wakens an echo as of the voice of lamentation from the depth of the heart; and every look falls on some monument of holy sorrow, which absorbs our individual calamities in those ineffable agonies of humanity, which were suffered, expiated, and consecrated here.

"We left Jerusalem at five in the morning, in order to reach Bethlehem in time for the mass celebrated in the Grotto of the Nativity; an old long-bearded Spanish monk rode in front, and served as our guide, wrapped in a *macklah* (a Bedouin mantle), of broad black and white stripes, his feet touching the ground on

each side of the small ass which he bestrode. Although the month was April, a freezing wind—the subsiding gales of the tempest which had raged on the Sea of Jaffa—blew with such violence as to threaten me and my horse together with an overthrow. Whirlwinds of dust blinded me : I surrendered the reins of my mare to my Arab *sais*, folded my *macklah* about me, and concentrated myself in those reflections to which the route we were traveling, and the objects consecrated by tradition, gave birth. But those objects are so well known, that I shall not stay to describe them ; the prophet Elijah's olive tree—the fountain at which the star reappeared to the Magi—the site of Rama, from whence proceeded the heart-rending voice to which my own bosom responded—all excited sensations too deeply felt to be expressed.

“ The Latin Convent of Bethlehem had been closed eleven months on account of the plague ; but as the disease had for some time carried off no fresh victims, when we presented ourselves at the small postern which serves as an entrance to the monastery, it opened to receive us : stooping, one by one, to pass through the low and narrow aperture, great was our surprise, on emerging, to find ourselves in the interior of a majestic church : forty-eight pillars, each of a single block of marble, ranged in double files on either hand, formed five aisles, and were surmounted with a massive architrave of carved cedar ; but the altar and the choir were sought for in vain—all was broken, ruined, plundered ; and a wall, rudely cemented, divided the noble edifice at the springing of the transepts, screening the part reserved for religious worship, the exclusive possession of which is still disputed by the various Christian communions. The nave belongs to the Latins, but serves only as a vestibule to the convent ; the great gate has been walled up, and the low postern, by which we had penetrated, substituted, for the purpose of guarding these venerated remains from the hordes of Arab freebooters, who would gallop their horses to the very foot of the altar, to enforce their extortions upon the monks. The Father Superior received us with cordiality : his mild, calm, and happy countenance was as far removed from the austerity of the anchorite, as from the jovial levity of which the monks are accused. They questioned us concerning the countries we had just passed through, and the Egyptian troops encamped so near them ; eleven months of seclusion had given them an ardent longing for news ; and our intelligence, that Ibrahim Pacha granted protection to all the Christian inhabitants of Syria, was very encouraging to them.

“After a few moments rest we prepared to attend mass at the Chapel of the Manger. Preceded by the fathers, and guided by the feeble light of a lantern, we descended a flight of steps to a long labyrinth of subterranean corridors, leading to the sacred grotto, and peopled with tombs and memorials: here the tomb of St. Jerome, there of St. Paul, St. Eustachius, the Innocents’ well; but at that moment nothing had power to divert our attention. The dazzling radiance of thirty or forty lamps under a low arch, at the end of the passage, showed us the Altar erected on the spot of the Nativity, and two steps lower on the right, that of the Manger. These natural grottoes are partly overlaid with marble, to defend them against the indiscreet piety of pilgrims, who defaced the walls in order to carry away their fragments as relics; but the naked rock may still be touched behind the slabs of marble that covered them; and the general features of the vault have preserved the irregularity of their primitive form. Ornament has not here, as in some of the sacred localities, so altered the face of nature as to engender doubts of her identity; here it serves only as a protection to the natural inclosure; and on examining these arches and holes in the rock, it is easy to conceive them serving as stables to the numerous herds of cattle that pastured in a plain still covered with verdant meadows, stretching wide beneath the platform of rock crowned by the church and convent as with a citadel. The exterior communication which issued from the subterranean vaults upon the meadows has been closed, but a few paces beyond, another cavern of the same nature may be visited, the destination of which was probably similar.

“We attended the mass: my state of mind at the time unhappily unfits me for expressing the feelings naturally inspired by such places and such solemnities; my whole soul was absorbed in a deep and agitating sense of affliction. An Arab mother, who brought her new-born infant to be baptized on the Altar of the Manger, increased my emotion. After mass, we returned to the convent, not by the subterranean way, but by a broad and easy staircase which led to the transept of the church, behind the partition wall I have mentioned. These stairs were formerly the common property of the two communions, Greek and Latin, but now the Greeks alone enjoy it, and the fathers of Bethlehem poured forth energetic complaints against this usurpation; they would willingly have charged us with the prosecution of their claims in Europe, and we had much difficulty in persuading them that, though we belonged to the French nation, we had no power to procure them redress.

“The two lateral naves forming the cross of the ancient church, now constitute separate chapels, one belonging to the Armenians, the other to the Latins. In the centre is the high altar, placed immediately over the grotto, and separated from the choir by a grating and screen of gilded wainscot, which conceals the sanctuary of the Greeks.

“The Greek churches in the East are much richer than the Roman; humility and modesty are the prevailing characteristics in the edifices of the latter; glitter and ostentation in those of the former; but the rivalry which naturally results from their respective positions is extremely painful to the observer, who laments to find chicanery and discord in a region, the remembrances attached to which ought to inspire only charity and love.

“The original construction of this church, as of the generality of Christian edifices in Palestine, is attributed to St. Helena; an objection indeed has been urged, that already far advanced in years when she visited Syria, it was not possible for her to have superintended the execution of such numerous works; but thought is independent both of time and space, and I conceive that her creative will and pious zeal may have presided over erections commenced under her orders, though completed after her decease.

“We returned to the convent, where an excellent repast was prepared for us in the refectory by the good Father Superior, whom we quitted with regret, to employ the few hours which remained to us in visiting the neighboring objects of curiosity.

“On some heights overlooking Bethlehem are seen the remains of ancient towers, marking different positions of the crusading camps, bearing the names of their heroes. Leaving these to the left, as we descended by rugged and toilsome paths towards the plain, we were shown a grotto, to which tradition states the Holy Virgin to have retired before her departure for Egypt.

After an hour's march we reached the Garden of Solomon—the *hortus conclusus* celebrated in the Song of Songs; a small, narrow valley, about half a league in length, enclosed on all sides by steep rocks, and watered by a limpid rivulet. Among the mountainous and rocky peaks which surround it on all sides, this valley alone offers materials for tillage, and has been in all ages a delightful garden, cultivated with the greatest care, and presenting, in its beautiful and human verdure, the most striking contrast with the stony barrenness of the whole vicinity. We followed the serpentine course of the stream, winding sometimes

along its grassy banks under the shade of its overhanging willows, sometimes bathing our horses' feet in its transparent waters as we rode upon the polished pebbles that line its bed, and frequently crossing from one side to the other over a plank of cedar; we thus arrived at the foot of the rocks which form a natural barrier to the further extremity of the valley. A cultivator of the soil offered himself as our guide in scaling it, but on condition that we should perform the journey on foot, and commit our horses to the charge of his laborers, who, by a long and circuitous route, should rejoin us with them at the summit.

"We acceded to these necessary terms, and diverging to the right, reached the height, after an hour's difficult and fatiguing ascent. Here our toils were rewarded by finding the finest remnants of antiquity we had yet seen. Three capacious cisterns excavated in the solid rock, and rising like terraces one above the other on the inclined face of the mountain; the walls as smooth and the edges as perfect, as if the work had been but yesterday completed. Their borders, paved like a quay, with flat stones, rang under the steps of our horses.

These magnificent basins, filled with translucent water, on the summit of a barren mountain, excite the highest astonishment, and the mind immediately reverts with admiration to the power and capacity which could conceive and execute a project of such magnitude. To Solomon accordingly they are ascribed. While I was engaged in contemplating, my fellow travelers measured them, and found their dimensions to average four hundred feet, by about a hundred and sixty-five; the first being the longest, the last the widest and at least two hundred feet in breadth at the margin, for they all widen upwards. From above the most elevated of these gigantic cisterns issues a slender spring, concealed under some tufts of verdure—their sole supply, and the *scaled fountain* of the Bible. From these reservoirs its waters were formerly conducted by aqueducts, the scattered ruins of which were frequently visible on our road to the Temple of Jerusalem.

"At no great distance, ancient battlemented walls, probably of the period of the Crusades, surround an inclosure, within which tradition supposes a palace, inhabited by the wives of Solomon, to have stood; but very slight vestiges remain, and the site, covered with dunghills and ordure, now serves as a nocturnal retreat both to the cattle—who seek their summer pasturage on these mountains, as in Switzerland they do upon the Alps—and to their shepherds. We returned to Jerusalem by an ancient, broad, and

well-paved road, called Solomon's Way, which is much shorter and more direct than that which we had followed in the morning, but does not pass through Bethlehem; and night was far advanced when we re-entered the city under the arch of the Pilgrim's Gate.

"On the 25th of April, after, for the last time, visiting the Holy Sepulchre, we requested the ecclesiastic who had accompanied us to guide us round the exterior of the church, that we might be able to comprehend those inequalities of ground, which could alone explain the conjunction of the tomb and Calvary within one edifice. The circuit is difficult, because the church is surrounded by buildings which obstruct the communications; but, by crossing some courts, and going through a few houses, we succeeded in satisfying ourselves on the points which interested us. We then mounted our horses to make a tour of the city walls, and visit the tombs of the kings. On the north of Jerusalem, about half a league distant from the Damascus Gate, is found an excavation in the rock, nearly twenty feet in depth, forming a court, inclosed on three sides by walls of solid rock, ornamented with sculptures graven in the stone, representing doors, pilasters, and friezes, of the most delicate workmanship. It may be presumed that the gradual raising of the ground has filled up several feet of the original depth of this excavation; for the opening on the left, which affords ingress to the sanctuary, is so low that it can be passed through only by crawling. Having, with great difficulty, accomplished our entrance, we lighted our torches within. Armies of bats, roused from their slumbers by our invasion, immediately assailed us, as if determined to contend for the undisturbed empire of their territory; and had retreat been easy, we should, I believe, have given way before them. Tranquillity, was, however, gradually re-established, and we were enabled to examine these sepulchral chambers, which are also excavated from the solid rock; the angles being as perfect, and the walls as smooth, as if the stones had been separately polished by masons in a quarry. We visited five, communicating together by openings, to which formerly, no doubt, some blocks of hewn stone had been fitted, which were now lying about upon the ground, and afforded the presumption, that each chamber had been closed and sealed when the niches, contrived in the walls for receiving the sarcophagi or cinerary urns, were filled. Who were, or should have been, the occupants of mansions prepared at so much cost? This is still a doubtful question; their origin has been

warmly disputed. The interior, in its simple grandeur, may pretend to the highest antiquity : nothing about it determines its date. The exterior sculpture is of well-finished workmanship, and of a taste extremely pure for the remote period of the Judean kings ; but the appearance of Balbec has greatly modified my conceptions of the perfection to which art had attained before its known epochs.

“ Continuing our ride through some fields planted with olive trees, we descended into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and remounted the hill at mid-day, along the walls of Sion. The vicinity of David’s tomb, of the Cænaculum, and the Armenian church possessed of the stone which was sealed to the door of the Holy Sepulchre, determined us to enter by the gate Bab-el-Daoud ; but, when we would have visited the vault in which tradition places the bones of the Prophet King, the Turks prevented us, telling us the entrance was positively interdicted ; they imagine that immense treasures have been buried in this royal cave, and that foreigners are in possession of the secret, and come hither for the purpose of discovering and secretly purloining them.

“ The Holy Cænaculum is a large vaulted hall, supported by pillars, and blackened by time ; if ancientness of appearance may be admitted in evidence of high antiquity, this room bears indisputable signs of it : situated on Mount Sion, outside the then city walls, the disciples might very possibly have retired there after the Resurrection, and have been assembled there on the day of Pentecost, as tradition affirms. The sacking of Jerusalem under Titus left scarcely any thing standing, but the towers and a portion of the walls : but these sufficiently indicated the various sites, and the primitive Christians would naturally attach considerable importance to perpetuating their remembrance by successive erections on the same spots, and frequently from the ruinous materials of preceding structures. But details concerning Jerusalem would be mere repetitions ; relinquishing, therefore, though with regret, a subject to which my recollections perpetually revert, I will say but one word, and that entirely independent of religious feelings, upon the aspect of that village of tombs (Siloam), which has ever since been present as a picture before my eyes. Its entire Arab population, dwelling in caves and sepulchral grottoes, would afford a most original scene to the eye of a landscape painter. Let the reader imagine in the deep Valley of Siloam, caverns presenting their apertures, like the mouths of so many ovens piled tier above tier upon the precipitous face of the rock,

or like the irregular sections of a divided bee-hive ; and living beings, women and children, emerging from these sepulchral caves, like phantoms from the mansions of the dead ; I know not whether the subject has yet been treated by any artist, but it appears to me to offer to the pencil at once the strongest contrasts and a perfect harmony.

“On the 26th of April, we cast our eyes for the last time upon Jerusalem, and with sorrow we returned on the road to Jaffa. As we entered the Valley of Jeremy, sounds of wild music attracted our attention ; and we perceived in the distance a whole Arab tribe defiling over the slope of the hill. I sent the dragoon forward, and he returned with information that the multitude was assembled for the interment of a chief, and that we might advance without apprehension. He afterwards related to us that the chief had died suddenly the preceding day, while hunting, in consequence of inhaling a poisonous plant ; but the well-known character of the Arabs of Naplous, whose costume the tribe displayed, gave us reason rather to believe that he had fallen a victim to the jealousy of some rival chief. Notwithstanding the warlike habits and imposing air of these simple people, their credulity is perfectly infantine ; all marvelous narratives enchant them, without exciting the smallest mistrust. One of our Arab friends, a man of considerable knowledge and intelligence, assured us in a tone of perfect conviction that a Scheik of Lebanon possessed the secret of the magical words used in the primitive ages, for removing the gigantic blocks of Balbec, but that he was too good a Christian ever to employ or divulge them.

“We quickened our pace and soon joined the procession ; in the centre of which was the bier, borne on a litter, covered with rich draperies, and surmounted by the turban of the Osmanlis ; Arab women, naked to the waist, their long black hair flowing over their shoulders, their breasts bruised, and their arms thrown up into the air, preceded the corpse, shrieking, singing lugubrious songs, wringing their hands, and rending their hair—while musicians accompanied the voices with a continued and monotonous rolling on the *tanble and dahiera* (a sort of great drum and tambourine). At the head of the procession rode the brother of the defunct ; his horse, covered with a beautiful Angora skin, and decorated with reins of red and gold floating loosely over its head and breast, was prancing to the discordant tones of the music, while the priests in full costume were waiting for the cortège before the gate of a tomb surmounted by a cupola, supported upon

an open colonnade ; opposite stood the ruined church, the terraced roof of which was filled with women in long white veils resembling the priestesses of the ancient sacrifices, or the weepers of the Memphian cenotaphs. When the chief approached the tomb he alighted, and threw himself into the arms of the high priest, with the liveliest demonstrations of grief ; the latter exhorted him to submit to the will of God, and to show himself worthy of succeeding his brother in the command of the tribe. Meanwhile the procession advanced, deposited the corpse, ranged themselves around the little temple, and the death songs resounded more piercingly ; this doleful pantomime, this funeral pomp, these hymns of despair expressed in another language, and attended with other rites, seemed to be a living memorial of those lamentations with which Jeremiah had filled the same valley, and which the biblical world still echoes."

DEPARTURE FROM JAFFA.

Same date.

We embarked on a full tide, whose enormous breakers were dashing in hills of foam into the rocky channel. Waiting for a moment behind the rocks for one wave to spend itself, a few bold strokes of the oars launched us on the open sea ; another and another breaker succeeded, and lifted up our boat, which floated like a cork over the head of each, then sank into the depth of an abyss, whence neither ship nor shore was visible,—remounted, and again rolled onward, enveloped in a showery veil of surf. At length we reached the ship's side ; but so violent was her motion, that we dared not near her, for fear of being struck by her yards which were dipping in the waves ; an interval of the breakers is seized, a rope thrown out, the ladder is placed, and we have attained the deck in safety.

The wind became contrary ; we rode on two anchors, every moment in danger of shipwreck, if the furious agitation of the waves should break them ; this frightful tossing caused some hours of physical and moral agony to us. Towards evening, and during the night, the wind whistled among the masts and cordage, as if through the shrill pipes of an organ ; while the vessel bounded like a ram butting against the earth with its horns ; the prow plunged into the sea, and seemed ready to be swallowed up every time that the beating waves heaved the poop ; cries of distress

were heard from the Arab sailors of some other vessels, which had conveyed the unfortunate Greek pilgrims from Jerusalem. These small vessels, some of them containing only two or three women and children, made an attempt at putting to sea for the purpose of avoiding the coast—some sailed past us, the women screaming and stretching out their hands to us ; but the huge breakers engulfed them, and in an instant afterwards they re-appeared at a great distance ; a few of the boats succeeded in keeping at a distance from the coast ; two were cast on the rocky shelves of the Gaza. Our anchors at length yielded, and we were being hurried towards the rocks of the interior port, when the captain ordered another to be thrown out.

The wind now moderated and turned somewhat in our favor ; when, making for Damietta under a gray and foggy sky, we lost sight of land, and made a good day's sail,—the sea tranquil, but the captain and his mate occupied in watching the precursory signs of a tempest, which exploded at nightfall. The wind freshened every hour, the waves swelling more and more till they ran mountains high ; the ship creaking and straining, all her tackle whistling and vibrating to the blast, like so many fibres of metal ; the whole a combination of shrill and plaintive sounds, resembling the wailings of the Greek women at their funerals. We could no longer carry any sail ; the vessel rolled from one abyss to another, and at every lurch her masts trembled, and appeared to be toppling into the sea like uprooted trees ; while the waves, borne down under her weight, rebounded and washed the deck. Every one, except myself and the crew, had descended to the mid-deck ; whence the groans of the sick, and the uproar of chests and furniture rolling confusedly and knocking against the sides of the brig, reached our ears, whenever the howlings of the storm for a moment subsided. The brig itself, spite of its powerful timbers, and the enormous thickness of its thwarting beams, cracked and fretted, as if about every instant to spring a leak. The strokes of the sea upon the poop reverberated momentarily like the explosion of artillery.

At two o'clock in the morning the fury of the storm still increased, and I lashed myself with a rope to the mainmast, that I might not be washed overboard by the waves, or rolled into the sea by a sudden inclining of the deck almost into the perpendicular. Wrapped in my mantle, I contemplated the sublime spectacle, occasionally descending to the mid-deck to calm my wife's fears, who lay in her hammock. The mate—a man who, to a

front of iron for opposing danger, united the compassionate heart of a woman, never quitted the helm during this frightful tempest, except to carry hastily from cabin to cabin the succor or encouragement of which each passenger stood in need. In this manner the night wore away. Sunrise, which was distinguishable only by the wan light diffusing itself over the waves, and through the huddled masses of clouds, far from diminishing the violence of the blast, seemed but to endue it with renewed strength. As far as the eye could penetrate, we saw hills upon hills of foaming water coursing each other towards us. The brig, yielding and bending to each as it passed, overwhelmed by one, heaved by another, driven one way by an impetuous wave, then arrested by another—which forcibly impelled her in the opposite direction—pitched from side to side, plunging her prow forwards with a violence that threatened us with instant absorption; while the sea running furiously upon her, broke over her poop, and swept her from side to side: now and then she would recover herself—the sea, amidst the overpowering fury of the gale, presenting a level plain of whirling foam in the bosom of those vast watery mountains, thus allowing a moment's repose to the straining masts, but presently again immersing us in the region of stupendous waves, where we again rolled from precipice to precipice. Between such horrible alternatives the day expired. The captain consulted me: the Egyptian shore is low, and a ship may be thrown upon it before land is seen. The coasts of Syria are devoid both of roadstead and port. It was necessary to resolve either on tacking through such a sea, or keeping the direction of the wind, which was driving us upon Cyprus. There a road and haven were open to us, but we were more than eighty leagues distant from it. I advised that the helm should be set for Cyprus. The wind drove us at the rate of three leagues an hour, but the sea ran as high as ever. My wife and fellow-travelers, who kept to their hammocks, supported their strength by a few drops of cold broth; I myself eat a few mouthfuls of biscuit, and smoked with the captain and mate, retaining my position on the deck, near the binnacle, my hands holding to the cordage, which supported me against the beating of the sea. Night closed in with increased horrors, the clouds rested heavily upon the sea, the whole horizon seemed shattered with lightning—all was fire around us; the thunder, resounding from the crest of the waves, rose to meet the clouds; three times the bolt fell near us—once, at a moment when the brig was pitched on her side by a colossal breaker, the yards dipped, the masts

struck the wave, and the surf, projected by the collision, resembled a rent mantle of fire, the thousand fragments of which the wind dispersed like serpents of flame ; the whole crew united in one cry ; we seemed precipitated into the crater of a volcano. The effect of this moment was the most terrific and most sublime which the storm produced throughout that tedious night. For nine succeeding hours the thunder enveloped us ; every moment we expected to see the inflamed masts fall upon us and set fire to the ship. In the morning the sky was less heavy, but the sea resembled boiling lava ; the wind calming a little, and no longer sustaining the ship, made her roll yet more heavily. According to the ship's reckoning, we were still thirty leagues distant from the Isle of Cyprus.

At eleven o'clock we began to descry the land, and from hour to hour gradually gained upon it. It was Limasol, one of the ports of this island. We set all sail to put ourselves more quickly under the wind ; as we approached the land the sea became less violent. We coasted the distance of two leagues from the shore, and made for the road of Larnaca, where we soon perceived the masts of a great number of vessels, which like ourselves, had sought refuge there. The wind again rose in fury, and carried us thither in a few minutes ; the impulse of the ship was so strong that we were afraid of breaking our cables in casting anchor ; it was dropped at length,—bore down some fathoms, and sounded the bottom. We had now gained a riding, where the waves, though still boisterous, might rock us without danger. I was once more in sight of the flag-staves of the European consulates and of the terrace of that of France, whence our friend M. Bottu made us signals of recognition. Every body remained on board ; my wife could not revisit, without heart-rending emotions, the excellent and happy family of M. Bottu, amongst whom, then happy herself, she had experienced so much hospitality during fifteen months.

I landed with the captain, and received from Monsieur and Madame Bottu, and Messieurs Perthier and Guillois, young Frenchmen attached to the Consulate, those affecting marks of kindness and friendship which I expected from them. I visited M. Mathéi, a Greek banker, to whom I had been recommended ; we sent provisions of all kinds to the brig, M. Mathéi adding to them presents of Cyprus wine, and Syrian mutton. Whilst I was taking a survey of the environs of the town with M. Bottu, the tempest, which for so short a time had subsided, arose again ; we

could no longer communicate with the vessels in the road ; the billows covered the quays and threw their foam even to the windows of the houses. What a frightful evening and night I passed on the terrace, or at the window of my chamber, in the French Consulate, watching the brig which contained my wife, as it rolled to and fro in the road tossed by immense waves ; and trembling every instant lest the cables should give way, and the vessel be dashed, with all that remained to me of happiness in this world, against the rocks.

At length, on the following evening, the sea calmed ; we regained the brig, remained three hours in the road waiting for a good wind, and were repeatedly visited by M. Mathéi and M. Bottu. This young and amiable consul was the one of all the French agents in the East who received his countrymen with the greatest cordiality, and paid the highest respect to the name of France ; I have twice partaken of his hospitality, and shall always remember his kindness with grateful friendship. He was a happy man, surrounded by the wife of his affections, and children who were the joy of his heart. I understand he died suddenly a few days after our departure ; the income of his family was derived solely from his appointment, and the whole of this income he had dedicated to his duties as Consul. His poor wife and lovely children now depend upon the compassion of the country which he served, and to whose honor he dedicated all his emoluments. May France, when she thinks of his merits, remember his widow and orphans.

April 30, 1833.

Set sail ; wind variable ; three days employed in doubling the western point of the Isle, keeping our course along the shore. Saw Mounts Olympus, Paphos, and Amathonte ; enchanting prospect of the coast and mountains on this side of Cyprus. This Island might become the finest colony of Asia Minor ; it now contains but thirty thousand souls, whereas it might support and enrich millions of men. Every where capable of cultivation ; every where fertile, woody, and watered ; possessing natural ship-roads and ports on every side ; situated between Syria, Caramania, the Archipelago, Egypt, and the European coasts ;—it might be the garden of the world.

May 3, 1833.

This morning desiered the most prominent heights of Caramania ; Mount Taurus in the distance ; its ridges rugged and covered with snow like the Alps seen from Lyons ; wind mild

and variable, nights splendidly starlight. During the night made the Gulf of Satalia, which resembles an inland sea. the wind falls; the ship slumbers as upon a lake. The eye encounters on every side the mountainous amphitheatres which coast this and the neighboring bays. Ridges of mountains of all shapes and heights run one behind the other, leaving sometimes, between their unequal summits, high valleys through which the moonbeams shed their white vapors over the mountains' sides, and crown their crests in a pale purple haze. Behind these nearer eminences arise the angular and snowy smmits of Mount Taurus. Some low and woody capes stretch themselves to a great distance in the sea; and little islands, like vessels at anchor, are detached here and there from the shore. A profound silence reigned upon the sea and upon the land; no noise was to be heard except that of the dolphins springing continually out of the bosom of the flood, as a kid bounds upon the greensward. The waves, edged and marbled with silver and gold, seemed fluted like Ionic columns recumbent upon the earth; the brig was perfectly becalmed. At midnight a land breeze arose, which carried us gently out of the Gulf of Satalia, and along the Coast of Asia Minor as far as Castelrozzo. We entered all the bays, and almost touched the land. The ruins of this country which formed several kingdoms—Pontus, Cappadocia, and Bithynia, now desolate and solitary, are stretched out upon the promontories; the valleys and plains are covered with forests; the Turcomans come here to plant their tents during the winter; in the summer all is a desert, except a few points of the coast, as Tarsus, Satalia, Castelrozzo and Marmorizza, in the Gulf of Macri.

May, 1833.

The current which prevails along the Caramanian coast impelled us towards the extremity of that country and towards the entrance of the Gulf of Macri; during the night we pursued our course direct for the Island of Rhodes, but the captain fearing the vicinity of the Asiatic coast, on account of the westerly wind which had arisen, stood again towards the open sea, and we awoke scarcely within sight of Rhodes. We found not far from us our consort brig, the *Alceste*; the calm prevented our approaching her throughout the day; in the evening a fresh wind arose which brought us up the Gulf of Marmorizza; at midnight the land breeze returned, and we entered the Port of Rhodes in the morning.

May, 1833.

We passed three days in surveying the environs of Rhodes—charming prospects from the declivities of the mountain, which look towards the Archipelago. After walking for two hours along the strand, I turned into a valley, shaded by fine trees, and watered by a small rivulet: following the banks of the stream, edged by rose laurels, I arrived at a little platform, which forms the highest point of the valley. Here stands a small house, almost entirely covered with the branches of fig and orange trees, inhabited by a poor Greek family; in its garden are the ruins of a little temple of the Nymphs, a grotto, and some loose columns and capitals, half hidden by ivy and the roots of shrubs; beyond, is a grass-plot, two or three hundred paces wide, with a fountain; here grow two or three sycamores, one of which alone overshadows the whole of the greensward. It is the holy tree of the island: the Turks respect it; and an unfortunate Greek peasant, having one day cut down a branch, the Pacha of Rhodes ordered him to be bastinadoed. It is not true that the Turks disregard nature and the works of Art: they leave all things as they find them, and their only way of ruining every thing is by improving nothing. The hills rise in peaks above the grass-plot and the sycamores—crested with fir trees, and abounding in little cata-racts—which channel their slopes with serpentine ravines. Farther on the lofty mountains of the island look down upon and overshadow these hills, the greensward, and the fountain. From the brink of the fountain, where I am seated, I see through the foliage of pines and sycamores, the sea of the Asiatic Archipelago, resembling a lake set thick with islands, and the deep gulfs which lose themselves between the high and snow-crowned mountains of Maeri. I hear nothing but the splashing of the fountain, the murmuring of the wind amongst the leaves, the flight of the bulbul, whom my presence alarms, and the plaintive song of the Greek peasant woman, who rocks her infant upon the roof of her cottage. How charming this place would have appeared to me six months ago!

I met, in a pathway of the high mountains of Rhodes, a Cypriot chief, habited as a European, but bonneted according to the Greek fashion, and wearing a long white beard. I recognized him: he is named Theseus, is a nephew of the Patriarch of Cyprus, and distinguished himself in the war of independence. On his return to Cyprus, after the pacification of the Morea, his name, his spirit, his activity, acquired for him the attachment of

the whole Greek population of the island. At the period of the insurrection which had lately taken place, the peasants of the several mountains placed themselves under his command ; he used his influence to calm them ; and after having, in conjunction with M. Bottu, the French Consul, obtained redress for some of their grievances, he dispersed his troop, and took refuge in the Consulate from the vengeance of the Turks. A Greek vessel had dropped him at Rhodes, where he was not in safety. I offered him accommodation in one of my brigs, which he accepted ; and I shall transport him to Constantinople, to Greece, or to Europe, at his own choice. He is a man who has constantly hazarded his life and fortune upon the cast of a die ; a man of fiery spirit and brilliant courage ; speaking all languages, knowing all countries, possessing inexhaustible funds of interesting conversation, as prompt in action as in thought—one of those men with whom motion is nature ; and who, like birds of the storm, rise with the whirlwinds of revolutions, to fall again with the return of repose. Nature casts but few souls in such a mould : men thus constituted are generally unfortunate—they are feared and persecuted ; but they might make admirable instruments if one knew how to employ them with effect. I have sent a bark to Marmorizza, to carry thither a young Greek, who will there await my horses, and give orders to my *sais* to join me at Constantinople. We have determined to go by sea, visiting the islands of the Asiatic coast, and the shores of the Continent.

Set sail at midnight with a light wind ; doubled Cape Krio on the evening of the first day ; fine and easy navigation between the islands of Piscopia, Nisyra, and the enchanted island of Cos, the country of Esculapius. Next to Rhodes, Cos appears to me the most smiling and agreeable island of the Archipelago : charming villages, sheltered by beautiful palm trees, line its shores ; the town is cheerful, and elegantly built. In the evening we were almost lost, with our two brigs, in the midst of a labyrinth of little uninhabited islands, carpeted to the water's edge with long grass ; beautiful channels flow amongst them, and almost all have little creeks, in which vessels might cast anchor. What an enchanting residence for those men who complain that they cannot find room in Europe ! It has the climate and the fertility of Rhodes and of Cos. At the distance of two leagues lies an immense continent, between which and those islands we tacked about incessantly, and saw the sun glittering upon the magnificent ruins of the Grecian and Roman cities of Asia Minor. The

next morning we awoke in the Boghaz, a strait of Samos, between that island and the isle of Ikaria; the lofty mountain, which itself forms almost the whole island of Samos, rose above our heads, covered with rocks and forests of firs; among the rocks we observed women and children; the population of Samos, at present in rebellion against the Turks, had sought refuge on the mountain. The men were armed in the city and upon the coasts.

Samos resembles a mountain of the Lake of Lucerne, illumined by the sky of Asia. Its base almost joins the continent, from which it is separated only by a narrow channel. A storm carried us into the gulf of Scala-Nova, not far from the ruins of Ephesus. In the morning we entered the channel of Scio, and sought an asylum in the road of Tschesmé, celebrated for the destruction of the Ottoman fleet by Orloff. The delightful island of Scio extends, like a green hill, on the opposite side of a large river: its white houses, its towns and villages, grouped upon its umbrageous slopes, glitter amongst the orange trees and vines; its remains bespeak a recent state of prosperity and a numerous population. The Turkish dominion, although it had nearly reduced the Greek population of these beautiful islands to slavery, had not been able to stifle their active, industrious, commercial and agricultural energies. I know of no place in Europe which has a richer appearance than Scio; it is a garden of sixty leagues in circumference.

A day's voyage brought us to the ruins and mineral waters of Tschesmé.

The sea having become calm, we set sail for Smyrna; the wind was variable throughout the day, and we slowly threaded the coast of Scio; the woods descend to the sea. All the towns of the bays are fortified, and have their ports filled with small vessels; the smallest creek has its village; an innumerable multitude of boats skirt the shores, conveying the Greeks, women and girls, to their churches; on every eminence, and in all the valleys between the hills, may be seen a village or its white church. We doubled the point of the island, and were wafted by a brisk wind into the Gulf of Smyrna, enjoying till night closed in the prospect of the fine forests and large villages which line its western coast. At night we were becalmed at no great distance from the Isles of Bourla, and were able to distinguish the fires of the French fleet, which had been at anchor there for the last six months.

In the morning we came within sight of Smyrna, embosomed by cypress trees, and reclining on the descent of a considerable hill at the extremity of the gulf. High embattled walls crown the upper part of the town, and a finely wooded plain extends on the left as far as the mountains. There flows the river Meles! In my mind the remembrance of Homer hovers over all the shore of Smyrna; my eyes seek that tree on the margin of the river, then unknown, where the poor slave deposited her offspring amongst the rushes; that child, whose fame should one day immortalize the name of the river, the continent, and the islands. That imagination which Heaven then gave to the earth, was to reflect to us all antiquity, divine and human; he was abandoned at his birth on the banks of a river as the Moses of Poetry; he lived blind and miserable, like those Indian deities who traversed the world in the attire of mendicants, and were only recognized for gods after their passage. Modern erudition affects not to see a man, but a type in Homer; this is one of the hundred thousand paradoxes with which learning attempts to combat the evidence of our internal convictions; to me Homer is a single man—a man speaking throughout with one accent of voice, one form of language, and one expression of feeling. To admit a race of Homeric men, appears to be more difficult than to admit a race of giants; nature does not produce her prodigies in series; she gave us Homer, and defies after-ages to exhibit another such specimen of the combination of reason, philosophy, sensibility, and genius.

I disembarked at Smyrna, to make the circuit of the town and its environs in company with M. Salzani, a resident banker and merchant—a gentleman as kind-hearted as he is agreeable and well-informed; during three days I took advantage of his hospitality, but returned each night to sleep on board the brig. Smyrna in no respect resembles an eastern town; it is a large and elegant factory, where the European consuls and merchants lead the life of Paris and London. The view from the top of the hill over the gulf and city is beautiful; on descending the hill, to the margin of the river, which I like to believe to be the Meles, we were delighted with the situation of the bridge of the caravans, very near one of the gates of the town. The river is limpid, slumbering under a peaceful arch of sycamores and cypresses; we seated ourselves on its bank, and the Turks brought us pipes and coffee. If this stream heard the first wailings of Homer, I love to hear its gentle murmurings amongst the roots of the palm trees; I raise its waters to my lips—I bathe my burning fore-

head in them. Oh! might that man appear for the Western world who should weave its history, its dreams, and its heaven into an epic! Such a poem is the sepulchre of times gone by, to which posterity comes to venerate deceased traditions, and eternalize by its worship the great actions and sublime thoughts of human nature: its author engraves his name on the pedestal of the statue which he erects to man, and he lives in all the ideas with which he enriches the world of imagination.

This evening I was taken to visit M. Fauvel, formerly our consul in Greece, who now lives alone with two Greek servants in a small house on the quay of Smyrna; the staircase, hall, and apartments are full of fragments of sculpture, plans of Athens in relief, and broken blocks of marble and porphyry. Expelled from Athens, his adopted country, the dust of which he had been sweeping all his life to restore its treasures to the world, M. Fauvel now lives poor and unknown at Smyrna; thither he has carried his gods, and pays them his hourly worship. M. de Chateaubriand saw him in his youth, happy in the midst of the splendid ruins of the Parthenon; I have seen him old and in exile, wounded by the ingratitude of men, but firm and cheerful in adversity, and abounding in that natural philosophy which enables those whose fortune is based in the goodness of their hearts to endure misfortune with patience; I spent a delightful hour in listening to the conversation of this charming old man. I found at Smyrna a young man of talent, whom I had known in Italy, M. Deschamps, editor of the *Journal of Smyrna*; he acknowledged our former acquaintance with sensibility. The storm had thrown the remains of St. Simonianism upon Smyrna—reduced to the last extremities, but supporting their reverses with the resignation and constancy of a firm conviction, in evidence of which I received on board two remarkable letters. Novel ideas must not be judged of by the disdain with which they inspire their contemporaries; all great thoughts have been received as strangers in the world. St. Simonianism can boast of something which is true, great, and fruitful,—the application of Christianity to political society, and to legislation for the human fraternity. In this point of view I am a St. Simonian; it was not in ideas that this eclipsed, but not deceased sect, was wanting; neither was it deficient in disciples; that which it did want, was, in my opinion, a chief, a master, a regulator. I doubt not that if a man of genius and virtue, a man who with a penetrating and sagacious glance, could at once take in the whole horizon, reli-

gious and political, had been placed at the head of these nascent opinions, he would have metamorphosed them into a powerful reality. The time of the anarchy of opinions is the favorable season for the germination of new and important thoughts; society, in the eyes of a philosopher, is then in a moment of rout; it has neither government, object, nor chief; it is reduced to the instinct of conversion. A religious, moral, social and political sect, having a standard, a rule of order, an object, a chief, a spirit of intelligence, and marching compact and direct in front of that society, and in the midst of its disordered ranks, would inevitably command victory; but salvation, and not ruin, should be the result of its operations; it should attack the hurtful only, and not the serviceable; recall religion to reason and love, politics to the Christian fraternity, property to charity and universal utility, its only title and basis;—but a legislator was wanting to these young men, ardently zealous, longing for faith, but amongst whom the wildest doctrines were propagated: the organizers of St. Simonianism have taken for their chief motto, “War, without quarter, between family ties, property, religion, and us,” and they necessarily fell. The world is not to be conquered by the force of a word: it may be moved, it may be converted, it may be moulded, it may be changed; but, inasmuch as an idea is not practicable, it is not presentable to society; human nature proceeds from the known to the unknown, but not from the known to the absurd. This will be resumed as an under-plot to the great revolutions yet in futurity; signs are to be seen upon the earth, and in the heavens; the St. Simonians have been one of these signs: they will dissolve themselves as a body, but as individuals will hereafter become the soldiers and chiefs of the new army.

Sailing out of the Gulf of Smyrna with all our canvas set, when we had made the height of Vourla, and were pursuing a straight course at the mouth of the gulf, we grounded on a sand-bank, through the unskillfulness of a Greek pilot. The vessel received a shock which made her masts quiver, and remained immovable three leagues from land, the swelling waves breaking against her sides. We all hurried upon deck; what a moment of calm yet awful anxiety was that, while so many lives awaited their sentence, suspended on the uncertain success of the manœuvres that were attempted. A perfect silence reigned—no sign of terror was exhibited; on great occasions man is great! After a few minutes of powerless efforts, the wind arose to our aid and

turned us upon our keel. The brig disengaged herself and no leak was perceptible. We entered on the expanse of ocean, the Island of Mitylene on our right ; and after a delightful day's sail, approached the channel which separates the island from the continent ; but the wind sank, the clouds gathered over the open sea, and at nightfall the wind and thunder burst from them together ; a furious tempest and total darkness ensued, the two brigs firing signals of recognition and seeking the road of Foglieri, the ancient Phoea, between the rocks which form the northern point of the Gulf of Smyrna. In two hours the force of the wind drove us ten leagues along the coast, one clap of thunder every moment succeeding another, and whizzing through the surges ; while the sky, the sea, and the echoing rocks of the coast were illuminated by continual flashes of lightning, which supplied the place of day, and from time to time afforded us glimpses of our route. The two brigs almost touched, and we trembled in momentary dread of a collision ; at length a manœuvre of extreme daring in the obscurity of night harbored us safely in the narrow mouth of the road of Phoea ; we heard the waves bellowing against the rocks to the right and left ; a false stroke of the helm would have thrown us a wreck upon them ; we all stood mute upon the deck, waiting the decision of our fate ; the night was so dark that we could not distinguish our own masts ; suddenly we felt the brig glide over a motionless surface ; a few lights shone round us upon the outline of the basin, which we had happily entered, and we cast anchor without knowing where. The wind roared the whole night against our masts and through our yards, as though it would have carried them away, but the sea was motionless.

How beautiful is the basin of the ancient Phoea ! Half a league in circumference, it is hollowed like a circular fortress between hills, whose graceful slopes are interspersed with red-painted houses, cottages shaded by olive trees, gardens, creeping vines, and especially with fields of magnificent cypresses, under the shade of which repose the white tombs of the Turkish cemeteries. We landed to visit the ruins of that city which gave birth to Marseilles ; were graciously welcomed, entertained in two Turkish houses, and passed the day in their orange gardens. The third day the sea calmed, and at midnight we sailed from the natural haven of Phoea.

17th May, 1833.

We followed the whole day the Channel of Mitylene, where Lesbos stood, a poetical memorial of the only woman of antiqui-

ty whose voice had power enough to make itself heard through the lapse of centuries. Only a few of Sappho's verses have descended to us, but they give evidence of a genius of the highest order; as a fragment of the arm or the body from a statue by Phidias reveals the perfection of the entire figure. The heart from which Sappho's stanzas flowed must have been a deep well-spring of passions and of images. The Isle of Lesbos is to me even more beautiful than that of Scio. Its high and verdant hills, pinnacled with firs, are more lofty and more picturesquely grouped. Their ridges, overhanging a broader expanse of inland sea formed by its capacious bay, and so closely overlooking Asia, are more solitary and more inaccessible: instead of the numerous villages which overspread the gardens of Scio, here the smoke from a Greek cottage curling upwards between the heads of chestnut trees and cypresses, or a few shepherds on a point of a rock, tending large flocks of white goats, are objects but rarely seen. In the evening we doubled with a favorable wind the northern extremity of Mitylene, and perceived in the horizon before us, two dark spots upon the crimson vapor of the sea—Lemnos and Tenedos.

Same date.

It is midnight; the sea smooth as a sheet of ice, the becalmed brig hovering like a shadow upon its sparkling surface. Tenedos springing from its waves on our left, conceals the open sea; nearer, and to the right, extends like a dark barrier, the low and indented shore of the plain of Troy. The full moon, rising over the snow-capped summit of Mount Ida, diffuses a serene but uncertain light over the mountain-tops, the hills, and the plain; then beaming upon the sea, tinges its quiet waves with her mild effulgence, under the very side of our vessel, converting its surface into a bright area upon which no shadow may dare to glide. We distinguished the tumuli or little conical mounds which tradition assigns as the tombs of Homer and Patroclus. The broad red moon glancing over the undulations of the hills, resembles the ensanguined shield of Achilles; no light is visible on all that line of coast, except a distant fire lighted by the shepherds on the ridge of Ida; no sound meets our ear except the dull flapping of the sail, which untouched by the lightest breeze, is occasionally beaten against the main-yard by the wavering of the mast; the image of the death which passed over the ages of its glory, seems impressed upon this still and melancholy scene. Leaning over the shrouds of the vessel, that land, those mountains, those ruins,

those tombs, rise before me, with their vaporous forms and undecided outlines, under the sleeping and silent rays of the planet of night, like the shadowy apparition of a past world evoked from the bosom of the sea, and vanishing as the moon sinks behind the summits of other mountains; it is an additional bright page to the Homeric poem; it is the consummation of all poems and of all history; unknown tombs, ruins without any certain names, a dark and naked soil, confusedly illuminated by immortal stars; and new spectators passing with indifference before those shores, and repeating for the thousandth time the epitaph of all things. Here lie an empire, a city, a people, heroes! God alone is great, and the thoughts which search Him out and adore Him are alone imperishable!

I feel no desire to visit nearer, and by day, the doubtful remains of the ruins of Troy; I prefer this nocturnal apparition which permits the fancy to re-people the desolate wastes, and is lighted only by the pale lamp of the moon and by the poetry of Homer. Besides, what care I for Troy, her gods, or her heroes? That page of the heroic is turned for ever.

The land breeze begins to spring up, and we take advantage of it to make for the Dardanelles. Already several considerable vessels are seeking like ourselves that difficult entrance near us; their large gray sails, like the wings of night-birds, glide silently between us and Tenedos. I descended to the mid-deck and slept.

17th May, 1833.

Waking with the day, I heard the rapid track of the vessel, and the small moving waves murmuring like the songs of birds about the sides of the vessel: opening the port-hole, I discovered, upon a chain of low and rounded hills, the castles of the Dardanelles with their white walls, their towers and immense loopholes for cannon. The channel is in this part scarce a league in breadth, winding like a beautiful and expansive river between the perfectly similar coasts of Asia and Europe. The castles close this sea like the two leaves of a gate; but in the present state of Turkey and of Europe, it would be easy either to force the passage by sea, or to make a descent and surprise the forts from behind; the passage of the Dardanelles is impregnable only when guarded by the Russians.

The rapid current bore us with the swiftness of an arrow past Gallipoli and the villages bordering the channel; we saw the Isles of the Sea of Marmora frowning before us; and followed

the European coast for two days and nights with a contrary wind from the north. The next morning we saw the Isles of Princes at the extremity of the sea of Marmora, in the bay of Nicce, and on our left the Castle of the Seven Towers, and the aerial pinnacles of the innumerable minarets of Stamboul, which present themselves in front of the seven hills of Constantinople. Every tack brought us nearer to them and discovered new ones. This first view of Constantinople produced upon me a painful impression of surprise and of the dissolution of a pleasing spell. "What!" said I to myself, "are these the seas, the shores, the wondrous city for which the masters of the world abandoned Rome and the coast of Naples? This the metropolis of the universe, seated upon Europe and upon Asia—for which all conquering nations alternately contended, as a sign of the royalty of the world! This the town which painters and poets delineate as the Queen of Cities hovering over her hills and her double sea, encompassed with her gulfs, her towers, her mountains, and comprehending all the treasures of nature, and of Oriental luxury! Is it to this that the Bay of Naples is compared, with her vast amphitheatre and resplendent city; Vesuvius at her side, his golden summit lost in clouds of smoke and purple; the forests of Castelamare dipping their dark foliage in an azure sea; and the Isles of Procida and Ischia, with their volcanic peaks, and their slopes yellow with vines and whitened with villas, shutting in the ample bay like gigantic moles thrown out by the Deity himself at the mouth of that glorious haven! I see nothing here to vie with that scene which has made an indelible impression upon my eyes and upon my mind. I am sailing, indeed, upon a smooth and beautiful sea, but its shores are flat, or rising in monotonous and rounded hills; the snows of Olympus and Thrace are embraced in the horizon, but forming only a white cloud in the sky, are too distant to impart sublimity to the landscape. The prospect at the farther end of the gulf offers only similar rounded hills of the same level, without rocks, ravine, or hollows; and Constantinople, to which the pilot pointed with his finger, is itself no more than a circumscribed white city built on a hillock of the European coast. Was it worth while to come so far in search of disappointment? I would look no longer.—Meanwhile the endless tackings of the vessel brought us sensibly nearer; we skirted the Castle of the Seven Towers—a prodigious mass of building in the severe and frowning style of the middle ages, which flanks towards the sea the angle of the Greek walls of ancient Byzantium. We anchored

under the houses of Stamboul in the sea of Marmora, amidst a throng of ships and boats detained like ourselves outside the port by the violence of the north wind.

It was five in the afternoon; the sky was serene, and the sun bright; I began to recover from my disdain of Constantinople; the inclosing walls of this part of the city, picturesquely built with the ruins of ancient walls, and surmounted with gardens, kiosks, and little red-painted wooden pavilions, formed the foreground of the picture; above these rose terraces of houses without number, stage above stage, in pyramids of steps, intercepted by the heads of orange trees, and the dark arrowy points of cypresses;—in the distant perspective, seven or eight magnificent mosques crowned the height; and, flanked by their lightly sculptured minarets and Moorish colonnades, carried to the sky their gilded domes, blazing with the reflection of the sun; the walls of these mosques, painted of a soft azure, and the lead coverings of their cupolas, give them the appearance and transparent varnish of porcelain monuments. Beside these domes appeared the motionless and sombre heads of numerous cypresses; while the houses of the town, painted in various hues, made the vast hill shine with all the colors of a flower garden. No noise arose from the streets; no grating of the innumerable windows was heard; no movement betrayed the habitation of so great a multitude; all appeared asleep under the scorching orb of day; the gulf alone, tracked on every side by sails of all forms and dimensions, gave signs of life. We saw vessels, in full sail, every moment clearing the Golden Horn (the opening of the Bosphorus), the true harbor of Constantinople, hastening past us, and flying towards the Dardanelles, but we could not perceive the entrance of the Bosphorus, nor even understand its situation. We dined on deck facing this magical spectacle; Turkish caïques came to question us, and to bring us provisions; the boatmen told us the plague had almost disappeared. I forwarded my letters into the city; at seven o'clock, M. Turqui, the Sardinian consul-general, accompanied by the officers of the Legation, came to pay us a visit, and offered us hospitality in his house at Pera; there was no possibility of procuring a lodging in the city, which had recently been devastated by fire; and M. Turqui's obliging cordiality, and the attraction we found in his first address, induced us to accept his invitation. The contrary wind still prevailed, and the brigs could not weigh anchor that evening; we therefore slept on board.

20th May, 1833.

At five o'clock I was standing on the deck, when the captain ordered a boat to be lowered. I descended with him, and we made for the mouth of the Bosphorus, coasting the walls of Constantinople, which are washed by the sea. After half an hour's navigation through innumerable vessels at anchor, we touched at the walls of the seraglio, which continue those of the city, and form, at the extremity of the hill on which Stamboul stands, the angle separating the sea of Marmora from the channel of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, or great interior harbor of Constantinople. Here it is that God and man, nature and art, have placed, or created in concert, the most extraordinary landscape that human eyes can contemplate upon earth. I uttered an involuntary exclamation, and obliterated for ever from the tablets of my mind the Bay of Naples with all its enchantments. To compare any thing with such a concentration of loveliness and magnificence is to wrong creation.

A few paces distant on the left frowned the walls, supporting the circular terraces that bound the spacious garden of the grand seraglio, separated from the sea by a narrow flagged footway, continually washed by the perpetual current of the Bosphorus, in little blue rippling waves, like the waters of the Rhone at Geneva. The terraces, which rise in insensible slopes to the sultan's palace, whose gilded domes are discernible through the gigantic heads of palm trees and cypresses, are themselves planted with similar trees, whose huge trunks tower above the walls, while their branches, scorning the boundaries of the gardens, overhang the sea with thick canopies of foliage, and shadow the caiques. Our rowers suspended their oars occasionally under their shade. Here and there these groups of trees are broken by palaces, pavilions, kiosks, gilt and sculptured gates opening upon the sea; or batteries of copper and bronze cannon, of antique and uncouth forms. The grated windows of these maritime palaces overlook the sea, and glimpses may now and then be caught of the lustres and gilt ceilings of the apartments, sparkling through the Venetian blinds; while at every step elegant Moorish fountains, springing from the seraglio walls, fall murmuring from the height of the gardens into marble conches, from which the passers-by may quench their thirst. A few Turkish soldiers lie stretched at their ease beside these fountains, while numbers of masterless dogs are wandering along the quay, and some of them sleeping in the cannons' mouths, which are of enormous calibre. As the boat ad-

vanced along these walls, the prospect expanded before us ; we neared the Asiatic coast, and the eye began to trace the mouth of the Bosphorus between a line of sombre hills and an opposite range, which appeared to be painted in all the tints of the rainbow. Here we again rested : the smiling coast of Asia, only about a mile distant, was sketched to our right, its broad and high hills standing forward in relief, crowned with black forests of sharp-pointed trees ; the champaign was fringed with trees, and studded with red-painted houses—the perpendicular sides of the ravines, tapestried with verdant plants and sycamores, whose branches dipped in the stream. Farther off, the hills were still loftier, then declined in green slopes till they formed a large advanced cape, bearing on its brow the considerable town of Scutari, with its white barracks, resembling a royal château—its mosques, with their glittering minarets—its quays and its creeks, bordered with houses, bazaars, and caïques, under the shade of trellises or of palm trees ; and, in the back-ground, its dark and gloomy forest of cypress trees, through the branches of which glimmered with lugubrious splendor the innumerable white monuments of the Turkish cemeteries. Beyond the point of Scutari, terminated by an islet, called *The Maiden's Tomb*, on which is a Turkish chapel, the Bosphorus, like a pent-up river, seems to escape between dark and rocky mountains, of which the multiform angles, projected or inflexed, the ravines and forests of one coast, appear to answer those of the other ; and at the foot of which is discovered, in the distant perspective, an uninterrupted chain of villages, fleets at anchor or in sail, little ports shaded with trees, scattered houses and spacious palaces, with their rose-gardens abutting upon the sea.

A few minutes' rowing carried us forward to that precise point of the Golden Horn from whence the eye may revel, at one view, over the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the entire haven, or more properly, the interior Sea of Constantinople. There we forgot Marmora, the Asiatic coast, and the Bosphorus, to give our undivided and admiring contemplation to the Golden Horn, and the seven towns suspended on the seven hills of Constantinople, all converging towards the arm of the sea, which unites the whole in one unique and incomparable city ; at once city, country, seaport, river-banks, gardens, woody mountains, profound valleys, throngs of houses, streets and masts, tranquil lakes and enchanting solitudes ; a view of which no pencil can delineate more than by detached fragments, and of which, at every stroke

of the oars, the eye and the soul imbibe an entirely new aspect and impression.

We made sail for the hills of Galata and Pera ; the seraglio retired from us, and grew larger as it retired, in proportion as the eye embraced a fuller scope of the vast outlines of its walls, and the multitude of its slopes, trees, kiosks, and palaces. Its site alone would suffice for the seat of a large town. The port advanced, and gradually became more developed, winding, like a canal, between the sides of hanging mountains. It has no appearance of a port ; but resembles rather that of the Thames, or any large river, enclosed by two hilly banks studded with towns, and both shores choked with interminable fleets at anchor in front of the line of houses. We sailed through that innumerable host of ships, some at anchor, others making sail for the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, or the Black Sea, comprising vessels of every form, of every size, and of all flags—from the Arab bark, with its projecting and elevated prow, similar to the beak of the ancient galleys, to the magnificent three-decker, with its shining bronze walls. Hundreds of Turkish caiques, little boats which answer the purpose of carriages upon the maritime streets of this amphibious city, guided by one or two rowers in silk sleeves, were threading their way between the more massy structures, crossing each other's paths, coming in contact without being capsized, and elbowing each other like a crowd in the public squares ; while clouds of albatross, like beautiful white pigeons, rose from the sea at their approach, flying to a more distant station to cradle themselves upon the waves. I cannot attempt to reckon the vessels, the frigates, brigs, sloops, and boats, which, moving or stationary, cover the waters of the port of Constantinople, from the mouth of the Bosphorus, and the point of the seraglio, to the suburbs of Eyoub, and the delicious valleys of the sweet waters. The Thames, in London, offers nothing comparable to their number. Let it suffice to say, that independently of the Turkish fleet, and European men-of-war, at anchor in the middle of the channel, they are ranged along both shores of the Golden Horn, two or three ships in depth on each side, and in lines about a league in extent. We had but a slight glimpse of those prolonged files of prows, looking over the sea to the end of the gulf, where, by the contraction of its waters, the land seems to inclose an actual forest of masts. We landed at the foot of the town of Pera, not far from a superb barrack of bombardiers, the covered terraces of which were piled with ordnance-carriages and cannons. A beautiful Moorish fountain, constructed in the form of an Indian pago-

da, of marble, painted in brilliant colors, and carved in relief, like lace upon a basis of silk, poured its waters over a small quadrangle crowded with cannon-balls, articles of merchandise, norses, dogs without masters, and Turks seated on the ground, smoking in the shade. The rowers of the caïques were seated in great numbers on the banks of the quay waiting for their masters, or soliciting passengers: they are a handsome race of men, whose fine figures are well set off by their becoming costume. They wear white trowsers, in plaits as large as those of a petticoat, and fastened round the waist by a sash of crimson silk; a small Greek cap of red worsted, finished at top by a long silk tassel, which hangs down behind the head; and a loose shirt of raw silk, with large hanging sleeves, which covers their shoulders and arms, leaving the neck and breast bare. Their caïques are narrow canoes, twenty or thirty feet long by two or three wide, of walnut wood, polished and shining as mahogany: the prow is as pointed as the head of a lance, and cuts the sea like a knife. The narrow shape of these caïques renders them hazardous to Franks who are unaccustomed to them; the impression of an unskillful foot easily overbalances and upsets them; to avoid which danger it is necessary to lie down in the Turkish fashion at the bottom of the caïques, and to be careful that the weight of the body is equally divided between the two sides of the boat. They vary in size, so as to contain from one to four, or even eight passengers, but all are of the same proportions. They may be counted by thousands in the ports of Constantinople; and independently of those which, like hackney-coaches, are at the service of the public at all hours, every individual of the city, who is in easy circumstances, keeps one for his own use, the rowers of which are his domestics; every man whose business calls him to various parts of the city being obliged to cross the sea several times in the course of the day.

Leaving this small square, we entered the dirty and populous streets of a bazaar in Pera; which, with the exception of costume, presents nearly the same appearance as the markets of our towns; wooden stalls, displaying confectionery and viands; barbers' shops, venders of tobacco, of vegetables, and fruit; a thronging and active crowd in the streets; all the costumes, and all the tongues of the East striking the eye and the ear; and, above all, the barking of the numerous dogs who fill the squares and bazaars, and contend for the remnants thrown out at the gates. From thence we entered a long solitary and narrow street, which rises in a steep slope over the hill of Pera; the grated windows leave nothing visible of the interior of the Turkish houses, which appear

poor and deserted ; here and there the green arrowy head of cypress towers high in the air above an inclosure of gray walls, its immovable branches in relief against a transparent sky. White and blue doves are dispersed on the windows and roofs of the houses, and fill the silent streets with their melancholy cooings. At the head of these streets extends the boasted quarter of Pera, inhabited by Europeans, and by the ambassadors and consuls : a quarter in all respects similar to a poor little town of our provinces. A few noble palaces of the embassies once crowned the sloping terraces of Galata : they now present only blackened panels of walls, columns prostrated on the earth, gardens torn up and destroyed ; the flame of the conflagration has devoured every thing. Pera possesses neither character, originality, nor beauty ; from its streets neither the sea, nor the hills, nor the gardens of Constantinople can be descried ; to enjoy the magnificent view with which nature and art have conspired to endow it, we must mount to the roofs of its houses.

M. Turqui received us with paternal kindness : his house is capacious, elegant, and admirably situated ; he placed it entirely at our disposal. The richest furniture, the most luxurious viands of Europe, the most affectionate attentions of friendship, the most courteous and agreeable society in his own person, and those of all around him, were substituted for our entertainment for the carpet or mat of the desert, the coarse fare of the Arabs, the severities and hardships of a nautical life. Scarcely was I installed in his house, when I received a letter from Admiral Roussin, the French ambassador at Constantinople, kindly inviting me to be his guest at Therapia. Such gratifying tokens of interest and courtesy, received from unknown compatriots, a thousand leagues from home, in isolation and misfortune, stamp their traces deeply and indelibly on the memory of the traveler.

21st, 22d, and 23d May, 1833.

Unlading of the two brigs.—Repose, visits received from the principal merchants of Pera.—Days passed in the delightful privacy of M. Turqui and his intimate friends.—Rides in Constantinople.—General inspection of the town.—Visit to the ambassador at Therapia.

23d May, 1833.

When, on suddenly quitting the changeable, stormy scene of the sea, the obscure and moving cabin of a brig, and wearying roll of the waves, the foot feels itself firmly planted on a friendly

land, and we are surrounded by men, books, and all the amenities of social life ; when we see woods stretched before us, companions at our side, a whole terrestrial existence to be resumed after long disuse, these enjoyments fill us with an instinctive and entirely physical pleasure, of which we cannot become weary. Any land, even the most savage, the most distant from our own country, is a recovered home. Twenty times have I experienced this, on landing even for a few hours on an unknown and desert coast : a rock which defends you from the wind, a shrub which affords shelter from the sun or weather, a ray of the sun warming the sand on which you are seated, lizards running about amongst the stones, insects plying their wings around you, a startled bird which approaches and then flies away with a cry of alarm ; all these, trifles indifferent to the inhabitants of the earth, are a whole world to the wearied navigator released from the waters.—But there is the brig, swaying in the bay upon a surgy sea, and it must presently be boarded again. The sailors, mounted on the yards, are employed in drying or mending the rent sails ; the boat riding over boiling breakers, and disappearing in the ravines that follow their wake, is passing and re-passing incessantly, between the ship and the shore ; landing provisions, or carrying out supplies of fresh water to the vessel ; her cabin-boys are washing their shirts of painted cloth, and suspending them to dry on the mastick trees, which line the shore ; the captain is studying the face of the sky, and watching the wind which is on the point of veering, that he may recall by the firing of a gun, the loitering passengers to their life of misery, of darkness, and of motion. Anxious as we may be for the end of our voyage, all offer up their secret wishes that the wind may not so speedily prove favorable, that necessity may leave us at least another day's enjoyment of that inward luxury which attaches man to land. We contract a friendship for the coast, for the little selvedge of turf or shrubs, which stretches between the sea and the rocks : for the fountain that steals almost unperceived from the roots of an old green oak, for the lichens, and the little wild flowers, which tremble perpetually to the wind between the crevices of the rocks ; and which we shall never see again. When the cannon of recall sounds from the ship, when the signal flag is hoisted at her mast-head, and the boat is dispatched to fetch one, we might be tempted to weep with regret at leaving a nameless corner of the world, our only connection with which has perhaps been, that we have reposed upon it for a few hours. Often have I experienced this innate love of

man or of shelter, on any shore, however solitary, unknown, or a desert.

But here two contrary emotions are struggling for mastery, one sweet, the other painful. First, the pleasure I have just depicted, of having firm and stable footing, a bed which does not eject one, a floor which does not continually throw one like a shuttlecock from wall to wall, a free way before one's steps, large windows open or shut at one's pleasure, and without fear of being drowned in surf; the delight of hearing the wind play among the curtains without making the house reel, and producing the deafening combination of sounds from the blustering sails, the quivering masts, and the heavy footsteps of the crew running to and fro upon the deck. Much more, the agreeable communications with Europe, with travelers, merchants, journals, books, every thing which restores man to a community of idea and of life with man; that participation in the general progress of events and of thoughts, of which we have been so long deprived. And still above all this, the cordial, attentive, delightful hospitality—I will say more—the friendship of our excellent host, M. Turqui, who seems to feel as much happiness in lavishing his cares upon us, and procuring us every convenience and every consolation in his power, as we derive from receiving them! The memory of this excellent, this rare man—for in my long life of travels, I have not met another like him—will be dear to me, as long as any remembrance of these years of pilgrimage shall abide with me, and my thoughts will for ever follow him on those coasts of Asia or of Africa, where his fortune may condemn him to end his days.

Same date.

But when we have enjoyed these earliest pleasures of a return to land, we are frequently tempted to regret the uncertainty and perpetual agitations of a life on ship-board. There, at any rate, we have not leisure to reflect deeply upon our own condition, or to probe the abyss of sorrow which death may have opened in our hearts! Grief may be always there, but it is constantly relieved by some thought which tends to remove its oppressive weight; the noise and motion by which we are surrounded; the ever-varying aspect of the ship's deck and of the sea; the swelling or moderating of the waves; the change, increase, or abatement of the wind; the setting and re-setting of the sails twenty times in the day; the watching of manœuvres to which, in heavy weather, it is necessary to give assistance; the thousand accidents of a tempestuous day or night; the rustling of the agitated sails; the rolling and

breakage of the furniture in the mid-deck ; the heavy and irregular strokes of the waves against the fragile sides of the cabin in which we attempt to sleep ; the quickened steps of the men on watch over our heads ; the plaintive cry of the poultry, drowned by the spray in their cages fastened to the foot of the mast ; the crowing of the cocks at the first dawn of day, after a night of darkness and squalls ; the whistling of the log-cord, thrown out to measure the way ; the strange, uncouth, savage, or pleasing aspect of a coast, which was not suspected on the preceding night, but which at dawn of day we find ourselves approaching ; estimating the height of its mountains, as they shine like heaps of snow among groups of firs :—all this is of more or less consequence to the mind, relieves the heart a little, allows grief to evaporate, and suppresses sorrow so long as the voyage lasts ; but all this affliction falls back with increased weight upon the mind, when after reaching the shore, sleep in a tranquil bed has restored the intensity of our feelings. The heart, no longer distracted from without, has time to review its mutilated affections, its despairing thoughts, its lost futurity ! We are unable to conceive how a return to one's former life, that monotonous and empty life of towns and of society, is to be endured. This is what I experience to the extent of wishing for an eternal voyage with all its chances, and even its most unpleasant distractions. Alas ! this is what I read in the eyes of my wife, still more than in my own heart. The suffering of a man is not to be compared to that of a woman—a mother—a single thought, a single affection is life or death to a woman ; life with her is a thing in possession, death is a thing lost ; man lives through all things, good or evil ; God does not kill him with a single blow.

May 24th, 1833.

I am surrounded by journals and pamphlets, recently arrived from Europe, and with which the kindness of the French and Austrian ambassadors has liberally furnished me. After having read all day, I am confirmed in the opinions which I brought with me from Europe. I see that events march entirely according to the political programme which historical and philosophical analogy have assigned to the course of things in this glorious age. Agitated France calms herself ; Europe, restless, but fearful, looks on with jealousy and hatred, but dares not interfere ; she feels instinctively, and this instinct is prophetic, that in the act of moving she would probably lose her equilibrium. I never imagined that war would result from the Revolution of July ; France

must have surrendered to insane counsels to have become the aggressor ; and France not aggressing, Europe could not wilfully throw herself into the midst of a revolutionary furnace, in which she must have been consumed in her efforts to extinguish the fire. The government of July well deserves the thanks of France and of Europe, for the single act of having, after the three days, restrained the blind and impatient ardor of the warlike spirit in France.

War would have proved equally fatal to both parties. We had no armies, no public spirit, for without unanimity there is none. Foreign war would immediately have entailed civil war in the south and west of France, persecution and spoliation throughout. No government could have been maintained in Paris under a revolutionary burst from the centre ; whilst the fragments of armies hastily raised by an unguided and unrestrained patriotism would have been swallowed up on our eastern frontiers ; the south as far as Lyons would have hoisted the white flag, the west to the Loire have re-established the Vendean guerrillas ; the manufacturing populations of Lyons, Rouen, Paris, exasperated by the misery in which the cessation of labor had plunged them, would have rushed to the centre, and poured in undisciplined masses upon Paris and the frontier, choosing for themselves inexperienced commanders, and imposing their caprices upon them for plans of the campaign. Property, commerce, industry and credit would all have been lost together, and it would have been necessary to use violence in order to raise loans or taxes. Gold concealed, and credit dead, despair would have led to resistance, and resistance to plunder, murder, and popular vengeance ; once involved in the path of blood, there would have been no escape from it, but through anarchy, despotism, or dismemberment. But all this would have become still more complicated from the unexpected and spontaneous rising of other parts of Europe. Spain, Italy, Poland, the Banks of the Rhine, Belgium, would all have taken fire together, or one after another ; the whole of Europe would have been involved in an alternation of insurrections and oppressions, by which the state of affairs would have been perpetually changing ; and we should have entered ill-prepared upon another thirty years' war. The genius of civilization, however, would not permit it, and all has been ordered for the best. We shall not now enter the field without being prepared for the combat, without knowing our strength, being numbered, passed in review, and ranged in order of battle ;

the struggle will be regularly conducted, and the result will be evident and certain.

Events are best understood from a distance, because from thence the details do not attract the eye, but the objects present themselves in their most important points of view. It was for this reason that the prophets and oracles of old lived in solitude and abstracted from the world; they were sages, who studied things in the aggregate, and whose judgment was not disturbed by the petty emotions of the passing hour. It is necessary for a politician frequently to withdraw himself from the theatre on which the drama of his times is performing, if he wishes to form a correct judgment upon it, and to foresee its issue. To predict is impossible, foreknowledge being the attribute of God alone; but to foresee is possible, for foresight appertains to man.

I frequently ask myself what will be the conclusion of this great excitement in spirit and in action, which, commencing in France, impels the world, and draws every thing, willingly or otherwise, within its vortex. I am not one of those who see in this impulsion only the impulse itself—that is to say, its tumult and confusion of ideas; who believe the moral and political world to be in those final convulsions which precede death and decomposition. This is evidently a double movement of decomposition and organization, at the same time; the spirit of renovation keeps equal pace with the spirit of destruction; one faith replaces another; one faith supersedes another; wherever the past succumbs, the future stands prepared to rise upon its ruins; the transition is slow and harsh, as all transitions must be, in the progress of which the passions and the interests of men come into collision; either the social classes, or the various countries, progress by unequal steps; or some obstinately recede whilst the majority advance. Confusion, mist, ruin, and obscurity prevail for the moment; but from time to time the wind disperses the cloud of dust which conceals both the means and the end; and those who from an eminence can distinguish the march of events, recognize the promise of futurity, and perceive the earliest dawning of a day which is to enlighten a vast horizon. I hear it incessantly said, even here, that “Men have no longer any credulity; each one surrenders himself to his individual judgment; there is no longer a common faith in any thing; neither in religion politics, nor sociality. A common faith is the secret spring of nations; this spring broken all is disordered; there is but one means of saving the people,—it is to restore to them their credu-

lity." Restore their credulity? Resuscitate popular dogmas which the conscience of the people has rejected? Do over again what time has undone?—This is the language of insanity! It would be an attempt to struggle against nature and the course of things, to march in direct opposition to Providence, and the acts by which its steps are traced. In order to obtain any end, we must proceed by the path into which God conducts events and ideas; the tide of time never rolls back; we may guide ourselves, and rule the world upon its invincible current, but we can neither arrest it, nor alter its onward course.

But is it true that man no longer possesses either light or intelligence—that no common faith still exists in the popular mind—that no inwardly recognized law governs the conscience of human nature? This is an assertion which has been received without being sounded, and is not founded in fact. If the world had no longer either faith or opinions in common, it would not be so much agitated; of nothing, nothing comes, *mens agitat molem*. There is, on the contrary, a strong conviction, a fanatical faith, a confused and indefinite hope, an ardent love, a common but not yet well-digested object, which pushes, presses, moves, attracts, condenses; which makes all the talents, all the consciences, all the moral strength of this epoch gravitate towards a common centre. These revolutions, these shocks, these downfalls of empire, these gigantic and repeated movements of all the members of ancient Europe, with their echoes in America and Asia, this unreflecting and irresistible impulse, which, in despite of individual will, impresses so much agitation and unanimity upon the collected strength of nations; all this is not an effect without a cause; it all has an origin, profound and secret, it is true, but an origin evident to the eye of philosophy. This origin is precisely what you complain of having lost, what you deny to exist in the present state of the world; it is a common idea, a conviction, a social law; it is a truth which having involuntarily entered into all minds, and having even unconsciously to itself taken possession of the popular mind, labors to produce itself in action with the force of a divine truth, that is to say, with invincible power. Universal reason is this faith; speech is its organ; the press is its apostle; it spreads itself over the world with the infallibility and enthusiasm of a new religion; it wishes to remodel, after its own image, religion, civilization, society, legislation; all imperfect, or degenerated by the errors and ignorance of the dark ages they have passed through:—it would impose on religion, for

doctrine, the unity and perfection of the Godhead—for a motto, perpetual morality—for worship, adoration and charity; on politics, human nature as superior to the distinctions of country; on legislation, the equality and fraternity of man; on society, a reciprocal exchange of services and duties regulated and guaranteed by the law—Christianity legalized!

Universal reason wills that it should be so, and it effects it. Will you say then that no common faith, no common object, actuates the men of the present time? Since the infancy of Christianity, the world has never seen the accomplishment of so great a work by such feeble means. The Cross, and the Press, these are the instruments of the two greatest attempts ever made towards civilizing the world.

May 25th.

This evening, in a splendid moonlight spreading over the sea of Marmora, and even to the violet colored lines of the snow-capped Olympus, I seated myself alone beneath the cypresses of the Death Quay. These cypresses, which shade the numberless tombs of the Mussulmans and descend from the heights of Pera to the sea-shore, are intersected with several paths leading from the port of Constantinople to the mosque of the Dancing Dervishes. At that hour no one was traversing these paths, and I might have imagined myself at a hundred leagues distant from any great city, but that the thousand sounds of evening wafted by the breeze played for a moment and were then lost among the trembling branches of the cypress trees. These sounds were the songs of the sailors on board the vessels, the splashing of the oars of the caiques in the water, the wild music of the Bulgarians, the drums in the barracks and arsenals, the voices of women singing within their grated windows to lull their children to rest, and the buzz of the populous streets and bazaars of Galata. From time to time the cry of the muetzlins from the tops of the minarets, or the evening gun fired by the fleet lying at anchor at the entrance of the Bosphorus, were re-echoed by the sonorous mosques and the hills, and then died away in the basin of the Golden Horn, or among the peaceful willows overhanging the fresh waters of Europe. All these various sounds were at intervals blended together in one dead and confused hum;—an harmonious music, in which human sounds, the stifled respiration of a great sleeping city, were mingled with the sounds of nature, the distant roar of the waves, and the murmur of the breeze which bowed down the pointed tops of the cypresses. This

is one of the grandest and most powerful impressions that a poetic imagination can receive : it partakes of man and God, of nature and society, agitation and repose. It is difficult to say whether the mind most participates in the great movement of animated beings whose varied feelings are expressed in the tumult of upraised voices ; or in the nocturnal peace of the elements, which elevates the soul above cities and empires, in the sympathy of nature and God.

The Seraglio, a vast peninsula black with plantain and cypress trees, advanced like a cape of forests between the two seas which lay beneath my eyes. The moon shed her silver light over the numerous kiosks, and the old walls of the palace of Amurath stood out like a rock amidst the dark green of the plantain trees. I had before my eyes and in my mind the scenes in which had been acted many tragic and glorious dramas of ages past. All these dramas now passed in imagination before me, with their actors and their traces of blood or glory.

I saw a horde issue from the Caucasus impelled by that instinct of peregrination with which God has imbued conquering nations, who may be compared to bees sallying from the trunk of a tree to scatter forth new swarms. The tall patriarchal figure of Othman, in the midst of his tents and his flocks, dispersing his people through Asia Minor, successively advancing to Brussa, expiring in the arms of his sons, who had become his lieutenants, seemed to say to Orchan : " I die without regret, since I leave a successor such as you. Go and propagate the divine law, the thought of God, who has come to seek us from Mecca to the Caucasus. Be like that law, charitable and clement : thus do princes draw down upon their subjects the benediction of Heaven ! Do not leave my body in this land, which is to us only as a path, but deposit my mortal remains in Constantinople, in the place which I assign to myself in dying."

Some years later, Orchan, the son of Othman, was encamped at Scutari, on those same hills which now cast their black shadows on the cypress woods. The Greek Emperor Cantacuzene, impelled by necessity, gave him his beautiful daughter, Theodora, to be the fifth wife of his Seraglio. Amidst the sound of music, the young princess crossed that arm of the sea on which I now behold Russian vessels floating ; and the victim vainly sacrificed herself to prolong, for a few days, the existence of the empire. Soon the sons of Orchan approached the shore, with a party of brave followers ; in one night they constructed three

rafts supported by bladders filled with air, and favored by darkness they crossed the strait. The Greek sentinels were sleeping. A young peasant, going to work, at break of day, met the Ottomans, showed them the entrance of a cavern leading to the interior of the castle, and the Turks possessed a fortress in Europe.

In the fourth reign after this, Mahomet II. thus answered the Greek ambassadors:—"I form no enterprise against you; the empire of Constantinople is bounded by its walls."—But Constantinople thus bounded prevented the sultan from sleeping. He sent for his vizier and said:—"I must have Constantinople. I cannot sleep on this pillow. God is willing to give me the Romans." In his brutal impatience, he dashed with his horse into the waves of the sea, and was nearly drowned. On the day of the last assault, he said to his soldiers:—"I reserve to myself only the city; the gold and the women are yours; and I give the government of my largest province to him who shall first ascend the ramparts." That night both land and sea were illumined by numberless fires: the morning which was to consign to the Ottomans their prey seemed to approach tardily.

Meanwhile, beneath the sombre cupola of St. Sophia, the brave and unfortunate Constantine repaired, on the last night of his life, to pray to the God of the empire. At sunrise he mounted his horse, and amidst the cries and lamentations of his family, he departed to die a heroic death in the breach of his capital. This was on the 29th of May, 1453.

Some few hours afterwards, the doors of St. Sophia were shattered by the axes of the assailants. Old men, women, young girls, monks, and nuns had thronged to the sacred edifice, whose porch, galleries, vaults, domes, and platforms were sufficient to contain the population of the whole city. A last cry was raised to heaven, like the voice of expiring Christianity. In a few moments, sixty thousand old men, women, and children, without distinction of rank, age, or sex, were bound two by two; the men with cords; and the women with their veils or girdles. These slaves were driven on board the vessels, carried to the Ottoman camp, insulted, exchanged, and sold, like cattle. Never were such lamentations heard on the two shores of Europe and Asia: wives were separated for ever from their husbands, and children from their parents. The Turks drove by different roads their living booty from Constantinople to the interior of Asia. The city was sacked for the space of eight hours, and then Mahomet II.

entered by the St. Roman gate, attended by his viziers, his pachas, and his guards. He alighted at the portico of St. Sophia, and struck with his yatagan a soldier who was breaking the altar. He desired that nothing should be destroyed. He transformed the church into a mosque; and a muetzlin mounted for the first time that tower, whence I now hear him summon the Mussulmans to prayer, and to glorify, under another form, the same God who was worshiped there the day before. From thence Mahomet II. proceeded to the palace deserted by the Greek emperors, and as he entered he repeated this Persian verse:—

“The spider weaves her web in the palace of the emperors, and the owl sings her night-song on the towers of Erasiab.”

That day the body of Constantine was found beneath the heaps of dead. Some Janissaries had heard a Greek, magnificently attired, and struggling in the agonies of death, exclaim: “Is there no Christian who will end my life?” They severed his head from his body. Two eagles embroidered in gold on his boots, and the tears of a few faithful Greeks, left no doubt that the unknown soldier was the brave and unfortunate Constantine. His head was publicly exposed, to prevent his vanquished countrymen from cherishing any doubt of his death, or any hope of seeing him re-appear. He was then interred, with the honors due to sovereignty, heroism, and death.

Mahomet did not abuse his victory. The religious toleration of the Turks displayed itself in his first acts. He suffered the Christians to retain their churches and to enjoy the freedom of public worship. He maintained the Greek Patriarch in his functions. Seated on his throne, he himself restored the crosier and the pastoral staff to the monk Gennadius, and presented him with a horse richly caparisoned. The fugitive Greeks took refuge in Italy, and carried thither their taste for theological discussion, philosophy, and literature. The torch which had been extinguished at Constantinople was rekindled in Florence and Rome. During thirty years of a reign which was one uninterrupted succession of conquests, Mahomet II. added two hundred towns and twelve kingdoms to the empire. He died in the midst of his triumphs, and received the surname of Mahomet the Great. The personal appearance of this prince is thus described:—the complexion of a Tartar, a smooth countenance, sunken eyes, with a profound and penetrating expression. He was always ready to exercise all the virtues and all the crimes which policy suggested.

Bajazet I., the Louis XI. of the Ottomans, cast his sons into the sea, and he himself, driven from the throne by Selim, fled with his wives and his treasures, and at length died of poison prepared by one of his sons. Selim, when asked where his tents were to be pitched, ordered that the vizier who asked the question should be strangled. The vizier's successor asked the same question and experienced the same fate. A third, without making any inquiry, pitched the tents towards the four cardinal points, and when Selim asked where his camp was, the vizier replied: "Every where; your soldiers will follow you to whatsoever side you may turn your arms." "Good," said the awful Sultan; "this is the way I like to be served." Selim conquered Egypt, and having mounted a magnificent throne, erected on the banks of the Nile, he ordered the whole race of the oppressors of that fine country to be conducted to his presence. Twenty thousand Mamelukes were then massacred before his eyes, and their bodies were cast into the river. This barbarity was dictated, not by any cruelty of disposition, but by that idea of fatality which makes a man place faith in his mission, and to fulfill the will of God, of whom he thinks himself the instrument, regards the world as his conquest, and mankind as dust beneath his feet. That same hand, which was thus stained with the blood of so many thousand men, wrote poetry full of resignation, mildness, and philosophy. A piece of white marble is still preserved, on which he wrote these sentences: "Every thing comes from God. What we pray for, he gives or withholds from us as he pleases. If any earthly being could do any thing of himself, he would be equal to God." Lower down are these words: "Selim, the servant of the poor, composed and wrote these verses." He conquered Persia, and died while directing his vizier to make pious restitutions to those Persian families who had been ruined by the war. His tomb stands next to that of Mahomet II. with this arrogant epitaph: "On this day Sultan Selim passed to the eternal kingdom, leaving the empire of the world to Soliman."

I perceive from hence, glittering among the domes of the mosques, the resplendent cupola of the mosque of Soliman, one of the most magnificent in Constantinople. This mosque recalls a touching testimonial of the grief of Soliman for the death of his eldest son Mahomet, whose mother was the celebrated Roxelana. To honor the memory of his son, the prince released a number of slaves of both sexes, and thus associated their sympathy with his grief.

Soon after, the environs of this same mosque became the scene of a terrible drama. Soliman, being excited by Roxelana against Mustapha, one of his sons by another wife, sent for the Mufti, and thus addressed him: "What punishment does Zair merit? He is the slave of a merchant in this city, who, going on a journey, confided to him the care of his wife, his children, and his treasures. Zair deranged the affairs of his master, attempted to seduce his wife, and laid snares for his children. What punishment then does the slave Zair deserve?" "The slave Zair deserves death," wrote the Mufti. "God is greatest!"

Armed with his answer, Soliman summoned Mustapha to his camp. He arrived, accompanied by Zeangir, a son of Roxelana, who, however, far from sharing his mother's hatred of Mustapha, cherished the tenderest affection for his brother. On presenting himself before Soliman's tent, Mustapha was disarmed. He advanced alone within the first line, where solitude and silence prevailed. Four mutes rushed upon the young prince, and endeavored to strangle him. He overthrew them, and was ready to escape and to call to his aid the troops, by whom he was adored, when Soliman himself, who was on the watch, raised the curtain of his tent and darted on the mutes a look of fury. The mutes then recovered themselves, rose, and succeeded in strangling the prince. His body was exposed on a carpet before the Sultan's tent. Zeangir died of despair on his brother's body, and the troops beheld with horror the implacable vengeance of a woman, to whose will the unfortunate Soliman was perfectly enslaved. Mustapha had a son ten years of age, and Roxelana prevailed on the Sultan to grant an order for his death. A secret envoy was despatched to elude the vigilance of the mother of the child. A pretence was devised for conveying him to a country-house at a little distance from Brussa. The young Sultan, on horseback, preceded the litter of the princess his mother. The litter broke down, and the prince set off to continue his journey, attended only by the eunuch who was to execute the secret order for his death. He had no sooner reached the house, than the eunuch stopped him on the threshold of the door, and presented to him the bowstring, saying: "The Sultan commands that you shall instantly die!" "This order," answered the boy, "is to me as sacred as the mandate of God," and he presented his head to the executioner. When the mother arrived, she found the palpitating body of her son lying at the threshold of the door. Soliman's blind passion for Roxelana filled the seraglio with more crimes than were ever witnessed in the palace of Argos.

The Seven Towers remind me of the death of the first sultan, who was immolated by the Janissaries. Othman was allured by them into the castle, and perished two days afterwards by the hand of the vizier Daoud. Shortly after the vizier himself was conducted to the Seven Towers. His turban was torn off his head, he was made to drink at the same fountain where the unfortunate Othman had slaked his thirst, and he was strangled in the same chamber in which he had strangled his master. An aga of the Janissaries, one of whose men had struck Othman, was broken ; and until the time of the abolition of the corps, whenever an officer called the sixty-fifth aga, another officer made the following answer :

“ May the voice of that aga perish !—may the voice of that aga be annihilated for ever ! ”

The Janissaries, repenting of the murder of Othman, deposed Mustapha, and bringing from the seraglio a young prince of twelve years of age, they gave him the empire. Arrayed in a robe of cloth of gold, with the imperial turban on his head, and seated on a portable throne, the young emperor was carried on the shoulders of four Janissary officers, and paraded through the city in the midst of his people. This was Amurath IV., who was well worthy of the throne to which rebellion and repentance had prematurely raised him.

Here ended the glorious days of the Ottoman empire. The law of Soliman, which ordained that the children of the sultans should be kept captives in the seraglio, among the eunuchs and women, enervated the blood of Othman, and left the empire a prey to the intrigues of the eunuchs and the revolts of the Janissaries. At intervals a few bright characters have appeared ; but they have been powerless, because they were early habituated to check the free exercise of their wills. Whatever may be said in Europe, it is certain that the empire is dead, and that even a hero could only restore it to a semblance of life.

The Seraglio, abandoned by Mahmoud, is now nothing but a brilliant tomb. How deeply interesting would its history be, if the walls had tongues to tell it !

One of the most amiable characters in the mysterious drama is the unfortunate Selim. He was deposed and imprisoned in the seraglio, because he would not shed the blood of his nephews, and he became the tutor of the present sultan, Mahmoud. Selim was a philosopher and a poet. The tutor had been a sovereign, and the pupil was destined to become one. One day, during the cap-

tivity of the two princes, Mahmoud, irritated at the negligence of a slave, smote him in the face. "Ah, Mahmoud," said Selim, "when you shall have passed through the furnace of the world, you will not lose your temper thus. When you have suffered as I have, you will know how to compassionate the sufferings of others—even those of a slave."

Selim's fate was unfortunate to the last. Mustapha Baraictar, one of his faithful pachas, armed in support of his cause, arrived at Constantinople, and presented himself at the Seraglio gates. Sultan Mustapha was at that moment voluptuously reposing in one of his kiosks, on the Bosphorus. The Bostangis defended the gates: Mustapha repaired to the Seraglio, and whilst Baraictar was forcing the gates with his artillery, and demanding the liberation of his master Selim, the hapless prince was pierced by the poniards of the Kisklar-Aga and his eunuchs. Sultan Mustapha ordered that his body should be thrown out to Baraictar; and the latter fell prostrate on the corse of Selim, and covered it with kisses and tears. A search was made for Mahmoud, who was concealed in the Seraglio: it was feared that Mustapha had shed in him the last drop of the blood of Othman. At length he was discovered, hid in some rolls of carpet, in an obscure corner of the Seraglio. He thought his pursuers intended to kill him; but they placed him on the throne, and Baraictar prostrated himself before him. The partisans of Mustapha were exposed on the walls, and his women were sewed up in leathern sacks, and cast into the sea. In the course of a few days Constantinople was a field of battle. The Janissaries revolted against Baraictar, and demanded the restoration of Mustapha, whose life Mahmoud had mercifully spared. The Seraglio was besieged; one half of Stamboul was devoured by flames. The friends of Mahmoud strongly urged him to sacrifice his father Mustapha. The sentence of death expired on his lips; he covered his head with a shawl, and threw himself on a sofa: his silence was interpreted as assent, and Mustapha was strangled. Mahmoud, now the last and only descendant of Othman, became an inviolable and sacred being to all parties. Baraictar perished in the flames whilst fighting near the Seraglio, and the reign of Mahmoud commenced.

The square of the Atmeidan, which, from the point where I now stand, is marked in black behind the white walls of the Seraglio, was the scene of a great event in the reign of Mahmoud,—the extinction of the race of the Janissaries. This measure, the

only one that could revive the empire, has nevertheless produced one of the most sanguinary and horrible scenes that the annals of history recalls. It is still recorded in monumental characters in the ruins of the Atmeidan, and in traces of bullets and fire. Mahmoud prepared it like a skillful politician, and executed it like a hero. The last revolt was brought about by a mere accident.

An Egyptian officer struck a Turkish soldier: the Janissaries threw down their mess-pots. The sultan was informed of this, and being prepared for the worst, he had assembled round him his principal counselors in one of his gardens at Beschiktaseb, on the Bosphorus. He repaired to the Seraglio, took the sacred standard of the Prophet, round which the Mufti and the Ulemas rallied, and pronounced the abolition of the Janissaries. The regular troops and faithful Mussulmans flew to arms, and assembled at the voice of the sultan. He himself advanced on horseback at the head of the troops of the Seraglio. The Janissaries, who were collected on the Atmeidan, respected their sovereign, who several times rode through the mutinous assemblage unguarded, but animated by that supernatural courage which a decisive resolution inspires. That day was to be the last of his life, or the first of his emancipation and his power. The Janissaries, deaf to his voice, refused to submit to their agas. They gathered from all points of the capital, to the number of forty thousand. The faithful troops of the sultan, the gunners, and the bostangis, occupied the outlets of the streets adjoining the Hippodrome.

The sultan ordered the fire to commence; the gunners hesitated, when a resolute officer, named Kara-Djcheunem, advanced to one of the cannons, snapped his pistol into the touch-hole, and the first files of the Janissaries were leveled with the dust. The firing was now directed upon every part of the square. The barracks were soon in flames, and thousands of persons confined in that narrow space were either killed by the fire, or buried beneath the fragments of the fallen walls. The work of slaughter commenced, and ended only with the last of the Janissaries. A hundred and twenty thousand men, in the capital alone, fell a prey to the fury of the people and the sultan. The waters of the Bosphorus drifted their bodies into the sea of Marmora. The remainder, who were banished to Asia Minor, perished on the way, and the empire was delivered. The sultan, now more absolute than any sovereign ever was, found himself surrounded only by willing slaves. He might, at his will, have regenerated the empire; but

it was too late. His genius was not on a level with his courage. The fall of the Ottoman empire is at hand. It resembles the Greek empire. Constantinople awaits new decrees of fate. I discern from hence the Russian fleet, like the floating camp of Mahomet II., daily pressing near and more near to the city and the port; I perceive the bivouac fires of the Calmucks on the hills of Asia;—the Greeks are returning under the name and in the costume of the Russians; and Providence has marked the day when a last assault made by them upon the walls of Constantinople will reduce that splendid city to a mass of flames, smoke, and ruins.

The finest point from which Constantinople can be viewed is just above our place of abode. It is from a belvedere built by M. Turqui on the terraced roof of his house. This belvedere commands the entire group of the hills of Pera, Galata, and the little hillocks which surround the port on the fresh-water side. It is the eagle's flight over Constantinople and the sea. Europe, Asia, the entrance of the Bosphorus, and the sea of Marmora, are all under the eye at once. The city lies at the feet of the spectator. If we were allowed to take a glance at only one point of the earth, this would be the one to choose. Whenever I ascend to the belvedere to enjoy this view, (and I do so several times a day, and invariably every evening), I cannot conceive how, of the many travelers who have visited Constantinople, so few have felt the beauty which it presents to my eye and to my mind. Why has no one described it? Is it because words have neither space, horizon, nor colors, and that painting is the only language of the eye? But painting itself has never portrayed all that is here. The pictures I have seen are merely detached scenes, consisting of dead lines and colors without life: none convey any idea of the innumerable gradations of tints, varying with every change of the atmosphere and every passing hour. The harmonious whole, and the colossal grandeur of these lines;—the movements and intertwinings of the different horizons;—the moving sails scattered over the three seas;—the murmur of the busy population on the shores;—the reports of the cannon on board the vessels;—the flags waving from the mast-heads;—the floating caïques;—the vaporous reflection of domes, mosques, steeples, and minarets in the sea:—all this has never been described. I will try it.

The hills of Galata, Pera, and some others, descending to the sea, are covered with towns of various colors: some have their

houses painted bright red; others black, with numerous blue cupolas relieving the sombre tint. Between the cupolas are perceived patches of verdure formed by the plantains, fig trees, and cypresses of the little gardens adjoining each house. Between the houses there are large spaces: these are cultivated fields and gardens, in which may be discerned groups of Turkish women covered with their black veils, and playing with their children and their slaves beneath the shade of the trees. Flights of turtle-doves and white pigeons float in the air above these gardens and the roofs of the houses; and, like light flowers blown by the breeze, stand out from the background of the picture, which is the blue sea. One may discern the streets, winding, as they descend towards the sea, like ravines: and lower down, the bustle of the bazaars, which are enveloped in a veil of light and transparent smoke. These towns, or these quarters of towns, are separated one from another by promontories of verdure, crowned by wooden palaces and kiosks painted in every color,—or by deep valleys, whence arise the heads of cypress trees, and the pointed and brilliant spires of minarets.

On reaching the sea, the eye wanders over its blue surface amidst a labyrinth of vessels, some sailing and some lying at anchor. The caiques look like water-birds: they float sometimes in groups and sometimes singly, and cross each other in every direction, proceeding from Europe to Asia, or from Pera to the Seraglio point. Some frigates at full sail issuing from the Bosphorus, salute the Seraglio: the smoke rising from their two sides like gray wings, envelopes them for a moment; but their white sails again reappear, and they double the Grand Signor's garden, (seeming almost to touch the cypresses and plane trees,) to enter the sea of Marmora. About thirty or forty frigates, forming the whole fleet of the sultan, are anchored at the entrance of the Bosphorus. They overshadow the water on the land side; only five or six of these ships are distinctly discernible: the hill and the trees partly conceal the rest, whose masts and rigging seem intertwined with the cypresses forming a circular avenue extending up the Bosphorus. Here the mountains on the opposite side, or on the Asiatic shore, form the background of the picture. They are higher and greener than those on the European shore. They are crowned by thick forests. On their acclivities are gardens, kiosks, pavilions, villages, and small mosques curtained round with trees. Their bays are filled with vessels lying at anchor, caiques rowing to and fro, and small sailing barks. The

large town of Scutari extends at the feet of these mountains, on a broad margin shaded by their brows, and encircled by a forest of black cypress trees. A string of caiques and boats, filled with Asiatic soldiers, horses, or Greek cultivators bringing their vegetables to Constantinople, is incessantly moving between Scutari and Galata; and this line is continually broken by another line of large vessels debouching from the sea of Marmora.

Turning again to the European coast, but looking towards the other side of the canal of the Golden Horn, the first object on which the eye rests after glancing across the blue basin of the canal, is the Seraglio point. This is the most majestic, the most varied, the most magnificent, and the most wild prospect that can be conceived. The Seraglio point advances like a promontory, or a flat cape into the three seas, and fronts the coast of Asia. This promontory, commencing at the gate of the Seraglio, on the sea of Marmora, and ending at the grand kiosk of the sultan, opposite the quay of Pera, may measure three quarters of a league in circumference. It is a triangle; its base being the palace, or the Seraglio point itself, projecting into the sea, and its most extended side looking to the inner port or canal of Constantinople. The spot where I now trace this description commands a full view of it. It is a forest of gigantic trees, whose trunks rise like columns, or like inclosing walls, and whose branches overshadow the mosques, the batteries, and the vessels in the sea. These woods of dark and glossy green are interspersed with verdant lawns, parterres of flowers, balustrades and flights of marble steps, gilt or leaden cupolas, minarets as slender as the masts of a ship, large domes of palaces, and the mosques and kiosks which surround those palaces. This prospect closely resembles that presented by the palace of St. Cloud, when viewed from the opposite banks of the Seine, or from the hills of Meudon.

But the spots which I have just described are surrounded on three sides by the sea, and commanded on the fourth by the cupolas of the numerous mosques, and by the ocean of houses and streets which form the real Constantinople, or the city of Stamboul. The mosque of St. Sophia, the St. Peter's of the Eastern Rome, raises its massive gigantic dome above and quite close to the outward walls of the Seraglio. St. Sophia looks like an irregularly formed hill of stones, surmounted by a dome, which glitters in the sun like a sea of lead. At a little distance are the more modern mosques of Achmet, Bajazet, Soliman and Sultania, all of which tower to the clouds, with minarets intersected by

Moorish galleries. Cypresses almost as tall as the minarets are intermingled with them, and their black foliage contrasts with the brilliant glitters of the edifices. On the summit of the flat hill of Stamboul, there are discerned among the walls of the edifices and the stems of the minarets, one or two eminences blackened by fire and bronzed by time. These are some remains of the ancient Byzantium, standing in the square of the Hippodrome or the At-neidan. There likewise may be discerned the vast lines of several palaces of the sultan or his viziers. The divan, whose gate has given the name of Sublime Porte to the Empire, is in this group of edifices. Further up, and clearly defined on the azure background of the sky, stands a splendid mosque which crowns the hill and overlooks the two seas. Its gilt cupola, lighted by the sun, seems to emit rays of fire, and the transparency of its dome, and its walls surmounted by aerial galleries, give it the appearance of a monument made of silver or bluish-colored porcelain.

The horizon in this direction terminates, and the eye descends over two other broad hills thickly covered with mosques, palaces, and painted houses, until it reaches the extremity of the port, where the sea diminishes insensibly in width, and disappears beneath the trees in the Arcadian valley of the fresh waters of Europe. In the canal arise groups of masts, belonging to the vessels moored off the Death Quay in the arsenal, and under the cypress forests which flank Constantinople. The tower of Galata, built by the Genoese, rises like the mast of a ship from an ocean of house-tops, and forms a colossal boundary between Galata and Pera. At last the eye reposes on the tranquil basin of the Bosphorus, uncertain whether to turn towards Europe or Asia.

Such are the prominent points of the picture; but if you add to these the vast framework which encircles it and makes it stand out from its back-ground of sky and sea, viz., the black lines of the Asiatic mountains, the low and vapory horizons of the Gulf of Nicomedia, the summits of the Olympus of Brussa, rising behind the Seraglio, beyond the sea of Marmora, and which appear like white clouds in the firmament:—if you add to this majestic whole, the grace and coloring of the details—if you can picture in imagination the varied effects produced on the sea and the city by the sky, the wind, and the different hours of the day—if fleets of merchant vessels, like flights of sea-birds, detaching themselves from the dark groves of the Seraglio, floating in the middle of the canal, and then slowly sailing down the Bosphorus, forming ever-changing groups; if the rays of the setting sun gild the tops of

the trees and the minarets, and illumine as if with fire the red walls of Scutari and Stamboul;—if a dead calm should lull the sea of Marmora to the stillness of a lake of molten lead, or if a breeze should lightly ruffle the Bosphorus, seeming to spread over its surface the resplendent meshes of a sea-work of silver;—if the smoke of the steamboats rises and winds round the broad trembling sails of the sultan's frigates;—if the guns fired for prayers on board the vessels of the fleet resound in prolonged echoes to the cypresses surrounding the cemetery;—if the various noises from the seven cities, and the thousands of vessels, rise from the shore and the sea, and are wafted by the breeze to the hill whence you are looking down;—if you consider that the sky is always of a pure dark blue—that these seas and these natural ports are ever tranquil and safe—that every house along these shores has a creek in which a vessel may lie in all weathers under the very windows—that large three-deckers are built and launched beneath the plane trees on the shore;—if you recollect that you are in Constantinople, the queen of Europe and Asia, at the precise point where these two quarters of the world meet, as it were, either for friendly greeting, or for combat;—if night should surprise you whilst contemplating this prospect, which can never weary the eye: if the pharos of Galata, the Seraglio, and Scutari, and the lights on the high poops of the vessels are glimmering;—if the stars detach themselves one by one, or in groups, from the azure firmament, and envelope the mountains of the Asiatic coast, the snows of Olympus, the Princes Islands in the sea of Marmora, the level height of the Seraglio, the hills of Stamboul and the three seas, so that the whole scene seems to float in a blue net-work besprinkled with pearls;—if the rising moon suffuses sufficient light to show the great masses of the picture, while it obscures or softens the details;—you have at every hour of the day and night the most delicious spectacle that can charm the sight. It is enchantment of the eye which communicates to the mind;—a dazzling of the sight and soul. This is the spectacle which I have enjoyed every day and every night for the space of a month.

The French ambassador having proposed that I should accompany him in the visit which all the ambassadors on their arrival are privileged to pay to St. Sophia, I arrived at eight o'clock this morning at one of the gates leading to the sea, behind the walls of the Seraglio. One of the principal officers of the sultan met us at the landing-place and conducted us to his house, where

he had ordered a collation to be prepared. The apartments were numerous and elegantly decorated, but without any other furniture than divans and pipes. The divans were placed against the windows, which looked upon the sea of Marmora. The collation was served in the European style, the viands alone being national. These were numerous and choice, but they were all new to us. When we had concluded our repast, the ladies were conducted to visit the wives of the Turkish colonel, who were assembled for that day in a lower apartment, the harem or women's apartment being that in which we had been received. We were furnished with Asiatic slippers, of yellow morocco, to enter the mosque; otherwise we should have been obliged to take off our boots and walk barefooted. We entered the court-yard of the mosque surrounded by a number of guards, who kept back the crowd which had assembled to see us. The Osmanlis looked gloomy and discontented; for the zealous Mussulmans regard the admission of Christians as a profanation of their sanctuaries. As soon as we entered, the gate of the mosque was closed.

St. Sophia, which was built by Constantine, is one of the largest edifices ever raised for the purpose of Christian worship; but it is evident, from the barbarous style of art which pervades the mass of stone, that it is the production of a vitiated and declining age. It is a confused memorial of a taste which no longer exists—the imperfect production of an art in its infancy. The temple is encompassed by a spacious peristyle, covered and closed like that of St. Peter's at Rome. Columns of granite, of prodigious height, but imbedded in the walls, separate this vestibule from the court in front of the porch. A large gate opens into the interior. The walls of the church are decorated on each side by superb columns of porphyry, Egyptian granite, and rare kinds of marble. But these columns, which are of disproportionate size, and of various orders, are evidently fragments taken from other temples, and are placed here without regard to symmetry or taste, as savages might support a rude hut with the mutilated remains of a palace. Gigantic pillars, of coarse workmanship, support an elevated dome like that of St. Peter's, and the effect of which is certainly not less majestic. This dome, which was anciently ornamented with mosaic work, forming pictures on the ceiling, was plastered over when Mahomet II. took possession of St. Sophia and converted it into a mosque. Some portions of the plaster have fallen off, and here and there allow the ancient Christian decoration to re-appear. Circular galleries are carried up all around

the building, as high as the very top of the dome. Viewed from the upper galleries, the aspect of the edifice is beautiful. Vast, sombre, without ornament, with its broken arches and its dirty columns, it resembles the interior of a colossal tomb, the reliques of which have been dispersed. It inspires awe, silence, and meditation on the instability of the works of man, who raises structures for principles which he conceives to be eternal, and which succeeding principles demolish or appropriate. In its present state, St. Sophia resembles an immense caravansary of God. Here are the columns of the temple of Ephesus, and the figures of the Apostles, encircled with gilded glories, looking down upon the hanging lamps of the Imam.

Leaving St. Sophia, we proceeded to the seven principal mosques of Constantinople. We found them less spacious, but far more beautiful. Mahometanism has its own peculiar art of building,—an art exactly conformable to the luminous simplicity of its faith. This is exemplified in the chaste, regular, and splendid temples, without recesses for mysteries, and without altars for victims. The seven mosques are alike in grandeur and nearly in color. They have spacious courts in front, surrounded by cloisters, containing the schools and the apartments of the Imams. The courts are shaded by superb trees, while numerous fountains diffuse their murmurs and their delicious freshness around. Minarets of exquisite workmanship rise from their domes like the four cardinal points at the four angles of the mosque. Small circular galleries, with curved stone parapets in elaborate open-work like lace, surround at different heights the light spire of the minarets. To these, at various periods of the day, the Muezzim ascends to proclaim the hour, and to summon the people to, what is ever in the mind of Mahometans, the contemplation of God. A portico, elevated by a few steps, leads to the gate of the temple. The temple is either of a round or square form, surmounted by a cupola supported by elegant pillars or beautiful fluted columns. A pulpit is placed against one of these pillars. The frieze is composed of verses from the Koran, inscribed in ornamental characters on the walls, which are painted in arabesque ornaments. From pillar to pillar are fixed iron wires, from which are suspended lamps, the eggs of ostriches, and bunches of spices, or flowers; mats of rushes or of rich cloth cover the floor. The effect of the whole is simple and grand. The mosque is not a temple inhabited by a deity; it is a house of prayer and contemplation to which men resort to adore the one and universal God.

What we call worship does not exist in the Mahometan religion. Mahomet preached his faith to barbarian tribes, in the ceremonies of whose worship the Deity was lost sight of. The rites of the Mahometans are simple; an annual festival, together with ablution and prayer at the five divisions of the day, are their only ceremonies. Their only dogma is belief in a creating and rewarding God. They have banished images lest they should work upon the weakness of human imagination, and convert mere memorials into objects of sinful idolatry. There was originally no priesthood,—or, more properly speaking, every one of the faithful was competent to discharge the duties of priesthood. The sacerdotal body was the later work of corruption. Whenever I have entered the mosques, I have invariably found a few Turks prostrate on the carpet, and praying with all the external signs of fervor and complete absorption of mind.

In the court of the mosques of Bajazet, I saw the empty tomb of Constantine. It consists of a vase of porphyry of such prodigious size that it might have held the remains of twenty heroes. This vase is evidently a production of Greek art, some relic of the temple of Diana at Ephesus. Thus do different ages bequeath to each other their temples as well as their tombs, but divested of their contents. Where are now the bones of Constantine? The Turks have enclosed his sepulchre in a kiosk, and will not suffer it to be profaned. The tombs of the sultans and of their families are in the gardens of the mosques they have built: they are under marble kiosks, shaded by trees and perfumed by flowers. A variety of springs murmur around these kiosks, and the Mussulmans regard the memory of the dead with such reverence, that I never passed by one of these tombs without observing fresh nosegays placed at the door or upon the windows of the numerous monuments.

I have just returned from an excursion down and up the Bosphorus, from Constantinople to the mouth of the Black Sea. I wish to sketch for myself some of the traits of this delightful scenery. I could not have believed that sky, earth, sea, and man, could produce such a combination of enchanting prospects; the transparent mirror of the sky or the sea can alone reflect them in their whole expanse. My imagination also embraces them in this extended way; but my memory cannot retain and reproduce them except in little successive details. I therefore traced singly every different point of view as I glided along in my caïque. A painter would require years to depict only one shore of the Bos-

phorus. The landscape changes at every glance, and as it varies presents renewed beauty. What can I say in a few words?

The morning was clear and sunshiny, and at seven o'clock I embarked in one of these long caïques which dash through the waves like fish, I took with me four Arnaut rowers and an interpreter; the latter seated between the rowers and me, told me the names of places and things. We rowed along the quays of Tophana and the artillery barracks. The town of Tophana rises in tiers of painted houses, like bouquets of flowers, grouped round the marble mosque, and is partly lost beneath the shade of the high cypresses of the cemetery of Pera. This curtain of sombre foliage terminates the hills on that side. We glided on between vessels lying at anchor, and innumerable caïques conveying to Constantinople the officers of the Seraglio, the ministers and their kiaias, and the families of the Armenian traders whom the hour of labor summoned to their shops and warehouses. These Armenians are a fine race of men. Their costume is dignified and simple, consisting of a black turban, and a long blue robe, confined round the waist by a white cashmere shawl. Their figures are athletic, and their countenances intelligent but vulgar. Their complexions are fresh, their eyes blue, and their beards fair. They may be called the Swiss of the East. Like the Swiss of Europe, they are laborious, peaceful, and regular; but, like them they are calculating and avaricious. They barter their trading talent for the wages of the Sultan or the Turks. There is nothing heroic or warlike in their nature. Commerce is their deity; they would pursue it under any master. No other class of Christians accord so well with the Turks. They accumulate the wealth which the Turks neglect, and which escapes the grasp of the Greeks and the Jews. Every thing here is in their hands; they are the dragomans of all the pachas and viziers. The Armenian females have pure and delicate features; their placid beauty resembles that of the English women or the peasants of Helvetia. The children too are very handsome. The caïques which glide past us are filled with these Armenians. On the prow of their boats are baskets of flowers, which they have brought from their country-houses.

We now begin to turn the point of Tophana, and are getting under the shadow of the large vessels belonging to the Ottoman fleet, which is riding at anchor off the European coast. These huge masses sleep here as calmly as on the bosom of a lake. Sailors dressed like the Turkish soldiers, in red or blue, are care-

lessly leaning on the shrouds, whilst others are bathing round the keels. Large shallops, laden with troops, are passing to and fro between the shore and the fleet; and the elegant boats of the Capitan Pacha, each manned with twenty rowers, dart past us like arrows. Admiral Tahir Pacha and his officers are dressed in loose brown coats or pelisses, and on their heads they wear the fez (a large woolen cap), which they draw down over their foreheads, as if ashamed of having abandoned the noble and graceful turban. These men have an air of melancholy and resignation: they are smoking their long pipes with mouthpieces of amber. There are lying here about thirty fine ships of war, seemingly ready to set sail; but there are neither officers nor seamen, and this magnificent fleet is merely an ornament of the Bosphorus. Whilst the sultan views it from his kiosk of Beglierbeg, on the opposite coast of Asia, the two or three frigates of Ibrahim Pacha are in undisturbed possession of the Mediterranean, and the barks of Samos command the Archipelago. At a few yards from these vessels, along the shore of Europe, I pass under the windows of a magnificent palace of the sultan. It looks like the abode of amphibious beings. The waves of the Bosphorus, when agitated by a breeze, touch the windows, and cast their foam into the apartments of the ground-floor. The flights of steps are washed with the water, and through the iron-work of the gates the sea finds its way into the court-yards and gardens. Here are basins for the caïques, and baths for the sultanas, who may almost plunge into it, screened by the curtains of their saloons. Behind these maritime court-yards, gardens planted with shrubs and flowers rise in successive rows, ornamented with terraces and gilt kiosks. These flowery parterres are lost in the thick woods of oak, laurel, and plantain trees, which cover the declivities, and rise to the very summit of the eminence. The sultan's apartments are now open, and I can see through the the windows the rich gold mouldings of the ceilings, the crystal lustres, the divans, and the silken curtains. The windows of the harem are closed by thick gratings of wood elegantly carved. Having passed this palace, we arrive at an uninterrupted series of palaces, houses, and gardens, belonging to the principal favorites, ministers, or pachas of the grand signior: they all lie on the margin of the sea, as if fondly inhaling its freshness. Their windows are open. Turks are reclining on divans in spacious apartments resplendent with gold and silken draperies: they are smoking, chatting, sipping sherbet, and looking at us as we pass by. These windows open upon terraces,

thickly planted with vines, shrubs, and flowers. Numerous slaves, richly dressed, are seated on the flight of steps leading down to the sea, and caïques manned with rowers are waiting in readiness to receive the masters of these lovely dwellings. In all these houses the harem forms a wing, separated by gardens or courtyards from the apartments of the men. The harem windows are grated. I only see now and then the head of a pretty child thrust through the openings, among the vines and creeping flowers, to look at the sea, or the white arm of a woman opening or closing a window-blind. These palaces and houses are all built of wood, but very richly worked: they have projecting roofs, galleries, and balustrades without number, and are all shaded by large trees, creeping plants, and groves of jasmine and roses. All are washed by the waves of the Bosphorus, and have inner courts into which the sea enters, and where the caïques float. The Bosphorus is so deep in all its parts, that we rowed quite at the margin of the shore to inhale the balmy perfume of the flowers, and to allow our rowers to enjoy the shade of the trees. Large vessels passed as closely as we did, and not unfrequently the yards of a brig became entangled in the branches of a tree, the trellis of a vine, or even the blind of a window, carrying away a fragment of the foliage or the house. These houses are separated one from the other only by clumps of trees planted on some projecting piece of ground, or by angles of rock, covered with ivy and moss, which descend from the hills, and extend to the length of several feet in the water. Here and there a bay of greater width and depth runs in between two hills which are separated by the bed of a torrent or streamlet. A village then extends along the smooth banks of these little gulfs, with its beautiful Moorish fountains, its mosque with cupolas of gold and azure, and its light minaret towering to the tops of the plantain trees. The little houses rise in amphitheatres round these gulfs, with their façades and kiosks painted a thousand colors. Large villas extend along the brows of the hills, flanked by gardens and groves of fir trees, which terminate the horizon. At the foot of each of these villages there is a quay of granite a few feet broad. These quays are planted with sycamores, vines, and jasmines, which hang over into the sea, forming arbors, beneath which the caïques lie for shelter. Trading vessels of every nation anchor in front of the warehouses of the merchants and ship owners, and the merchandise is frequently carried along a plank fixed from the deck of a ship to a window. Numbers of children, and dealers

in fruit and vegetables, are moving along the quays, which are the bazaars of the villages of the Bosphorus. Sailors in the dresses of all nations, and speaking all languages, are grouped amongst the Osinanlis, who are squatted on their carpets near the fountains, or round the trunks of the plantain trees.

None of the villages of Lucerne or Interlaken can afford any idea of the exquisite grace and picturesque effect of these little gulfs of the Bosphorus: I could not avoid stopping to look at them. These little villages are met with every five minutes, along the first half of the European coast,—that is to say, for the space of two or three leagues. They afterwards become less frequent, and the landscape assumes a more wild character, on account of the increasing height of the hills, and the depths of the forests. I here speak only of the European coast. I shall on my return describe the coast of Asia, which is still more beautiful. But to form a correct idea of the whole, it must be borne in mind, that the shore of Asia is but a very little distance from us; that we are frequently equally near both shores, where we keep the middle of the current, in parts where the channel becomes narrow or takes turns; so that similar scenes to those which I am now describing meet my eyes whenever I turn towards Asia.

But to return to the shore along which our caïque is now closely floating. After passing the last of these natural ports above mentioned, there is a spot where the Bosphorus imbeds itself like a broad and rapid river, between two promontories of rock, which descend perpendicularly from the summit of a double range of mountains. The channel takes a turn, and seems there entirely to close. In proportion as we advance, however, we see it unfold, and turn behind the European cape; then widening, it forms a sort of lake, on the banks of which stand the two towns Therapia and Buyukdere. From top to bottom of the two promontories of rock, which are clothed with vegetation, there rise some half-ruined fortifications, white cranied turrets, drawbridges, and towers, built after the manner of the beautiful structures of the middle ages. These are the two famous castles of Europe and Asia, whence Mahomet II. so long maintained the siege of Constantinople, before he succeeded in gaining possession of the city. The castles rise like two white phantoms from the black bosom to the pines and cypresses, and seem to close the entrance to the two seas.

These towers and turrets, looking down upon the ships at full sail,—the long branches of ivy hanging like warriors' cloaks over

the half-ruined walls,—the gray rocks on which the castles stand, and whose angles project from amidst the surrounding verdure,—and the broad shadows which they cast on the water, altogether render this one of the most characteristic points of the Bosphorus. Here it loses its exclusively graceful aspect, and assumes an appearance alternately graceful and sublime. At the foot of these two castles there are Turkish cemeteries, and turbans sculptured in white marble are seen here and there amidst the foliage washed by the waves. What a happy race are the Turks! Their ashes always repose in the spot of their predilection,—beneath the shade of the tree or the shrub which they cherished in life,—on the bank of the current whose murmur has delighted them,—visited by the doves which their hands fed, and embalmed by the perfume of the flowers which they planted. If they possessed no portion of earth during life, they possess it after death: they do not consign the remains of those they have loved to charnel-houses, whence horror repels the worship and the piety of remembrance.

Beyond the castles, the Bosphorus widens, and the mountains of Europe and Asia appear more barren and deserted. The sea-shore is, however, still besprinkled here and there with little white houses and rustic mosques, each of the latter being built on rising ground near a fountain, and under the dome of a plantain tree. The village of Therapia, where the French and English ambassadors reside, is at a little distance from the margin of the shore: the high forests which overhang it, throw their shadows over the terraces and lawns of the two palaces; and some little winding valleys among the rocks form the limits of the two powers. Two English and French frigates, lying at anchor before each of the palaces, await the signal of the ambassadors to convey to the fleets in the Mediterranean messages of war or of peace. Buyukdere, a beautiful town at the extremity of the gulf formed by the Bosphorus, where it turns to lose itself in the Black Sea, extends like a curtain of palaces and villas along the sides of the two sombre mountains. A fine quay separates the gardens and the houses from the sea. The Russian fleet, consisting of five ships of the line, three frigates, and two steamers, is anchored off the terraces of the palace of the Russian embassy, and looks like a town floating on the water. Boats transmitting orders from one ship to another; various small craft conveying water from the fountains, or carrying invalids ashore; the yachts of the young officers sailing past each other with speed of race horses; or the

firing of guns resounding in the deep valleys of Asia, and announcing the entrance of ships from the Black Sea ; a Russian camp pitched on the burning sides of the Giant's Mountains, facing the fleet ; the beautiful plain of Buyukdere on the left, with its group of wonderful plane trees, one of which would shade a whole regiment ; the magnificent forests of the palaces of the Russian and Austrian embassies, which fringe the brows of the hills ; the elegant balconied houses which border the quays, with festoons of flowers overhanging their terraces ; Armenians, with their children, rowing to and fro in their caïques filled with foliage and flowers ; the dark and narrow arm of the Bosphorus, which one just gains a glimpse of, extending towards the misty horizon of the Black Sea ; other chains of mountains, without any trace of villages or houses, towering to the clouds, with their black forests, like redoubtable boundaries between the storms of the ocean of tempests and the magnificent serenity of the seas of Constantinople ; two fortified castles, facing one another, on each shore, crowning with their batteries, their towers, and their cranies, the projecting heights of two gloomy capes ; and, finally, a double line of rocks, bespotted with forests, which are gradually lost in the blue waters of the Black Sea :—such is Buyukdere. Add to this, the perpetual movement of a file of vessels, coming to Constantinople or leaving the canal, according as the wind blows north or south. These vessels are sometimes so numerous, that one day when returning home in my caïque, I counted nearly two hundred in less than an hour. They sail in groups, like birds migrating from one climate to another. If the wind varies, they tack about, standing out alternately under the houses or the trees of Asia or Europe : if a breeze freshens, they anchor in one of the numberless bays, or at the point of one of the little capes of the Bosphorus ; and a moment after, they appear with all their sails set. The scene, animated by these groups of vessels sailing or lying at anchor, and by the various positions which they take the shores, every moment presents a new aspect, and renders the Bosphorus a wonderful kaleidoscope.

On my arrival at Buyukdere, I took possession of the charming house on the quay, which M. Turqui had so hospitably offered to me. We shall pass the summer here.

Same date.

On viewing the coast of the Bosphorus which I have just described, one might readily believe that nature has here created a work which could never be surpassed ; and that there cannot be

found in all the world another landscape superior to the one which now enchants my sight. I have returned this evening to Constantinople, after coasting along the Asiatic shore, which I find a thousand times more beautiful than the European coast. The shore of Asia owes nothing to man ; there nature has done all. No Buyukdere, no 'Therapia, no ambassadors' palaces, no towns of Armenians or Franks are to be seen.' The prospect consists of mountains, separated by defiles ; small verdant valleys formed among the foundations of the rocks, winding rivers, and torrents whitening with their foam the forests which overhang the sides of the rocks, penetrate into the ravines, and descend even to the margins of the numerous gulfs on the coast. The whole landscape presents such variety in form and color, foliage and verdure, as the fancy of no painter could invent. A few detached houses belonging to Turkish sailors or gardeners are sprinkled here and there along the shore, on the platforms of the woody hill, or grouped on the points of the rocks, against which the current breaks into blue waves, in color like the night-sky. The white sails of a few fishing-boats in the creeks are seen now and then gliding between the plantain trees. Innumerable flocks of white birds perch on the margin of the meadows, and eagles from the summits of the mountains hover over the sea. Some of the little bays or creeks are completely closed up by rocks and the trunks of huge trees, whose boughs, covered with black foliage, overhang the waves, and amidst which the caiques lie hid as it were in cradles. In the shade of these bays are discerned one or two villages, with gardens behind the houses on verdant declivities, and with groups of trees at the foot of the rocks. The villagers have their barks rocking on the waves before their doors, and their dovecots are on the roofs of their houses. The women and children are at the windows, while the old men sit under the plantain trees at the foot of the minaret.

The laborers are seen quitting the fields to return to their caiques, or are engaged in loading their barks with green fagots—with myrtle and broom still in flower, which they dry and burn in the winter. This mass of floating verdure, hanging over the sides of the boats even into the water, completely conceals both the bark and the rower, and looks like a portion of the shore loosened by the current, and borne along by the sea, with its foliage still green, and with its flowers still redolent of perfume.

Such is the aspect of the Asiatic coast as far as the castle of Mahomet II., which seems to close the Bosphorus, giving it the

appearance of a Swiss lake. Here the character of the coast begins to change. The summits of the hills are less sharp, and they descend less precipitately into the small valleys. Asiatic villages, richer and more numerous, arise. The fresh streams of Asia, and lovely plains shaded by trees, and studded with kiosks and Moorish fountains, open to the view. Numbers of Constantinople carriages, which are a sort of gilt wooden cages, placed upon four wheels and drawn by a couple of oxen, are dispersed over the greensward. From these the veiled Turkish females may be seen to alight, and seat themselves at the foot of a tree, or on the ground near the water: at some distance from them the men are sitting in groups, drinking coffee, or smoking their pipes. The various-colored clothes of the men and the children, joined to the monotonous brown tint of the women's veils, forms a most singular and beautiful mosaic scene. Oxen and buffaloes graze in the meadows. Arabian horses, covered with caparisons of velvet, silk, and gold, are prancing near the caiques, which row in crowds to the shore, filled with Armenian and Jewish women. The latter, after landing, sit down unveiled on the grass by the side of some of the streams, forming a long chain of women and girls in different costumes and attitudes. Some of them possess the most exquisite beauty, which their variety of dress serves to heighten. I have often seen here many Turkish women of the harems unveiled. They are almost universally of small stature and pale complexion, with a mournful expression in the eye, and a feeble and sickly appearance. In general, the climate of Constantinople, in spite of all its apparent salubrity, is unhealthy. The women, at all events, are very far from deserving their reputation for beauty. The Jewish and Armenian females were the only ones whom I thought handsome; and yet how far were these inferior in beauty to the Jewesses and the Armenian women of Arabia, and how little they possessed of the indescribable charms which characterize the Greek women of Syria and Asia Minor.

A little further on, close to the waves of the Bosphorus, rises the magnificent new palace, at present inhabited by the grand signior. Beglierbeg is an edifice in the Italian taste but bearing the impression of Indian and Moorish recollections: it is an immense building, with wings inclosing gardens. Behind are large plots of ground, full of roses and watered by fountains. A narrow quay, formed of granite, separates the windows from the sea. As I slowly passed this palace, the abode of so much misery and

terrors, I perceived the grand signior sitting on a divan in one of the kiosks at the water-side. Achmet Pacha, one of his young favorites, was standing near him. The sultan, attracted by the appearance of our European costume, directed Achmet Pacha's attention to us with his finger, and seemed to be inquiring who we were. I saluted the master of Asia after the Oriental manner, and he graciously returned my salutation. All the blinds of the palace were open, and the rich decorations of this magnificent habitation were seen glittering within. The wing inhabited by the women, or the harem, was closed. This part of the building is immense, and the number of women it contains is not known. Two caïques, completely covered with gilding, and furnished with twenty-four rowers each, were lying afloat at the palace gate. These caïques would not disgrace the most exquisite European taste as to elegance of form, while, at the same time, they display the utmost degree of Eastern magnificence. The prow of one of them, which projected at least twenty-five feet, was surrounded by the figure of a golden swan with extended wings, which seemed to bear the vessel over the waves. A silk awning, drawn over golden pillars, covered the poop, and rich cashmere shawls formed the sultan's seat. The prow of the other caïque was a feathered arrow of gold, as if just darting from its bow and flying across the sea. When out of sight of the sultan, I lingered for a considerable time to admire the palace and the gardens. All bear marks of the most perfect taste. I know of no royal residence in Europe which presents such a magnificent and fairy-like effect. The whole seems as pure and resplendent as if it had just received its finishing touch from the hand of the artist. The roofs of the palace are masked by gilt balustrades; and the chimneys, which disfigure most of our public edifices in Europe, here consisted of fluted gilt columns, whose elegant capitals conferred an additional ornament on the edifice.

I admire Mahmoud, the prince who passed his boyhood in the gloomy prisons of the Seraglio, with the terrors of death daily before his eyes;—who was tutored by the wise and unfortunate Selim, and raised to the throne by the death of his brother;—who silently meditated for fifteen years the emancipation of the empire, the restoration of Islamism, and the destruction of the Janisaries. He executed this project with the heroism and calmness of fatality, continually braving his subjects to regenerate them. He has shown himself brave and dauntless in peril, and mild and

merciful when he could consult the feelings of his heart. Mahmoud has not been adequately supported by those about him ; and he has wanted instruments to execute the good he contemplated. He has been disavowed by his people ; betrayed by his pachas ; ruined by his neighbors ; abandoned by fortune—without whose aid man can do nothing—himself assisting in the overthrow of his throne and his power ;—and, finally, wasting in the voluptuous pleasures of the Bosphorus his remnant of existence and his shadow of sovereignty. The sultan is a man of good and upright intention, but of insufficient genius and too feeble resolution. Like the last of the Greek emperors, whose place he fills and whose destiny he seems to represent, he is worthy of other subjects and a better age, and is capable of dying a hero. History presents no event comparable to the destruction of the Janissaries. I know of no other revolution so ably planned or so heroically accomplished. Mahmoud will engross that page of history ; but why is it the only one ? The greatest difficulty was surmounted—the tyrants were overthrown, and it required only resolution and perseverance to reanimate and civilize the empire. Mahmoud stopped short in his task. Was it because genius is more rare than heroism ?

From the palace of Beglierbeg, the coast of Asia again becomes woody and solitary, till you reach Scutari, which blooms like a garden of roses, on the extremity of a cape at the entrance of the sea of Marmora. Opposite appears the verdant point of the Seraglio ; and between the coast of Europe, crowned with its three painted cities, and the coast of Asia, glittering with cupolas and minarets, opens the vast port of Constantinople, where the vessels, riding at anchor along the two shores, leave a broad avenue for the caiques. I now glide through this labyrinth of vessels, as the Venetian gondolas float under the shadow of the palaces, and I land at the Death Quay, beneath an alley of cypresses.

May 20.

This morning I was taken by a young gentleman of Constantinople to the slave-market.

After traversing the long streets of Stamboul parallel with the walls of the old Seraglio, and passing several splendid bazaars crowded with merchants and purchasers, we ascended by a few narrow streets into a dirty square, on which opened the gate of another bazaar. We were indebted to the Turkish costume, in which we were dressed, and to the perfection in which my guide

spoke the language, for our admittance to this market of human flesh. How many ages elapsed, and how many appeals were made to the reason of man, before he ceased to regard power as a right, and could be convinced that slavery is a crime and a blasphemy! What an advancement of intelligence! and how much does it promise! How many things there are which we regard with indifference, but which may appear enormous crimes in the eyes of our descendants! These were the reflections which occurred to my mind as we entered the bazaar, where the life, the soul, the body, and the liberty of human beings is sold as we sell oxen or horses, and where a man considers himself the lawful possessor of what he thus purchases! Yet there are many lawful possessions of the same kind, of which we take no account! And after all, they are lawful; for we must not expect of man more than he knows. His convictions are his truths; he has no others. God alone possesses them, and he distributes them to us in proportion to our progressive intelligence.

The slave-market is a vast uncovered court, surrounded by a roofed portico or piazza. Under this portico, which on the side of the court has a wall about waist-high, there are doors opening into the chambers in which the merchants keep their slaves. These doors are thrown open, to enable the purchasers, as they walk about, to see the slaves. The men and women are kept in separate chambers; and the women are unveiled. Besides the slaves in these lower chambers, a great number are grouped in a gallery under the portico, and in the court itself. We commenced our examination. The most remarkable group consisted of some Abyssinian girls, about twelve or fifteen in number. They were seated close together in a circle, and their faces were all turned to the spectators. Most of them were remarkably beautiful. They had almond-shaped eyes, aquiline noses, thin lips, a delicate oval contour of face, and long hair as dark and glossy as the raven's wing. The pensive, melancholy, and languishing expression of their countenances, renders the Abyssinian females, in spite of their copper-colored complexions, extremely lovely and interesting. They are tall and slender as the palm trees of their country, and their arms are remarkable for beauty of form and grace of motion. The girls whom I saw in the slave-bazaar had no clothing but a long robe of coarse yellow cloth. On their ankles they wore bracelets of blue glass beads. They were seated motionless, with their heads resting on the palms of their hands, or on their knees. When thus gazed at, their meek and

melancholy eyes were like those of the goat or the lamb whom the peasants lead with strings round their necks to be sold at our village fairs. Sometimes they whispered one to another and smiled. One of them, who held a little child in her arms, was weeping because the merchant wanted to sell it separately to a dealer in children. Not far from this group, there were seven or eight little negro children, from eight to ten years of age. They were tolerably well dressed, and appeared very healthy. They were amusing themselves at an Oriental game, which is played with small pebbles, arranged in various ways in holes dug in the sand. Meanwhile the merchants and buyers took first one and then another by the arm, examined them narrowly from head to foot, patted them, made them show their teeth, that they might judge of their age and state of health : and the children, when released, eagerly joined their playmates and renewed the game. I next went under the covered porticoes, which were crowded with slaves and purchasers. The Turks engaged in this traffic were walking about among the groups superbly dressed in furred pelisses and with long pipes in their hands, looking anxious and preoccupied, and casting a jealous glance at every stranger who peeped into the rooms in which they kept their human merchandise : but as they supposed us to be Arabs or Egyptians, they did not venture to refuse us admittance to any of the rooms. Itinerant dealers in cakes and dried fruits were walking about the gallery, selling refreshments to the slaves. I slipped a few piastres into the hand of one of them, and directed him to distribute the contents of his basket among the negro children, who eagerly devoured them.

I remarked a poor negress, about eighteen or twenty years of age, remarkably handsome, but with a sullen and melancholy air. She was seated on a bench in the gallery, richly dressed and with her face unveiled. Round her were about a dozen other negresses, dressed in rags, and exposed for sale at very low prices. The negress above mentioned held in her lap a fine little boy of three or four years of age, magnificently dressed ; her child, who was a mulatto, had a handsome and noble countenance, a beautiful mouth, and the finest eyes imaginable. I played with the boy, and gave him some cakes and sweetmeats, which I had purchased at a neighboring shop ; but the mother snatched them from his hands, and threw them on the ground, with an expression of anger and offended pride. She held down her face and wept. I imagined that she was afraid of being sold separately

from her child, and I requested M. Morlach, my obliging guide, to purchase her together with the child for me. I would have brought up the interesting boy without separating him from his mother. We addressed ourselves to a broker with whom M. Morlach was acquainted. The broker spoke to the owner of the slave and her child. He at first seemed inclined to accept our terms. The poor woman wept bitterly, and the boy threw his arms round the mother's neck. But the bargaining was all a pretence on the part of the merchant, and when we agreed to give him the very exorbitant price he set upon the slaves, he took the broker aside, and told him that the negress was not for sale. He stated that she was the slave of a rich Turk who was the father of the boy; that she had evinced too haughty and overbearing a spirit in the harem; and that to correct and humble her, her master had sent her to the bazaar, under pretence of intending to get rid of her, but with secret orders that she should not be sold. This mode of correction is frequently resorted to; and when a Turk is out of humor with his female slaves, his usual threat is that he will send them to the bazaar. We accordingly withdrew.

We looked into a great number of rooms, each containing four or five women, almost all black and ugly, but having the appearance of good health. Most of them appeared indifferent to their situation, and some even solicited purchasers. They talked and laughed together, and occasionally made critical remarks on the men who were bargaining for them. One or two wept, and concealed themselves at the further end of the chamber, and did not without reluctance return to the alcove where they had been seated when we looked in. Several walked away cheerfully with a Turk who had purchased them, taking with them their little bundle tied in a handkerchief, and covering their faces with their white veils. We witnessed two or three acts of genuine humanity, for which even Christian charity might envy the good Mussulmans. Several Turks purchased some old female slaves who had been sent away from the harems of their masters on account of their age and infirmities. We asked them why they had purchased the poor old women. "To please God," replied the broker: and M. Morlach assured me that several Mussulmans were in the practice of sending to the markets to buy poor infirm slaves of both sexes, and support them, for the sake of charity, in their houses.

The last rooms we entered were half closed, and we were at

first refused admittance. There was only one slave in each room, under the guard of a female. These slaves were young and beautiful Circassian girls, newly arrived from their country. They were dressed in white, and with a remarkable degree of elegance. Their fine features were expressive of neither sorrow nor indignation, but disdainful indifference. The beautiful white slaves of Georgia or Circassia have become extremely rare since the Greek females no longer people the seraglios, and since Russia has interdicted the traffic in women. Nevertheless, many Georgian families still devote their daughters to this odious traffic, and cargoes of them are from time to time carried away by contraband dealers. The price of these beautiful creatures varies from twelve to twenty thousand piastres (from three to five thousand francs), whilst black slaves of ordinary beauty do not sell for more than five or six hundred francs, and the most beautiful at a thousand or twelve hundred. In Arabia and in Syria, female slaves may be purchased for five or six hundred piastres (from a hundred and fifty to two hundred francs). One of the Georgian girls whom we saw at the bazaar was of faultless beauty. Her features were delicate and intelligent, her eyes soft and pensive, and her skin dazzlingly white. She was sold before our eyes for the harem of a young pacha of Constantinople. But the females of Georgia and Circassia are in general far from possessing the charms of the Arabian women,—their beauty is touched by the coldness of the North.

We left the bazaar with feelings of disgust at a scene which is renewed every day and every hour in the cities of the East. This is the effect of unchangeable laws! They consecrate the barbarities of past ages, and confer the privilege of antiquity and legitimacy on all crimes. The fanatical worshipers of the past are as culpable and as dangerous as the fanatical anticipaters of the future. The former sacrifice mankind to their ignorance and their recollections, and the latter to their hopes and their precipitation. If men were to act and think just as their ancestors have acted and thought before them, human nature would be merely idolatry and slavery. Reason is the sun of the human mind: it is the infallible and perpetual revelation of Divine laws, as they are applicable to society. We must follow it, under pain of remaining in misery and darkness; but we must never hurry before it, lest we should fall down precipices. To understand the past without regretting it,—to tolerate the present whilst striving to improve it—and to hope for the future whilst preparing for it

—these are the laws of wise men and benevolent institutions. The sin against the Holy Ghost is the conflict of certain men against the improvement of things—the egotistical and stupid effort to draw back the moral and social world which God and Nature are urging forward. Past time is the sepulchre of generations that are gone; we should respect it, but we should not wish to bury ourselves and live in it.

The great bazaars for merchandise of various kinds, and spice-ries in particular, are spacious arched galleries, with footpaths on each side, and shops filled with wares. These wares consist of arms, saddles, and harnesses; jewelry, provisions, morocco boots and shoes, Indian and Persian shawls; various European stuffs; the carpets of Damascus and Caramania; the essences and perfumes of Constantinople; narghilés and pipes of every form and every degree of splendor; carved amber and coral, used by the Orientals in smoking the *toumbach*; tobacco chopped or folded like quires of yellow paper; pastry, under a variety of enticing forms; confectionery, with an endless variety of sweetmeats and preserved fruits; drugs, exhaling perfumes, which pervade all the bazaars; Arabian mantles woven of gold and goat-hair, and women's veils spangled with gold and silver.

The bazaars are filled by a continually renewed crowd, consisting of Turks on foot with pipes in their mouths or in their hands, and followed by slaves; veiled women, accompanied by negresses and beautiful children; pachas on horseback, slowly pacing amidst the silent throng; and Turkish carriages, formed of gilt trellis-work, and driven at a walking pace by coachmen with long white beards. These carriages are filled with women, who from time to time alight to make purchases at the jewelers' shops. Some of the bazaars would be several leagues in length, if they consisted of a single gallery. They are always much crowded, and are the most active vehicles of contagion, for the Jews expose and sell in the bazaars the clothes of persons who have died of the plague. That disease has just broken out at Pera, and five or six people have died of it. We therefore passed, not without some apprehension, through the bazaar. The crowd that thronged it to-day may be decimated to-morrow.

June 18.

We have passed several days in study and reading in our solitude at Buyukdere, with the Bosphorus and the Black Sea beneath our eyes. In the evenings we have had excursions in

caïques to Constantinople, to Bellegrade and its incomparable forest, to the coast of Asia, to the mouth of the Euxine, and to the Valley of Roses, situated behind the mountains of Buyukdere. I go there very often. The delicious valley is watered by a spring, to which the Turks resort, to enjoy the freshness, the odor of the roses, and the song of the bulbul. Five immense trees overhang this fountain; and a sort of coffee-house is held under their foliage. Further on, the valley narrows, and leads to an acclivity of the mountain where two little artificial lakes, fed by the water from a spring, slumber tranquilly under the spreading tops of the plantain trees. The Armenians, with their families, assemble in the evenings on the margins of these lakes, and take their supper. Picturesque groups are seated round the trees, and young girls are dancing together: these are the tranquil and decorous pleasures of the Orientals. They feel and enjoy nature better than we do. Nowhere have trees and springs more sincere admirers. There is a deep sympathy in their minds with the beauties of sea, earth, and sky. When I return in the evenings from Constantinople in my caique, rowing along the European coast on a clear moonlight night, I see for the space of a league, groups of women, young girls, and children, seated on the edge of the granite quay, or on the parapets or the terraces of the gardens:—they pass whole hours in gazing at the sea, the woods, the moon, and inhaling the fresh evening breeze. The inhabitants of our regions know nothing of these natural enjoyments. Their sensations are blunted. They require the excitement of artificial pleasures, and even vices. The few among them by whom nature is still understood and adored are visionaries and poets. They hear the voice of God in his works, and are satisfied with nature, and silent contemplation.

At Buyukdere and at Therapia I have met several persons of my acquaintance amongst the Russians, and the members of the foreign embassies. Count Orloff, M. Boutenieff (the ambassador from Russia to Constantinople, a man of superior acquirements, at once a philosopher and a statesman), and Baron Sturmer, the Austrian internuncio,—all show the most marked attentions. I hear nothing discussed but European politics. This country is now the important point.

The Russians are camped in Asia, and riding at anchor under our windows. Will they retire? I do not doubt but they will. We are never in a hurry to seize a prey which we know cannot escape. Count Orloff read to me yesterday an admirable letter

written to him by the Emperor Nicholas. It was to the following effect:—

“My dear Orloff;—When providence has placed a man at the head of forty millions of his fellow-creatures, he is expected to present to the world a bright example of honor and fidelity to his word,—I am that man. I will be worthy of the mission I have received from God. As soon as the difficulties are smoothed between Ibrahim and the Grand Signior, do not wait another day; bring back my fleet and my army.”

This is noble language,—a situation well understood,—dignified generosity! Constantinople will not fly away, and necessity will bring back the Russians, whom political integrity now removes for a time.

June 20th.

I have become acquainted here with a most agreeable and clever man—one of those men who are superior to their ill fortune, and who contrive to swim into port by aid of the current which threatens to sink them. The person I allude to is M. Calosso, a Piedmontese officer. Like many of his countrymen, he was compromised in the Piedmontese revolution of 1820; like many others, he was proscribed; and without a home, without friends, he sought an asylum in Turkey. He presented himself to the sultan, and offered to organize his cavalry: he became Mahmoud's favorite and military adviser. He has, however, had the good sense to moderate the favor, which might have exposed him to dangerous envy. His mode and cordiality of manner have pleased the pachas of the court and the ministers of the divan. He has made friends every where, and he preserves them by the same merits which enabled him to gain them. The sultan has raised him in rank, without requiring him to abjure his nationality or his religion. Among the Turks he is now Rustem Bey, and among the Christians he is an obliging and amiable Frank. He sought my acquaintance here, and offered to render me any service which his familiarity at the divan and at the Seraglio would enable him to procure for me. He has access every where, and is on terms of intimacy with some of the principal officers of the court. He offered me facilities for seeing places to which no Christian traveler, not even the ambassadors, are ever admitted. I am to make a visit to the Seraglio, to which no Christian since Lady Mary Wortley Montague has been suffered to enter. To-morrow we are to explore together that mysterious

palace, to which M. Calosso is himself a stranger, though he is acquainted with all the sultan's principal officers.

We first went to pay a visit to Namuk Pacha, one of the young favorites of the Grand Signior, who had invited me to breakfast at his barracks at Scutari, and who had lent me his horses when I visited the mountains of Asia. Namuk Pacha had, however, been summoned to do duty that day at the sultan's palace at Beglierbeg on the banks of the Bosphorus. Thither we accordingly proceeded. Thanks to the rank and high favor enjoyed by Rustem Bey, we were permitted to pass the gates, and to examine the grounds surrounding the palace. The sultan was going to visit the little mosque of an European village on the other shore of the Bosphorus, opposite Beglierbeg. His superb caïques were moored along the quay which bordered the palace, and his Arabian horses were standing in the court-yard, held by sais, as the sultan and his suite were to mount them to ride through the gardens. We entered a wing of the palace which was detached from the principal building, and in which were assembled the pachas, the officers on duty, and the staff of the palace. We passed through several spacious apartments, in which we saw a number of officers, civil and military, and slaves. All was bustle and movement, like a ministerial office, or a palace in Europe on a day of ceremony. The interior of this palace was not splendidly furnished; divans and carpets, walls painted in fresco, and crystal lustres, were its only decorations. The Oriental costume, the turban, the pelisse, the loose pantaloons, the girdle, the gold caftan, which the Turks have abandoned for a miserable European dress, ill cut and ridiculously worn, has changed the grave and solemn aspect of the people into a poor parody of the Franks. The diamond star glittering on the breasts of the pachas and viziers, is the only ornament which distinguishes them, and which calls to mind their former magnificence. We were conducted through several crowded apartments into a little room looking to one of the exterior gardens of the Grand Signior's palace. There Namuk Pacha joined us; he sat down with us, ordered pipes and sherbets to be brought in, and introduced us to several young pachas, who, like himself, enjoy the sultan's favor. Some colonels of the Nisam, or regular troops of the guard, came to join us, and took part in our conversation. Namuk Pacha, who had recently returned from his embassy to St. Petersburg, speaks French with elegance and facility. His manners, which have been formed during his residence in Russia, are those of an ele-

gant European diplomatist. He appears to me to be a shrewd and intelligent young man. Kalil Pacha, then Capitan Pacha, who has since married the daughter of the sultan, likewise speaks French very well. Achmet Pacha is another young Osmanli *elegant*, with all the manners of a European. There was, indeed, nothing in this palace to remind one of an Asiatic court, except the black slaves, the eunuchs, the grated windows of the harem, the shady groves and the blue waves of the Bosphorus, on which our eyes fell whenever we directed them towards the gardens. We spoke with discretion, but at the same time with freedom, of the negotiations between Egypt, Europe, and Turkey; and the progress made, and to be made, by the Turks in military tactics, legislation, and the policy of the different powers of Europe. Nothing in our conversation could have denoted that we were discoursing with a people who are termed barbarians, about the affairs of these same barbarians, and that what we said might even have reached the ear of the Grand Signior, the Shadow of Allah.

Our conversation could not have been more unrestrained, or more elegantly kept up, in a drawing-room in London or Vienna. These young men, who were eager for information and improvement, spoke of their situation, and of themselves, in a tone of noble and interesting modesty. The hour of prayer was approaching, and we took leave of our hosts, deferring till another opportunity our request to be presented to the sultan. Namuk Pacha consigned us to the guidance of a colonel of the Imperial Guards, directing him to conduct us into the outer court of the mosque, to which the sultan was about to proceed.

We crossed the Bosphorus, and stationed ourselves on the steps leading to the gate of the little mosque. In the course of a few minutes we heard the guns of the fleet and the fort, which every Friday announce to the capital that the sultan is going to the mosque; and we saw the two imperial caiques leave the shore of Asia, and dart across the Bosphorus like arrows. No luxury of horses and carriages can equal the Oriental splendor of these gilded caiques, whose prows project, like golden eagles, twenty feet in advance of the body of the bark. Twenty-four rowers, whose oars rose and fell simultaneously like the flapping of two vast wings, raised at every stroke a veil of foam round the sides of the caique; and beneath an awning of silk, gold, and feathers, the Grand Signior was seated on a throne of cashmere, with his pachas and admirals at his feet. When the caique reached the

shore, the sultan jumped out lightly, resting his two hands on the shoulders of Achmet and Namuk Pacha. The band of his guard, ranged opposite to where we stood, played a flourish, and he advanced rapidly between two lines of officers and spectators.

Sultan Mahmoud is a man of forty-five years of age, of middle height, and elegant and dignified figure. His eye is blue and mild in its expression, his complexion is dark and ruddy, his mouth handsome and intelligent, and his beard, which is as black and glossy as jet, descends in thick clusters on his bosom. This is the only remnant of the national costume which he preserves: in all other respects, the hat excepted, he might be taken for a European. On the present occasion he wore pantaloons and boots, a brown frock-coat, with a collar ornamented with diamonds, and on his head a small red woolen cap, surmounted by a tassel of precious stones. He walked at an unsteady pace, and looked anxious and disturbed; something appeared to have vexed him. He spoke emphatically and with an air of agitation to the pachas who accompanied him. When he came near us, as he ascended the steps leading to the door of the mosque, he slackened his pace, looked at us graciously, and slightly bowed his head. He then, by a motion, directed Namuk Pacha to take a petition from the hand of a veiled Turkish female, and entered the mosque. He remained in it only twenty minutes, and during that interval the military band played pieces from the operas of Mozart and Rossini. The sultan came from the mosque with a more serene and composed air. He saluted the spectators on his right and left, and having walked slowly down to the water's edge, he jumped smilingly into his boat. In the twinkling of an eye we saw him land on the Asiatic shore, and enter the gardens of Beglierbeg. It is impossible not to be pleased with the countenance of Mahmoud, or to avoid forming wishes for the welfare of a prince whose countenance bespeaks so much manly energy and profound sensibility. But, alas! these wishes are unavailing, when we think of the fate that inevitably awaits him. If he were a truly great man, he would change his destiny, and overcome the fatality that attends him. There is still time for this. As long as a nation retains any remnant of existence, there is in the religion and the nationality of its people a principle of energy and resurrection, which a skillful and powerful genius may regenerate, and lead to a glorious transformation. But Mahmoud's greatness is confined to his courage. He would fight and die intrepidly; but the spring of his resolution relaxes when he is

required to exercise the duties of a sovereign. Whatever may be his fate, history will pity him and honor his memory. He has attempted great things. He saw that his empire must perish, if he did not reform it. He has lopped off the dead branches of the tree, but he cannot infuse sap into that portion of the trunk that still remains standing. Is this his fault? I should say it is. What remained to be accomplished was nothing in comparison to the destruction of the Janissaries. No resistance would have been offered in Turkey; and Europe would have looked on timidly and inertly. A fine opportunity has been suffered to escape. Years have elapsed, and the adventurous Ibrahim has converted to his own advantage the unpopularity of the sultan. Russia has been accepted as a protectress. This odious protection of a natural enemy against a rebellious slave has wounded the pride of Islamism. Mahmoud has now scarcely any resource but his own personal courage. Surrounded as he is by his courtiers and flatterers, an insurrection may hurl him from the throne, and plunge the empire into final anarchy. Turkey depends on the life of Mahmoud. The empire and the sultan will perish on one and the same day; and in the tomb of Mahmoud will be buried two of the finest portions of Europe and Asia!

June the 21st, 1833.

At eleven o'clock we landed at the quay of the Old Seraglio, and entered the streets by which it is surrounded. In the way I visited the Divan of the Porte, a vast palace, in which the grand vizier resides, and in which affairs of state are discussed. There is nothing remarkable about this place, except the recollection of the scenes which have passed in it: but the edifice itself bears no mark of the sanguinary dramas of which it has been the theatre. This building is a large palace of painted wood, with an external staircase, covered by a projecting roof cut into festoons in the Indian or Chinese fashion. The floors of the rooms are covered over with mats, but have a very naked look. From this place we went down to the spot where the awful gate of the Seraglio has so often opened to vomit forth the bleeding heads of viziers and even of sultans. We passed this gate without interruption. The public is admitted into the first court of the Seraglio. This vast court, ornamented by groups of beautiful trees, descends on the left towards the Mint, a magnificent modern building, without the slightest Oriental character. Here we were received by the Armenian directors of the Mint, who

opened in our presence the caskets containing the jewels, arranged under their superintendence for the Seraglio.

One might have fancied that it had rained showers of pearls and diamonds, so great was their profusion. Impoverishing riches, by which an empire is ruined! As soon as a state becomes civilized, these ideal representations of wealth are exchanged for wealth of a real and productive kind,—agriculture and commerce.

I stayed here but a short time: and we next entered the last court of the Seraglio, which is inaccessible to all persons but those who have official employments about the palace, and to the ambassadors on the occasion of their reception. It is bounded by the wings of the palace, by several kiosks each separated from the other, and by the apartments for the eunuchs, the guards, and the slaves. The playing of several fountains renders the air cool and refreshing, while shade is afforded by the spreading foliage of the trees. Having reached the last gate, the soldiers on guard obstinately refused to let us pass. In vain did Rustem Bey make himself known to the officer on duty. In reply to his applications, the latter referred to his instructions, and declared that he should risk his head by allowing me to enter. We consequently turned back; and whilst we were retracing our steps, not a little chagrined, we were accosted by the kesnedar, or grand treasurer, who was returning from the Mint to the interior of the Seraglio, where he has apartments. Being informed by his friend Rustem Bey of the cause of our disappointment, he requested us to follow him; and without any difficulty he introduced us into the court of the icoglans.

This court, which is less spacious than those we first entered, is formed by several small palaces in the form of kiosks, having very low roofs, projecting about seven or eight feet beyond the walls, and supported by small columns or little Moorish pillars of painted wood. The columns, the pillars, the walls, and the roofs, are all of carved wood, and painted various colors. The courts and gardens, consisting of the intervening spaces between the kiosks, are of various sizes, and irregularly planted with trees of every kind. Their branches spread over the buildings and completely envelope the roofs and terraces. The right wing of these edifices consists of kitchens. They are large buildings, with numerous chimneys, and their external walls are blackened by smoke. Some idea of the magnitude of these kitchens may be formed, when it is known that the sultan boards all the persons attached to the court and palace, and that the number of these guests amounts to at least ten thousand per day.

At a little distance in advance of the kitchens stands a pretty little palace, surrounded by a gallery or portico, on a level with the ground. This is the abode of the pages or icoglans of the Seraglio: it is there that the sultan educates the sons of the officers of his court, or young slaves destined to fill situations in the seraglio or in the government offices. This palace, which was formerly the dwelling of the sultans themselves, is decorated both externally and internally with a profusion of carving, sculpture, and gilding, but is nevertheless in good taste. The ceilings are as rich as those of the finest palaces of France or Italy; and the floors are formed of mosaic work. The palace contains several apartments nearly of equal size. On each side of these apartments, there are niches and stalls of carved wood, the workmanship of which is not inferior to the stalls in the choirs of our old cathedrals. Each of these niches is the sleeping-place of an icoglan. At the further end of each, there is an alcove in which he lays his cushions and his carpets, and where his clothes are either hung up, or laid in a box of gilt wood. Above these niches, there is a gallery which is ornamented and decorated, and furnished with as many stalls as the lower apartments. The whole is lighted by cupolas, or small windows in the roof of the edifice. The young icoglans, who had been pupils of Rustem Bey, received him with the most affecting demonstration of attachment. The visit of a father long expected, could not have been more joyfully received—the affection of these youths drew tears from Rustem Bey, and I was, myself, deeply moved at the spontaneous and sincere expression of their feelings. They took my friend by the hand, and kissed the skirts of his coat.

“Rustem Bey! Rustem Bey!” they exclaimed one after the other, and all hastened to meet him, breathless and flushed with joy. He could scarcely free himself from their caresses, and they addressed to him the most affectionate language. “Rustem Bey,” said they to him, “why have you been absent so long? You have been a father to us, and we have been longing to see you. We are indebted to you for all that we know. Allah and the sultan have sent you to make men of us. Before, we were only slaves—sons of slaves. The name of the Osmanlis was a mockery in Europe: henceforth, we will defend it and honor it. But, tell the sultan to send you back to us. We do not study now; we pine in dullness and weariness.”

Five or six of these youths, whose countenances were remarkably open and intelligent, showed us over the building.

They conducted us to their saloon of recreation, It was a kiosk surrounded by gurgling fountains, which fell from the walls into marble basins. There were divans all round it, and a staircase, concealed in the thickness of the walls, led to the offices, where numerous slaves kept pipes, coffee, sherbets, water, and ice, always in readiness for the icoglans. They played at all sorts of games in this saloon, and several of the msat down to chess. They ordered sherbets and ices to be served to us, and reclining on the divans, we conversed with them for a long time respecting their studies, the politics of Europe, and the destiny of the Turkish empire. They shuddered with indignation at their present condition, and prayed for the success of the sultan in his reforming enterprises. I never witnessed greater ardor for the regeneration of a country than that which animated these young men. Young Italians, when conversing on independence and the diffusion of knowledge, do not evince greater enthusiasm: their countenances lighted up when they spoke. The oldest of them might be about twenty or twenty-two, and the youngest about twelve or thirteen. Except at the naval asylum at Greenwich, I never saw finer looking lads than some of these young Turks. They reluctantly suffered us to depart, and they accompanied us wherever they were permitted to go into the surrounding gardens, courts, and kiosks. Several of them shed tears on taking leave of Rustem Bey.

Meanwhile the kesnedar had gone to order the eunuchs and keepers of the gardens and palaces to admit us freely to any place we might wish to enter. At the extremity of the court-yard, a little beyond the palace of the icoglans, a large building intercepted our view and our further advance. This is the habitation of the sultans themselves. Like the kiosks and palaces we had already seen, it was surrounded by a gallery formed of a prolongation of roofs. On this gallery open the numberless doors and windows of the apartments. The palace is all on the ground-floor. We entered the large halls which serve as a vestibule and communicate with the different apartments. This vestibule is a labyrinth composed of the pillars which support the roofs and ceilings, and whence branch off vast circular corridors for the persons in immediate attendance on the sultan. The pillars, ceilings, and walls are all of painted wood carved in Moorish ornaments. The doors of the imperial apartments were open, and we looked into several of them. They all nearly resembled each other in arrangement and decoration. The ceilings were all moulded and gilt, and surmounted by cupolas of wood or marble,

carved in arabesque open work, through which was admitted a soft and veiled light. Broad and low divans were ranged round the walls: no other furniture, no other seats, except carpets, mats, and cushions. The windows, which are about half a foot from the floor, look to the courts, galleries, terraces, and gardens. On the side of the palace facing that at which we entered, there was a terrace or platform built of stone and paved with marble. A beautiful kiosk, in which the sultan receives the foreign ambassadors, is detached from the palace, and is elevated a few feet above this platform. It is like a little Moorish chapel. A divan completely fills it. It is surrounded by circular windows, which command a superb view of Constantinople, the port, the sea of Marmora, and the Bosphorus. Marble fountains form *jets-d'eau* on an open gallery between the kiosk and the palace. It is a delicious promenade. The shrubs and rose trees from the little gardens which cover the low terraces creep up the balustrades, and diffuse their balmy perfume through the kiosk. Some pictures, painted on marble and wood, are hung round the walls. They represent views of Mecca and Medina. I examined them attentively. They are like plans, without perspective. They perfectly accord with what Ali Bey has related of Mecca, of the Kaaba, and the arrangement of the different sacred monuments of the Holy City; and they prove that that traveler really visited the places he has described. What he says of the circular gallery surrounding the area of the different mosques is attested by these paintings. They represent the portico, which resembles that of St. Peter's at Rome.

Having passed along the platform of the palace on the left, we reached, by a narrow balcony supported by high terraces, the harem, or palace of the sultanas. It was closed, and only a small number of Odaliskues remained in it. We did not venture to approach very near to this place, which is interdicted even to the eye. We saw only the grated windows and the delicious balconies with their trellis-work intertwined with flowers, where the women pass their time in looking at the gardens, the city, and the sea. We cast our eyes over a multitude of parterres, surrounded by marble walls, watered by fountains, and planted symmetrically with all sorts of flowers and shrubs. These gardens, which are reached by descending flights of steps, and which communicate one with another, have also elegant kiosks. There the women and children of the harem walk about and enjoy the charms of nature.

We reached the declivity of the hill of the Seraglio, which descends toward the port and the sea of Marmora. We now stood on the most elevated point of this spot, which is unique in the whole world, and whence the eye commands all the hills and all the seas of Constantinople. We stopped a considerable time to enjoy the prospect: it was the same enchantment of the sight as that which I described from the belvidere of Pera. Whilst we were standing on this terrace of the palace, the clock struck the hour of repast, and a number of slaves passed us, bearing on their heads large pewter dishes containing the dinners of the officers, the eunuchs, and the women of the Seraglio. We were present at several of these dinners. They consisted of pilaus, poultry, koubes, (little balls of rice and meat hashed together and roasted in a vine leaf,) little cakes like our wafers, and vases of water. Wherever the slave met his master, there he set down the dinner. Sometimes it was in a corner of one of the rooms of the palace; sometimes on the terrace, under the shade of the roof; sometimes in the gardens, under a tree; and sometimes near a fountain.

The kesnedar came to look for us, and conducted us to the kiosk in which he lived, in front of the treasury of the Seraglio. This treasury, which contains incalculable wealth, accumulated since the creation of the empire, is a large stone building, with a covered portico. The building is very little elevated above the ground: the doors are low, and the apartments like cellars. Large wooden coffers, painted red, are filled with gold and silver coin. A certain quantity is taken every week for the service of the empire. Several of these coffers were standing under the portico. We did not request permission to enter the treasury, but we were assured that independently of the gold and silver specie, the Kesne contains vast quantities of pearls and diamonds. This is very probable, since the sultans have always been accustomed to deposit their jewels in this treasury, and never to remove them, except in the utmost extremities of the state. But after all, the value of these precious stones is merely conventional, and if the Grand Signior wished to sell them, he would diminish their price by the abundance created in the market; consequently, these jewels are by no means so vast a financial resource as they seem to be.

The kesnedar, who was a frank, cheerful, and intelligent man, conducted me to his own apartments, where I saw, for the first time in Turkey, something like the elegance and convenience of

European furniture. The divans were high, and covered with silk cushions, and there were tables and shelves round the room. On these shelves there were papers, books, maps, and a terrestrial globe. Sweetmeats and sherbet were handed to us. We conversed on the state of the arts and sciences in Europe, compared with the state of human knowledge in the Ottoman empire. The kesnedar appeared to me to be as well-informed and as free from prejudices as any European. He earnestly prayed for the success of Mahmoud in his projected reforms; but being old, and having passed his life in confidential employments in the Seraglio under four sultans, he seems to cherish but little hope, and is philosophically resigned to fate: he leads a tranquil and solitary life within the walls of the forsaken Seraglio. He asked me a multitude of questions on various subjects; viz. philosophy, religion, poetry, politics, military tactics, and different systems of government—republican and monarchical. He discussed all these subjects with a degree of judgment and shrewdness which convinced me that he was one of the most able men in the Turkish empire. He placed his globe of the earth before me, and having sent for a celestial globe, he asked me to explain to him the movements of the planets, and the divisions of the earth. He made notes of all I said, and appeared delighted. He begged that I would stay and sup with him, and pass the night at his lodgings. We found it very difficult to decline his urgent invitations; and indeed I could only excuse myself by telling him that my wife and friends, who knew I had come to the Seraglio, would be in a painful state of anxiety if I did not speedily return.

"You are, indeed," said he, "the first Frank who ever entered here, and that is a reason why you should be treated with the more attention. The sultan is great, and Allah is for all!"

He escorted us as far as the inner staircase, leading from the platform of the sultan's palace into the labyrinth of the little gardens of the harem, of which I have already spoken. There he consigned us to the guidance of a chief of the bostangis, who led us from kiosk to kiosk, from parterre to parterre, (the latter all watered with delicious fountains,) till we reached a gate in a high wall, which separates the interior part of the Seraglio from the large surrounding lawns. There we found ourselves beneath some enormous plantains, upwards of a hundred feet high, which spread their branches over the walls, and shade the high balconies of the harem. These trees form a forest, intersected with green lawns. Further on we came to large fruit trees and kitchen gar-

dens, cultivated by negro slaves, who have their huts under the trees. These irregular plantations are watered by little streams.

Not far from the harem stands an old and magnificent palace of Bajazet, now overgrown with ivy, and inhabited only by the birds of night. It is built of stone, in a beautiful style of Arab architecture. It might easily be repaired, and it would of itself be worth the whole Seraglio; but tradition affirms that it is haunted by evil spirits, and accordingly no Osmanli will enter it. As we were now alone, I entered the subterranean arches of this fine ruin: they were almost choked up with rubbish. The walls and staircases which I had time to take a glimpse of, appeared to be specimens of exquisite workmanship.

On again reaching one of the gates in the Seraglio walls, we passed through a forest of plantains, sycamores, and cypresses, the largest I ever saw, and we made the tour of the outer gardens. They brought us to the bank of the sea of Marmora, where there are two or three magnificent palaces inhabited by the sultans during the summer season. The apartments of these palaces look close upon the water, and are unceasingly freshened by the sea-breezes. Further on we came to some little green hills, on which were mosques, kiosks, and fountains, encircled by marble parapets, and shaded by large trees. Here we sat down among the flowers and the fountains: behind us rose the lofty walls of the Seraglio, and before us lay a sloping lawn of green turf, terminating at the sea. Between the sea and ourselves rose a curtain of cypress and plantains, extending along the boundary wall. Through this curtain of foliage, we perceived the waves of the sea of Marmora, the Prince's islands, multitudes of vessels at full sail, whose masts glided from tree to tree, and Scutari tinged with the rays of the setting sun: the gilded summits of the Giant's Mountain, and the snowy tops of the mountains of Phrygia, formed the framework of the enchanting picture.

Thus have I attempted to describe the interior of the Seraglio:—that scene of so much mystery and bloodshed, where the Ottoman empire had its birth, but where it will not die; for since the massacre of the Janissaries, Sultan Mahmoud does not inhabit the Seraglio. He is a man of mild disposition, and that sanguinary event is revolting to his feelings. Perhaps, too, he does not consider himself quite safe amidst the fanatical population of Constantinople, and prefers having one foot in Asia and one on board his fleet, as he may have in any one of his thirty palaces on the banks of the Bosphorus. The general character of the Seraglio

is neither grandeur, convenience, nor splendor; it is merely an assemblage of wooden tents, gilt and ornamented with open-work. It is characterized by the feeling which predominates among the people, viz. the love of nature. The admiration of beautiful prospects, groves, fountains, the expanse of the sea, and the horizon bounded by chains of snow-capped mountains, is the ruling instinct of the nation. In this may be traced the recollections of a pastoral and agricultural people, who love to cherish the remembrance of their origin, and whose tastes are all simple and instinctive. They have raised the palace of their sovereigns, the capital of their imperial city, on the slope of the loveliest hill in the empire, and perhaps in the whole world. The Seraglio has neither the external grandeur, nor the internal luxury of a European palace. Its charms consist in spacious gardens with trees intertwining, free and eternal as in a virgin forest, with fountains murmuring and ring-doves cooing; apartments whose numerous windows are ever open; terraces overlooking the gardens and sea; and grated kiosks where the sultans, seated behind their window-blinds, may at once enjoy solitude and the magic scenery of the Bosphorus. It is the same throughout all Turkey. Sovereign and subjects, rich and poor, have but one want, one feeling, in the choice and arrangement of their dwellings, viz. to charm the eye with a beautiful prospect. If the situation of the house and the poverty of the owner preclude this luxury, then at least there are a tree, a sheep, and a dove-cot in a patch of ground surrounding the hut. Thus every elevated site commanding a fine prospect is occupied by a mosque, a santoon, and a Turkish cabin. There is not a little hill, or a smiling gulf, along either of the shores of the Bosphorus, where a pacha or a vizier has not built a villa and laid out a garden. To sit beneath the shade of a tree, near a refreshing fountain, with a magnificent view of the country or the sea, and to spend hours and days in tranquil, vague contemplation—this is the highest luxury of Mussulman life. It accounts for the peculiar structure and arrangement of the Turkish houses, and it also explains why the people are inactive and silent, until some violent excitement rouses the energy which lies dormant, but not extinct, within them. The Turks are not loquacious like the Arabs. They attach little value to the gratifications of vanity and society; the charms of nature are all they seek. They dream, meditate, and pray. They are a nation of philosophers, deducing every thing from nature, and referring every thing to God. God is incessantly in their thoughts and in their

mouths; and with them the Deity is not a mere vague idea, but a palpable, evident, and practical reality. The virtue of the Turk is perpetual adoration of the divine will; his dogma is fatality. With this faith the world may be conquered; but it may be lost with the same facility, the same indifference.

We left the Seraglio by the gate which opens to the port; and I entered the beautiful kiosk on the quay where the sultan sits to receive the salutations of his fleets, when they depart on any expedition, or return home.

June 22.

Two of my friends have left me, to return to Europe. I am now alone at Buyukdere, with my wife and M. de Capmas.

June 25.

We have spent two days at Belgrade, a village in the midst of the forest of that name, four leagues from Constantinople. The forest, which consists of oak trees, is of immense magnitude, and covers the hills situated between the Bosphorus and the sea of Marmora, at an equal distance from both, and extends without interruption as far as the Balkans. This place is as wild and as graceful as any of the English forests. The Greek village of Belgrade is built in a large valley in the midst of the forest: it is surrounded by Arcadian meadows, and a river flows beneath the shade of the oak trees. Magnificent artificial basins are formed in the hollows between the hills, to collect the waters and supply the fountains of Constantinople. Here I partook of the kind hospitality of MM. Alcon, French bankers, who have been established for two or three generations at Constantinople, and who have a delightful house at Buyukdere, and a hunting villa at Belgrade. In this charming family I found elegance of manners, elevated feeling and cultivation of mind, combined with the winning grace and simplicity of the East. At Constantinople I likewise met with another agreeable introduction in M. Salzani, the brother of my banker at Smyrna, an amiable and intelligent man, who treated us as his countrymen and friends. In general, the Frank society of Constantinople, which consists of officers, of the foreign ambassadors and their suites, the consuls, the families of the dragomans, and the merchants of different European nations, is far above its reputation. Being confined within a limited space, it has the defects of the society of small towns,—a proneness to gossiping and jealousy; but it is likewise distinguished for probity, information, elegance, and the most cordial hospitality

to strangers. The current events of Europe are as well known there as in the circles of Vienna or Paris, and the strongest interest is felt in the political events of the West. I met with men of extended information, and women distinguished for beauty and accomplishments. In the saloons of Pera and Therapia, a stranger might fancy himself in the most elegant drawing-rooms of our great cities in Europe, if he did not cast his eyes on the Bosphorus, or see the Golden Horn at the further end of the gardens, sparkling amongst the shrubs and trees.

29th June, 1833.

We have had an excursion on the fresh waters of Europe. At the bottom of the port of Constantinople, the hills of Eyoub and those of Pera and Galata approximate insensibly, and leave only a narrow arm of the sea between them. On the left extends the suburb of Eyoub, with its mosque, where the sultans, on ascending the throne, gird themselves with the sabre of Mahomet; for the coronation of blood and the consecration of force is the religion of the Mussulman despotism. This pyramidal mosque rises gracefully above the painted houses of the suburb, and the tops of its minarets mingle in the horizon with the high ruinous walls of Constantinople. On the edge of the canal stands a handsome palace belonging to the sultanas: the windows are level with the canal; and the large and tufted tops of the trees in the gardens rise above the roof, and are reflected in the water. Beyond this palace, the sea dwindles into a river, flowing between beautiful greenswards interspersed with slopes, gardens, and woods. Here Bulgarian shepherds are seen playing on their pipes, whilst, seated on the rocks, they tend their herds of goats and horses. At length, the river becomes a mere brook, the banks of which are touched by the oars of the caiques as they glide along, and the branches of superb elms stretching from side to side embarrass the rowers. A vast meadow, shaded by groups of plantains, extends on the right, while the left bank is crowned by green and wooded hills. Further on, in the direction of the stream, the view is lost among irregular avenues of trees, which shadow the brook, and follow all its windings. Thus terminates the beautiful port of Constantinople, and thus also ends the vast and tempestuous Mediterranean. You land at last in a shady creek, at the bottom of a verdure-girdled gulf, on a grassy and flowery bank, far removed from the noise and bustle of the sea and the city. How happy would be the man who should end his life in such a spot as this! I could not wish a happier close to

the lives of my dearest friends, who are now struggling on the busy scene of the world. Here one may enjoy silence after turmoil, repose after agitation. It is a resting-place of shade and solitude, in which to reflect on life past, and to die in peace and friendship with nature and with all mankind. For myself, I have no wish beyond this.

Stepping from the caique, I walked along the banks of the stream until I arrived at a kiosk, which I discerned flickering among the trees. Round the trunk of each tree was assembled a group of Jewish, Turkish, and Armenian women, who, with their beautiful children, were playing upon the grass, and enjoying their repast in the shade. Saddle-horses, superbly caparisoned, and arabas (the carriages used at Constantinople), were scattered here and there over the meadow. In front of, and around, the kiosk were a canal, and different pieces of water, on which swans were swimming. The gardens were small, but indeed the whole meadow may be said to be a garden. Here formerly the reigning sultan used to spend the sultry season. He was attached to this delicious retreat, because it was much liked by a favorite odalisque. After the massacres of the Almeidan, love found a place in the breast of Mahmoud; but the beautiful odalisque died in his retreat, and since then Mahmoud has not resided here. It is said, however, that he sometimes visits the tomb of the fair odalisque, which consecrates the gardens of the deserted palace. My day was passed in the depths of this valley under the shade of the trees. I wrote some verses to V****.

3d July.

I embarked this morning for Constantinople. I reascended the Bosphorus, entered the sea of Marmora, and after rowing for about two hours along the outer walls which separate Stamboul from that sea, I landed at the base of the castle of the Seven Towers. We had with us neither *teskéré* nor guide. The Turkish soldiers with considerable reluctance permitted us to enter the first court of the Castle of Blood, whither the dethroned sultans were dragged to suffer the death doomed by the populace, who were at once judges and executioners. Six or seven heads of decapitated emperors have rolled along the pavement of this court, while millions of meaner heads have been exposed on the battlements of the tower. The warden refused to allow us to proceed further. Whilst he was gone to get instructions from the commandant of the castle, the door of a low vaulted room in the eastern tower opened. I advanced a few steps; a loud roar made

the walls vibrate, and I found myself face to face with a magnificent lion. He was chained up, but he made a spring at a beautiful greyhound which I had with me. The animal escaped, and ran for protection between my legs. The lion then raised himself on his hind legs, but his chain confined him to the wall. I made the best of my way out, and closed the door. The warden, arriving soon after, told me that it would be at the peril of his head if he allowed me to proceed a step further. I retired, and left the boundaries of the city by a gate in the old walls leading into the open country. The walls of Constantinople commence at the castle of the Seven Towers upon the sea of Marmora, and extend as far as the summits of the hills which crown the suburb of Eyoub, near the extremity of the port, at the fresh waters of Europe: thus they inclose all the ancient city of the Greek emperors as well as the Stamboul of the Turkish sultans, on the only side of the triangle which is not defended by the sea. On this side, indeed, Constantinople is solely protected by the insensible acclivity of its hills, which at length merge into a fine cultivated plain. Here was raised that triple line of walls which repelled so many assaults, and behind which the miserable Greek empire was so long thought to be imperishable. These well-built walls are still standing, and, next to the Parthenon and Balbec, are the noblest existing memorials of ruined empires. This morning I walked along the external side of the walls. They consist of stone terraces from fifty to sixty feet in height, and occasionally from fifteen to twenty feet thick, covered with freestone of a grayish-white color, but sometimes of pure white, and seeming fresh from the chisel of the mason. At the foot of the walls are the ancient fosses, filled with rubbish and luxuriant loam, in which trees and pellitories have taken root ages ago, and now form an impenetrable glaciis. It is in fact a green wood, thirty or forty feet long, peopled by birds and reptiles. In many parts this wood conceals the walls and the square towers by which it is flanked, leaving nothing visible but the battlements. In other parts, the wall is seen in its full height, and then it reflects the rays of the sun with rich effect. It is broken into fissures of every form at top; and the vegetation taking root there, descends as in the ravines of mountains, and mingles at last with the verdure in the fosses. The summit of the wall is almost every where crowned with vegetation, which overhangs and forms a sort of coping surmounted by capitals and volutes of climbing plants and ivy. Here and there may be seen a plantain or a cypress springing

from amid the towers covered by dust, and interlacing their roots among the clefts of the wall. The weight of their foliage and branches, and the strong breezes to which these aerial trees are incessantly exposed, make them incline to the south, and they hang as if uprooted, their immense branches being laden with nests and myriads of birds.

At intervals of every three or four hundred paces appears one of the double towers, of magnificent construction, with the enormous arches of a gate or antique porch between the two portions of the building. The greater part of these porches are now mured up; and the vegetation which has taken root every where, on the walls, the gates, the battlements, and the turrets, forms itself into the most grotesque figures, in combination with the ruins. The ivy hangs from the summits of the tower like the folds of immense mantles; other creeping or climbing plants form, from one cranny to the other, bridges of foliage, fifty feet in length; and beds of gilliflowers springing from the perpendicular walls wave with every breeze like an ocean of flowers, while the shrubs form themselves into jagged battlements of a thousand different hues. If a stone be thrown against these verdure-clad walls, or into the abyss of shrubs at their feet, swarms of birds immediately issue forth. We perceived also a number of eagles, which inhabit the towers, and hover all day in the sun, above the eyries where they feed their young.

July.

We continue to lead the same solitary life at Buyukdere. We spend our evenings on the water or in the Valley of Roses, and receive weekly visits from M. Turqui. Good hearts alone possess the virtue of consolation. God has furnished them with the only ditty for the incurable wounds of the heart,—sympathy.

Yesterday Count Orloff, the commander of the Russian fleet and army, and ambassador extraordinary from the Emperor of Russia to the Porte, celebrated the success of his mission, as well as his departure, by a military fete, given to the sultan, on the Bosphorus. The gardens of the palace of the Russian Embassy at Buyukdere skirt the sides of a woody mountain, which closes the bay, and whose base is washed by the sea. The terraces of the palace command a view of the Bosphorus in its double course towards Constantinople and the Black Sea. The Russian fleet, which lay at anchor off the gardens in front of our windows, fired minute guns during the whole day, and the flags flying from the masts of the vessels appeared to mingle with the foliage of the immense trees on the two shores.

In the morning the sea was covered with small vessels and caiques, conveying from Constantinople fifteen or twenty thousand spectators, who dispersed themselves in the kiosks, in the meadows, and on the neighboring rocks. Many remained in the caiques, where the Jewish, Turkish, and Armenian women, with their gay-colored dresses, seemed like bouquets of flowers scattered over the surface of the water. The Russian camp, which covered the sides of the Giant's Mountain, half a league from the fleet, presented with its white and blue tents a striking contrast to the sombre foliage and parched declivities of the hill. In the evening, the Russian ambassador's gardens were illuminated by thousands of lamps suspended from the branches of the trees. The vessels too, being illuminated on their masts, their rigging, and cordage, looked, like fireships. Their broadsides vomited volumes of flame; while the tents of the troops about to embark, lighted by the immense fires on the tops of the mountains of Asia, were reflected in luminous masses in the sea, and spread the lurid glare of a conflagration over the expansive bosom of the Bosphorus. The grand signior arrived in the middle of these brilliant rejoicings on board a steamboat, which anchored under the terraces of the Russian ambassador's palace. The sultan appeared on deck attended by his vizier and his favorite pachas. He did not go ashore, but sent the grand vizier to represent him at the supper given by Count Orloff. Spacious tables laid out under long avenues of plantain trees, and others buried in the numerous groves of the garden, were loaded with gold and silver dishes, which reflected the brilliancy of the illuminated trees. At the darkest hour of the night, that is, a little before the rising of the moon, some fireworks which had been conveyed on rafts into the middle of the Bosphorus, at an equal distance from the three shores, were let off, and shed a vermilion light over the mountains, the fleet, and the innumerable crowd of spectators, whose caiques covered the sea. Never did the eye of man behold a finer sight! One might have fancied that the canopy of heaven had opened, and afforded a glimpse of an enchanted world, with its elements, its mountains, its seas, and its skies of unknown forms and colors; while thousands of vapory shadows flitted over waves of light and fire. Presently all was again plunged in silence and darkness. The lamps on the yards, and at the port-holes of the vessels, were extinguished all at once, as if by a gust of wind. The moon rising between the brows of two high mountains, shed her soft radiance over the sea, giving a pearly

back-ground to the enormous black masses of rock, as well as the spectral forms of masts, shrouds, and rigging. The sultan took his departure in his light steamboat, which spread its smoky column far across the waves, and vanished in silence, like some spirit who had come to witness the downfall of an empire.

Unlike Sardanapalus feeding the flame of his own funereal pile with the fragments of his fallen throne, Mahmoud gave the death-blow to a tottering empire, sought from its enemies succor and protection against a revolted slave, and witnessed the celebration of their triumph and his own disgrace. What must the old Osmanlis have thought when they beheld the fires in the camp of the Christian barbarians, and their rockets bursting over the sacred mountains of Asia, falling on the domes of their mosques, and resounding even against the walls of the ancient seraglio? What must have been Mahmoud's feelings under the forced smile that played upon his lips? A serpent must have preyed upon his heart. There was something profoundly pitiable in his situation, and what he must have suffered might well have sufficed to create heroism out of remorse. The spectacle could not but give rise to consolatory reflections in the mind of the philosopher, who sees the hand of Providence in all things.

The march of time and events was trampling into dust an immense empire, the obstacle to the civilization of the East, and gradually gathering to those beautiful regions races of men more vigorous, governments more humane, and religions more enlightened.

July.

I dined to-day at Baron Sturmer's with the Prince Royal of Bavaria, who has stopped some days at Constantinople, on his return from Greece. This young prince, with an earnest desire for information, and with the good sense to appear forgetful of the throne which awaits him, seeks the conversation of men who have no motives for flattering him, and makes their remarks the guide of his conduct. His own conversation is exceedingly agreeable.

"The king, my brother," said he to me, "is still hesitating upon the choice of his capital. I should like to have your opinion on the subject."—"The capital of Greece," replied I, "is marked out by the very nature of the event which has re-established Greece. Greece is a resurrection;—and where a thing is revived, it should be restored in form as well as in name; in short, as far as possible in its complete individuality. Athens,

with its ruins and recollections, is the emblem of the existence of Greece. That city then must be the point of her regeneration, or the Greeks will never be any thing but what they are: a wretched population, spread over the rocks and the islands of the Peloponnesus."

July.

The Russian fleet and army have departed. They have learned their way hither, and have accustomed the eyes of the Turks to their presence. The Bosphorus is now inanimate and deserted.

My Arabian horses have arrived: they have come by the way of Asia Minor. Tadmor, the handsomest and most spirited of the whole, died at Magnesia, almost at the end of the journey. The sais wept for his loss, and renewed their tears on recounting it to me. He was the admiration of all the towns of the Carmania through which he passed. The rest are so weak and exhausted that they will require a month's repose to fit them for the journey through European Turkey and Germany. I have sold the two handsomest to M. de Bontenief for the Emperor of Russia's stud. The other three I have disposed of to different persons in Constantinople. I shall never cease to regret Tadmor and Saide.

I have just concluded a bargain with some Turks of Stamboul, and of the village of Eyoub, who own those carriages in which the women ride about the streets of Constantinople. They have agreed to let me have five arabas, each harnessed with four horses, to convey in twenty-five days to Belgrade, myself, my wife, M. de Capmas, my servants, and our baggage. I have hired two Tartars to conduct the caravan, several moukres and mule-drivers for conveying our bedding, provisions, books, &c., and lastly six saddle horses, in case the roads do not permit us to use the arabas. The price I am to pay for all these horses and carriages is about four thousand francs. An excellent interpreter accompanies us on horseback. Our departure is fixed for the 23d July.

July.

We left Constantinople at two o'clock this morning. The horses and carriages were waiting for us in the village of Eyoub, in a small square not far from a fountain shaded by plantains. There was a Turkish coffee-house hard by. A crowd assembled to see us depart, but we suffered neither insult nor robbery. Honesty is here the virtue of the common people; it is less

frequently met with in palaces. The Turks, who were sitting under the trees before the coffee-houses, and the people who passed by, helped to load our arabas and our horses, and gathered together and brought to us any little articles which we had dropped.

We began our journey at sunrise. We were all on horse-back, and we toiled up the long, solitary, and hilly streets of Eyoub, as far as the Greek walls of Stamboul. On leaving those walls, we crossed a barren hill, on which were some superb barracks. In front of these barracks, two battalions of the Nysam D'jedid, or regular troops, were exercising. M. Turqui and the young Greeks attached to his consulate had insisted on accompanying us. We parted here. We embraced this excellent man, who had been a providence to us in our solitude. When we are in despair, a friendship of two month's duration is like a friendship of many years. May Heaven soothe and reward the declining years of my kind-hearted friend! Who knows whether we may ever meet again in this world? We are setting out on a long and perilous peregrination. He is separated from his wife and his country. He endeavored to conceal his tears, and ours moistened his trembling hands.

We halted at three leagues from Constantinople, to wait till the heat of the day should be past. We had crossed a tract of country full of undulating hills, overlooking the sea of Marmora. There were a few houses scattered about the fields, but no villages. At four o'clock we again resumed our journey, and after passing over some low and barren hills, we arrived at a little town, where our Tartars, who had gone on before us, had got a house ready for our reception. This house belonged to an amiable Greek family, who had three charming daughters and some younger children of admirable beauty. They spread carpets and cushions on the floor, where we were to repose for the night. My cook contrived to procure some rice, chickens, and abundance of vegetables. At three o'clock next morning, our caravan was ready to move. One of my Tartars proceeded a considerable way in advance of the troop. After our mid-day repast, which we took at the brink of a fountain, or in some caravansary hut, he took my orders, and galloped off to the town or village at which we were to sleep. He presented my letters from the grand vizier or pacha to the aga, the ayam or lord of the village. The latter selected the best Greek, Armenian, or Jewish house in the neighborhood, and gave the proprietor notice to prepare it for strangers. For-

age was then provided for thirty-two horses, which we had with us, and often a supper for ourselves. The *ayam*, accompanied by the principal inhabitants and some cavalry troops, when there happened to be military in the town, came to meet us on the road, and accompanied us to our quarters. They alighted from their horses, conducted us into the house, ordered pipes and coffee to be served to us, and then retired to their homes, where, after a short time, I returned their visit.

From Constantinople to Adrianople we saw nothing remarkable, nothing picturesque, except an immense extent of plains without habitations or trees, intersected by a river half dried up, flowing under the arches of a ruined bridge. In the evening, we sometimes arrived at a wretched village, lying in the depth of a valley, and surrounded by fruit trees. The inhabitants of these villages were all Greeks, Armenians, or Bulgarians. The *khans* are huts almost without roofs, in which men and horses are lodged together. Our road continued thus for several days. We met no one; it resembled the desert of Syria. Once only we fell in with a party of thirty or forty Bulgarian peasants, dressed like Europeans, and wearing on their heads black sheepskin caps. They were proceeding to Constantinople, and were marching to the music of two instruments like bagpipes. On perceiving us, they shouted loudly, and ran towards us, begging for a few *piastres*. These are the *Savoyards* of European Turkey. They guard the horses of the grand signior and the *pachas*, in the meadows of the sweet waters of Asia and *Buyukdere*. They are likewise the gardeners of *Stamboul*.

On the morning of the sixth day, we perceived Adrianople, at the extremity of these plains, in a hollow surrounded by mountains. The city appears immense, and is commanded by its beautiful mosque. This mosque is the finest religious monument in Turkey, next to *St. Sophia*:—it was built by *Bajazet* at the time when Adrianople was the capital of the empire. Corn, vines, and fruit trees of every kind were growing in the fields, to the distance of two leagues round the city. The aspect of the country reminded me of *Dijon* or *Lyons*. Numerous streamlets wind through the fields. We first entered a long suburb, and we passed through the city amidst a crowd of Turks, women and children, who thronged round us, but who, far from annoying us, treated us with every mark of respect. The persons who advanced to meet us, conducted us to the door of a very fine house belonging to *M. Veruazza*, the Sardinian consul at Adrianople.

Here we passed two days. The family of the consul were at a house some leagues distant, on the banks of the river Maritza (the ancient Hebrus). In the evenings, we enjoyed a charming view of Adrianople from M. Veruazza's terrace. The city is about as large as Lyons, and is watered by three rivers,—the Hebrus, the Arda, and the Tundicha. It is completely surrounded by wood and water; and the fertile valley in which it lies is encircled by fine chains of mountains. We visited the mosque, which is like all other mosques, only more lofty and spacious. Our European architecture has produced nothing more bold, more original, or more effective, than this monument and its minaret. It is a column pierced with open-work, on a stem more than a hundred feet high.

We left Adrianople for Philippopoli. The road was crossed by defiles and valleys, covered with trees, and smiling, though deserted between the high mountains of Rhodophus and the Hemus. We journeyed for three days, now and then passing beautiful villages. When we were within three leagues of Philippopoli, I perceived a party of Turkish, Armenian, and Greek horsemen advancing to us at full gallop. A handsome young man, mounted on a superb horse, came up to us before the rest, and touched my clothes with his finger. He then turned his horse, and rode beside me. He spoke Italian, and explained to me that having been the first to touch me, I must accept his house, however urgent the others of his party might be to conduct me elsewhere. The *kiaia* of the governor of Philippopoli next joined us. He complimented me in the name of the governor, who, he said, had prepared a large and commodious house for my reception, and that supper was ready:—he at the same time expressed a hope that I would remain some days in the city. I however determined to accept the hospitality of the young Greek, M. Maurides.

When we entered Philippopoli our party consisted of sixty or eighty horsemen. The people had assembled in the streets and at their windows to see us pass. We were received by the sister and the aunts of M. Maurides. The house was spacious and elegant, containing a fine divan, with four-and-twenty windows, and furnished in the European style. The governor and the chiefs of the people of different nations residing in Philippopoli came to pay their compliments to us, and took coffee with us. We passed three days at Philippopoli, enjoying the liberal hospitality of M. Maurides, making excursions in the environs of

the town, and receiving and returning the visits of the Turks, Greeks, and Armenians.

Philippopoli contains a population of thirty thousand souls. It is four days' journey from Adrianople, and eight from Sophia. It is situated on the edge of a river, on a little rocky eminence in the bosom of a broad and fertile valley. It is one of the finest natural situations for a city that can possibly be conceived. The hollow in which the city is built is in the form of a crescent, the two points of which are likewise crowned with houses and gardens. The streets descend in a winding direction, in order to diminish their slope to the river, which flows at the bottom of the valley. The view of the bridges, gardens, houses, and large trees, rising from the banks of the river; the wooded plain which separates the river from the mountains of Macedonia; these mountains whose flanks are intersected by foaming torrents, and studded with villages and Greek monasteries—all render the garden of M. Maurides one of the most delightful spots in the world. Philippopoli is inhabited by about equal numbers of Greeks, Armenians, and Turks. The Greeks are in general well informed people, and are actively engaged in trade. The principal families send their children to be educated in Hungary: but this education only renders them the more sensitive to the oppression of the Turks. They sigh for the independence enjoyed by their brethren of the Morea. At Philippopoli I became acquainted with three young Greeks, whose sentiments and energy of mind rendered them worthy of another fate and another country.

In two days after our departure from Philippopoli, we reached a little town in a cultivated plain called Tatar Bazargik. It belonged, together with the surrounding province, to one of those great feudal Turkish families, five or six of whom have been respected by the sultans, and still exist in Asia and Europe. The young prince who possesses and governs Tatar Bazargik is the son of the old Vizier, Hussein Pacha. He received us with chivalrous hospitality, lodging us in a newly built and elegant house situated on the bank of a river which flows round the town. This house belonged to a wealthy Armenian. No sooner were we installed in it than fifteen or twenty slaves arrived, each bearing a pewter dish on his head. These dishes, which they laid on the ground at our feet, contained rice, cakes, game, and sweetmeats of all kinds, from the kitchens of the prince: two fine horses were likewise sent to me as a present, which, however I declined, and several calves and sheep as food for my suite.

Next day we began to discern the Balkans before us: those fine wooded mountains, which are interspersed with large villages and richly cultivated land, are inhabited by Bulgarians. We traveled all day along the edge of a torrent which forms marshes in the plain. On reaching the foot of the Balkans, we found all the principal inhabitants of the Bulgarian village of Yenekeni waiting for us. They took the reins of our horses, ranged themselves on each side of our carriages, supported them on their shoulders, and occasionally lifted them up to prevent the wheels from slipping over the precipices; and in this manner we were escorted to the miserable village, where my Tartars had arrived before us. The houses, which are dispersed over the sides of two hills, separated by a profound ravine, are surrounded by fine orchards and meadows. All the mountains are cultivated at their base, and covered with fine forests on their flanks: their summits are of rock. The little Bulgarian houses, or rather huts, are built of clay and roofed with branches of trees with their foliage. We occupied seven or eight of them, and our moukres, Tartars, and horsemen, bivouacked in the orchards. Each house has but one room, with no other flooring than the bare earth. I was seized with an inflammatory fever, brought on by fatigue and anxiety. I lay for twenty days between life and death, stretched on a mat, in one of these miserable hovels without a window. My wife, who attended on me with unwearied devotedness, never closed her eyes for fifteen or twenty days. She sent to the marshes of the plain to procure leeches, and the Bulgarians at length found some. Sixty were applied to my chest and my temples, which greatly relieved me. I was conscious of my danger, and I was agonized by the thought of the desolate condition in which my wife would be placed if I should die amidst the mountains of Macedonia, four hundred leagues from my friends. I requested M. Capmas to come to me, and I communicated to him my last wishes in the event of my death. I desired that I might be buried under a tree which I had observed on the road-side as we were coming to the village, and that a single word should be inscribed on the stone over my grave: this word was—God.

On the sixth day of the fever, when the danger was already over, we heard the sound of horses' feet entering the court before our house. Several horsemen alighted; the foremost was my kind Greek friend from Philippopoli, M. Maurides, accompanied by a young Macedonian physician, several servants, and horses laden with provisions, medicines, and furniture. A Tartar, who

had crossed the Balkans on his way to Adrianople, had halted at Philippopoli, where he related that a Frank traveler had been taken ill, and was dying at Yenekeni. This story reached the ears of M. Maurides at ten o'clock one evening. Immediately concluding that the Frank was the same who had recently been his guest, he sent for his friend the physician, assembled his servants, and loaded his horses with every thing which his charitable foresight suggested would be useful to me. He left his home in the middle of the night, traveled without resting, and after a journey of two days, arrived at Yenekeni, bringing succor and consolation to a stranger whom he will never see again. Such traits as this cheer the heart, and show that the generous nature of man is alike in all places and in all climates. M. Maurides found me almost convalescent. Business called him back to Philippopoli, and he set off again the same day, leaving the Macedonian doctor in attendance on me. He was a young man of talent and information. He had pursued his medical studies at Semlin in Hungary, and he spoke Latin. I however did not require his professional aid: the affection, the presence of mind, and the energetic resolution of my wife had enabled her to render me all the assistance which my case required. But we found the young doctor's society very agreeable, during the twenty days we remained at Yenekeni, before I recovered sufficient strength to mount my horse.

The Prince of Tatar Bazargik, on being informed of my illness, showed me no less kindness and hospitality. He every day sent sheep and calves as provisions for my suite; and during the whole time of my stay at Yenekeni, five or six horsemen of his suite were constantly in my court-yard, with their horses saddled, and ready to execute my most trivial commands. On the few last days of my convalescence, they attended me in my rides through the magnificent valley, and over the mountains in the environs of Yenekeni. The Prince even offered me his slaves, and on my departure a detachment of his horsemen accompanied me as far as the boundaries of his government. At Yenekeni I had an opportunity of observing the domestic manners of the Bulgarians, which closely resemble those of our Swiss or Savoyard peasantry. They are a simple, mild, and laborious people, full of respect for their priests and zeal for their religion, which is that of the Greek Church. Their priests, are like themselves, simple peasants. The Bulgarians are an increasing population, now amounting to several millions. They live in large villages and

small towns, separated from the Turks. One or two Turks, delegated by the Pacha or the *ayam*, annually visit the Bulgarian villages to collect the imposts in money. Excepting these, and some taxes in labor and in kind, they live unmolested in the observance of their primitive customs. Their costume resembles that of the peasants of Germany, and the women and children dress much like the mountaineers of Switzerland. The women are pretty, lively and graceful; and their manners are pure, though they have laid aside the veil of the Turkish females, and freely associate with the men. I saw some of the rustic dances of the Bulgarians, which are similar to those of our French villagers. These people despise and hate the Turks, and are completely ripe for independence. They form, with their neighbors the Servians, the basis of the future states of European Turkey. The countries which they inhabit might soon become richly cultivated, if the blind and stupid oppression, not of the Turkish government, but its delegates, would allow the people to prosecute their taste for agriculture with a greater degree of security.

I left Yenekeni and its amiable inhabitants with regret: it is a delicious summer residence. All the people of the village accompanied us to the distance of a league on the Balkans, and loaded us with kind wishes and benedictions. We crossed the first Balkan in a day. These mountains are nearly similar to those of Auvergne, being in almost every part accessible and capable of cultivation. Five hundred workmen might make a fine carriage-road over them in the space of a year. In three days we reached Sophia, a large city in an interior plain watered by a river. A Turkish pacha resides in it. He sent his *kiaia* to meet us, and assigned to my use the house of a Greek merchant. I spent one day in this town: the pacha sent me calves and sheep, and would not accept any present in return. The town of Sophia presents nothing remarkable.

After four short journeys, sometimes across mountains of easy access, and sometimes through valleys and fertile though uninhabited plains, we arrived at Nissa, the last Turkish town, almost on the frontier of Servia. I proceeded on horseback a little distance in advance of the caravan: the sun was scorching. When I was about a league from the town, I saw a large tower rising in the midst of the plain, as white as Parian marble. I took the path which led to it, and having approached it, I desired a Turkish lad, who accompanied me, to hold my horse; and I sat down under the shade of the tower to enjoy a few moments repose. No sooner

was I seated than, raising my eyes to the monument, I discovered that the walls, which I supposed to be built of marble or white stone, were composed of regular rows of human skulls: these skulls, bleached by the rain and the sun, and cemented by a little sand and lime, formed entirely the triumphal arch which now sheltered me from the heat of the sun: there might be from fifteen to twenty thousand. In some places portions of hair were still hanging; and waved, like lichen or moss, with every breath of wind. The mountain breeze, which was then blowing fresh, penetrated the innumerable cavities of the skulls, and sounded like mournful and plaintive sighs.

There was no one near who could give me any account of this horrible monument. The boy, who was holding the two horses by the bridles, was playing with little fragments of the skulls, which had crumbled off and lay at the foot of the tower. I was so overcome by fatigue and heat that I fell asleep, resting my head against these walls of decapitated heads. On awaking, I found myself surrounded by the caravan, and a number of Turkish horsemen, who had come from Nissa to escort us into the town. They informed me that the skulls were those of fifteen thousand Servians, who had been put to death by the pacha in the last insurrection of Servia. This plain was the death-bed of these brave insurgents, and this monument was their sepulchre. I paid my tribute of respect to the memory of these heroic men, whose decapitated heads are the boundary of the independence of their country.

Servia, which we were about to enter, is now free; and it is the song of liberty and glory which is resounded by the mountain breeze playing among the bones of the Servians who perished for their country! They will soon possess Nissa. Let them respect this sacred monument; it will teach their children the value of independence, by showing them the price at which their forefathers purchased it.

Nissa is like Sophia—it has nothing characteristic. We passed one day there. On leaving Nissa, we entered the beautiful mountains and forests of Servia. These virgin forests extend in every direction as far as the horizon, being intersected only by a wide road, recently made by Prince Milosch, the independent chief of Servia. For six days we were buried beneath these magnificent and uninterrupted shades, seeing nothing but endless colonnades formed by the trunks of enormous beech-trees, waves of foliage agitated by the winds, and hills and mountains uniformly clothed with centenary oaks.

At intervals of about every five or six leagues, on descending into a valley, we saw villages containing newly-built wooden houses just emerged from the forests, a little church, and the dwelling of a priest, standing on the margin of a river, or among meadows and fields of melons. The inhabitants, seated on wooden divans in front of their shops, were pursuing their different occupations. Their countenances, though mild and amiable, have a dash of northern energy and pride, which denotes a people already free and worthy to continue so. We were every where received with hospitality and respect, always having the best house in the village assigned to us. The clergyman came and conversed with us. The houses now began to show some traces of European furniture. The women were no longer veiled; and we met in the meadows and the woods parties of young men and girls going to labor together in the fields, and singing airs similar to the *Ranz des Vaches*. These girls were dressed in a bodice gathered in numerous plaits round their shoulders and bosoms, and a short petticoat of brown or red woollen stuff. Their freshness, their gayety, and the clearness of their eyes, reminded us of the beautiful females of Berne, or the mountains of Lucerne.

Here our faithful companions of all the konaks of Turkey forsook us. We no longer saw the storks, whose large nests, like cradles of reeds, crowned the tops of all the mosque domes in European Turkey, and formed a roof-work to the ruined minarets. Every evening, on arriving in the villages or the desert khans, we saw these birds, two by two, hovering over our tents or our huts, the young ones stretching their long necks out of the nest like serpents, and holding their beaks to the mother bird, who, half-suspended on her broad wings, shared with them the food she had brought from the neighboring marshes; the male bird, hovering at a considerable height above the nest, looked down apparently gratified by the interesting sight. These beautiful birds are by no means wild: they are the guardians of the roof, as the dogs are the guardians of the door. They live in harmony with the clouds of white turtle-doves which cover the domes of all the khans and mosques, and they do not even scare the swallows. The Turks themselves live in peace with all the animate and inanimate creation—trees, birds, or dogs; they respect every thing that God has made. They extend their humanity to those inferior animals which are neglected or persecuted among us. In all the streets there are, at certain distances, vessels filled with

water for the dogs, and sometimes on their death-beds the Mussulmans leave legacies for feeding the doves which they have tended during life.

September 2, 1833.

This morning we issued from the eternal forests of Servia, which extend as far as the banks of the Danube. The point where that king of rivers becomes first discernible, is a hill covered with superb oaks. Having crossed it, we beheld at our feet what seemed like a vast lake of blue and limpid water, surrounded by trees and rushes, and besprinkled with verdant islands. As we advanced, we saw the river extend on the right and left, flowing close to the wooded hills on the boundary of Servia, and then losing itself on the right in the plains of Hungary. The last slopes of the forest descending to the river, present the most magnificent point of view in the whole world. We slept in a little Servian village on the banks of the Danube.

Next day we again lost sight of the river for about four hours. The country, like all frontier places, is uncultivated and deserted. Towards noon we ascended some barren hills, whence we at length discovered Belgrade lying at our feet. This city, which has sustained so many sieges, is situated on an elevated bank of the Danube. The roofs of its mosques are pierced by bombshells, its walls are shattered, and its desolate suburbs are besprinkled with huts and heaps of ruins. The streets, like those of all Turkish towns, descend in narrow windings to the river. Semlin, the first Hungarian town, glitters on the opposite side of the Danube, in all the glory of a European city. Its church steeples rise in the very face of the minarets.

On our arrival in Belgrade, whilst we were reposing in a little inn, the first place of the kind I had met with in Turkey, Prince Milosch sent several of his principal officers to invite me to spend a few days in the fortress in which he resides, at a few leagues from Belgrade. I however declined the invitation, and ordered boats for crossing the Danube. At four o'clock, just as we were about to embark, we saw a group of horsemen, dressed very much in the European style, hurrying to the water side. This was the brother of Prince Milosch, the chief of the Servians, who had come on the part of the prince to renew the invitation to pass a few days with him. I very much regretted that I was unable to accept hospitality so kindly offered; but my traveling companion, M. de Capmas, had been for several days seriously ill; and it was important that he should enjoy the rest

and the resources afforded by a European city, and the aid of the physicians of a lazaretto. I conversed for about an hour with the Servian chief, who appeared to be an amiable and well-informed man. I greeted him as the pledge of the future civilization and independence of his noble nation, and at length I stepped into the boat which was to convey me to Semlin.

We were about an hour in crossing the Danube, which is very broad and deep, and its waves are as rough as those of the sea. At length we reached the meadows and orchards which surround Semlin. At three in the afternoon we entered the lazaretto, where we were to remain ten days. To each of us were assigned an apartment, and a little yard planted with trees. I dismissed my Tartars, my moukres, and my dragomans, who set off on their return to Constantinople. They all sorrowfully kissed our hands; and I could not without deep emotion and gratitude part from these faithful and generous attendants, who had guided, served, and guarded us with the affection of brothers, and who during the innumerable vicissitudes of an eighteen months' journey through foreign lands, proved to me that all religions have their divine moral, and civilizations their virtue, and all men the sentiment of the just, the good, and the beautiful, engraven in various characters in their hearts by the hand of God.

NOTES ON SERVIA.

Semlin, 12th September, Lazaretto.

No sooner had I quitted those forests in which a new and free people are taking root, than I felt regret at not knowing them more thoroughly. I could have desired to have lived and fought with them for their dawning independence; to have searched out their origin, and the destiny which Providence is preparing for their virtues. I have before me the scene of Tagodina:—We were admiring in a Servian cottage a young mother who was nursing her twins, while her third child at her feet was playing with the yatagan of his father. The papa of the village and some of the principal inhabitants were in a circle around us, detailing with simplicity and enthusiasm the growing happiness of the nation under this government of liberty—forests becoming cleared, wooden houses multiplying in the valleys, numerous schools filled with children, opening in all the villages. Every one of these men, raising his head over the shoulders of those that were before him, presented an aspect proud and gratified at the admiration we expressed; their eye was animated, and their countenance glowed with emotion for their country, as if the general glory and liberty had been the proud act of each individual. At this instant the husband of the fair Servian with whom we were lodged, returned from the fields, and approaching, saluted us with that respect, and at the same time dignity of manner, natural to a wild people; he then mixed among the villagers, and listened like the rest to the recital the papa was giving us of their battles for independence. When the papa was come to the battle of Nissa, and the thirty pairs of colors taken from forty thousand Turks by three thousand Mountaineers, the father springing from the midst of the circle, took from the arms of his wife his two beauteous infants, and lifting them up, exclaimed, “Behold the soldiers of Milosch! So long as our women are prolific, will there be free Servians in the forests of Schumadia.”

The history of this people exists only in popular verses, like all the primitive histories of heroic tribes. These songs of a national enthusiasm, the promptings of the field of battle, repeated from rank to rank by the soldiers, and reaching the villages at the end of the campaign, are there preserved by tradition. The curate or the schoolmaster commits them to writing; simple airs, but animated like the hearts of the combatants, or like the voice of the father saluting from afar the smoke from the roof of his children, accompany them; they become the popular history of the nation. Prince Milosch has had two collections of them printed, that were scattered throughout the country. The infant Slavonian learns to lisp in these touching recitals the exploits of his fathers, and the name of the deliverer of Servia is stamped in his earliest recollections. A people imbibing such aliment can never again be enslaved. I have often met in the midst of these virgin forests, and in the deepest gorges, where no other inhabitants than the wild beasts could be suspected to dwell, groups of boys and girls walking and singing together these national airs, of which our interpreters gave us occasional translations. They would for a moment suspend their singing to salute us and see us pass; and when we were out of sight, renew their walk and their airs, while the gloomy canopy of aged oaks and the rocks bordering the torrent long re-echoed the chants, with their sustained notes and monotonous burdens, which augur a lasting happiness to the land. "What are they saying?" cried I one day to our dragoman, who understood their language. "Hospodar," replied he, "they are saying such silly things that it is hardly worth while to repeat them to Franks." "But let us hear; translate what they are singing at this moment." "Well then, they are saying, 'May God bless the waters of the Morawa, for they have drowned the enemies of the Servians! May God multiply the acorn on the oaks of Schumadia, for each of these trees is a Servian!'" "And what do they mean by that?" "Hospodar, they mean that during the war the Servians found a rampart behind the trunk of their oaks; their forests were and still are their fortresses; every one of these trees is as a comrade in fight; they love them like brothers; so, when Prince Milosch, their present governor, ordered so many trees to be cut down through the forests, to mark out the long road we are tracking, the old Servians often gave him a curse. 'Cut down the oaks?' said they, 'it is murder against men.' In Servia, man and the oak are friends."

In traversing these magnificent solitudes, where through many

a day's journey the eye, withersoever it glances, perceives only a uniform and sombre undulation of leaves of the oaks, which cover mountain and valley, a very ocean of foliage, unpenetrated even by the sharp point of minaret or steeple, descending from time to time into deep ravines, in which roared the torrent; and where the forest gave place to a few well-cultivated fields, to some pretty wooden houses, newly built, saw-pits, and mills erected at the water's edge; seeing immense flocks conducted by young and handsome damsels elegantly attired, emerging from colonnades of lofty trees, and returning at night to their dwellings—children leaving school—the papa seated on his wooden bench by the door of his pretty house, and old men entering the common house, or the church, to deliberate together—I fancied myself in the midst of the North American forests, at the instant of the birth of a nation or the settlement of a new colony. The appearance of the men gave evidence of gentleness of manners—of the polish of an early civilization—of healthiness and competence; liberty is written in the expression of their countenances. The Bulgarian is good and simple; but, though on the point of becoming free, the marks of his yoke are still apparent; there is in the movement of his head, in the accent of his tongue, and in the humble resignation of his look, a discernible recollection and apprehension of the Turk; he reminds one of the Savoyard, that good inhabitant of the Alps, who fails in nothing but the dignity of physiognomy and speech, which ennoble every other virtue. The Servian, on the contrary, calls to one's mind the Swiss of the little Cantons, where pure and patriarchal manners characterize the bearing of the shepherd, harmonizing with the liberty which makes the man, and the cool courage which marks the hero. The girls resemble the beautiful women of the Cantons of Lucerne and Berne; their costume is very similar; short petticoats of a bright color, and hair formed into long plaits, reaching almost to their heels. Their manners are pure, like those of all religious pastoral tribes. Their language, like all those derived from the Slavonic, possesses harmony and a musical cadence; there exists little inequality of fortune among them, but a general competence; their only luxury is in their arms; their present government is a sort of representative dictatorship. Prince Milosch, the liberator of Servia, has preserved the discretionary power which was vested in him during the war. Proclaimed Prince of the Servians (1829), the people have sworn fealty to him and his successors. The Turks, who still participate in the administration, and in the garrison of

the fortresses, have also acknowledged him, and treat with him directly; he has established a senate and deliberative district assemblies, which concur in the discussion and decision of public affairs; the senate is convoked annually; the village deputies are assembled near the residence of the prince, and their meetings are held, as in the heroic ages, under lofty trees. The prince comes down from his seat, advances towards each of the deputies, interrogates him, listens to his answers, takes note of his complaints or his advice, speaks to him of affairs, explains with kindness his policy, justifies the measures which may have appeared severe or unjust; every thing is conducted with the generous and grave familiarity of countrymen conversing with their lords. They are indeed armed patriarchal husbandmen.* The thought of God attends their councils as it does their battles; they fight, they govern, for their altars, as for their forests. But their priests exercise their influence only in matters of religion. The principal influence is held by the military chiefs, a hereditary nobility, whom they style *vaivods*. Sacerdotal domination commences only when war has ceased, and when the possession of a country is securely vested in its population. Till that time arrives, the country yields the highest honors to its defenders, and afterwards honors its civilizers.

The Servian population at present amounts to about a million of men, and is rapidly increasing. The mildness of the climate, like that of France, between Lyons and Avignon; the fertility of the deep and virgin soil, covered with a vegetation like that of the meadows of Switzerland; the numerous rivers and rivulets which fall from the mountains, flow through the valleys, and form here and there lakes in the midst of the woods; the clearing of the woods, which, as in America, will give space for the plough, and furnish inexhaustible materials for building; the pure and gentle manners of the people; wise laws, catching a strong reflection from the best European legislation; the rights of the citizens, secured by local representation, and deliberative assemblies; and, finally, the supreme power lodged, in adequate proportion, in the hands of a man worthy of his high mission, Prince Miloseh, who is to transmit it to his descendants;—all these elements of peace, prosperity, and civilization, promise to augment the Servian population by many millions before the lapse of another half century. If this people, as he desires and hopes, should become the nucleus of a new empire, by its union with Bosina, part of Bulgaria, and the warlike hordes of the Montenegrins, Europe will see a new

empire arise on the ruins of Turkey, occupying those vast and noble regions extending between the Adriatic and the lofty ridge of the Balkan. If diversity of manners and nationality should too far oppose such a fusion, we see in Servia at least one of the elements of that confederacy of European states, or protectorates, destined to fill the void which the disappearance of the Ottoman empire is about to leave in Europe as well as in Asia. European interests require no other alternative.

September 25, 1833.

The history of this people should be sung, not written. It forms an epic poem not yet complete. I have collected the principal materials on the spot, from the mouth of our friends, who come to visit us at the gate of the Lazaretto. Seated beneath a linden tree on the grass, on which beams the clear and mild sun of the country, by the murmuring of the rapid stream of the Danube, in sight of its noble banks, and of the green forests which form the ramparts of Servia on this side of Hungary, these men in their half-oriental costume, with the masculine yet gentle countenances of a martial race, are recounting to, me, with simple truth, the feats in which they have so largely shared.* Although still young, and covered with wounds, they seem to have entirely forgotten war; and to be thinking only of public education, of schools for the people, of improvements in the rural and administrative departments, of advancement in the science of legislation: equally modest and zealous, they avail themselves of every opportunity to perfect their dawning institutions; they interrogate travelers, and detain them as long as possible amongst them, to obtain all the information thus providentially sent them from afar.

The following are the facts, I learned, that had occurred during these latter years. It was about the year 1804, after a series of commotions stirred up by Paswanoglou, Pacha of Widin, and which had ended in the supremacy of the Janissaries, that the Servians rose up against their tyrants: three chiefs combined together in the central part of Servia, called Schumadia, an immense region covered with impenetrable forests. The first of

* I have since received more circumstantial and authentic details on the history of modern Servia; and I owe to the kindness of a traveler who preceded me, and whom I met at Jaffa, M. Adolphus de Caraman, the communication of his note on Servia, which he had made during his residence with Prince Milosch. These notes, more worthy than mine, from the talent and accuracy with which they are taken, were accompanied by a translation of the History of the Servians, by a Servian.

these chieftains was Kara-George; the two others, Tanko-Kalisch, and Wasso-Tcharapitsch. Kara-George had been a heyduke. The heydukes were in Servia, what the klephts were in Greece, a race of independent adventurers living in inaccessible mountains, and descending at the least signal of war to take part in the struggles of faction, and keep up their habits of bloodshed and plunder. All the country arose following the example of Schumadia; every canton chose for its leader the bravest and most distinguished of its vaivods, and these in a council of war conferred the title of generalissimo on Kara-George. This title gave but little power; but in times of danger, genius quickly assigns to the resolute man a real sovereignty. Danger never bargains with courage: obedience is felt as a natural instinct towards decision and talent.

George Petrowitsch, surnamed Kara or Zrin, that is to say George the Black, was born in 1765 in a village of the district of Kraguzewatz. His father was a simple peasant and shepherd, named Petroni. Another tradition states that Kara-George was born in France, but this is by no means probable. Petroni carried his son, while yet a child, to the mountains of Topoli. The insurrection of 1787, which was to have been aided by Austria, having ended unfavorably, the insurgents, pursued by the Turks and the Bosniaes, were obliged to take to flight. Petroni and George his son, who had already fought bravely, collected their flocks, their only riches, and proceeded towards the Save; they were already close to the river, and were on the point of finding safety on the Austrian territory, when the father of Kara-George, an old man borne down by years, and more devoted than his son to the soil of his country, turned back, looked upon the mountains where he had left all the recollections of his life, felt his heart torn at the idea of quitting them for ever to live amongst an unknown people, and, sitting on the ground, conjured his son to submit rather than go forward into Germany. I regret my inability to relate from memory the touching and animated supplications of the old man as they are sung in the popular stanzas of Servia. It is one of those scenes in which the sentiments of nature, so strongly felt, and so simply expressed by the genius of a rising people, surpass all that the invention of enlightened nations can borrow from art. The Bible and Homer alone possess such passages.

Kara-George, however, affected at first by the regrets and entreaties of his father, had ordered his servants with the flocks

to return. Devoted to the rigorous duty of filial obedience—a point of religion among the Eastern nations—he hung down his head at the voice of his father, and was about sorrowfully to return on the road of slavery, that the bones of Petroni might not be deprived of a Servian grave, when the shouts and the shots of the Bosniaes announced the approach of their enemies and the inevitable punishment about to glut their vengeance. “Father,” said he, “decide; we have but a moment; rise, throw yourself into the river; my arm shall support you, my body shall cover you from the balls of the Osmanlis; you will live, you will await happier days in the land of a friendly people.” But the inflexible old man, whom his sons vainly endeavored to raise, resisted his efforts, and resolved to die on the soil of his country. Kara-George, in despair, and unwilling that the body of his father should fall into the hands of the Turks, fell on his knees, begged the old man’s blessing, killed him with a pistol shot, threw him into the Save, and himself swam over into the Austrian territory.

A short time after, he returned to Servia as serjeant-major of a free corps. Dissatisfied at not having been included in a distribution of honorary medals, he quitted the corps, and retired as a heyduke into the mountains: becoming reconciled with his chief, he accompanied him into Austria when peace was concluded, and obtained a place as forest-guard in the monastery of Krushedal. Soon wearied with this sort of life, he returned to Servia, under the government of Hadji-Mustafa. He again became a shepherd, but he took up arms whenever a new tumult disturbed any part of the country.

Kara-George was of a lofty stature, a robust constitution, and a noble and open countenance. Silent and thoughtful when he was neither elevated by wine, nor the report of firing, nor the contradictions of councils, he would remain a whole day long without uttering a word.

Almost all men who either have achieved or are destined to achieve great acts, are sparing of their words. Their discourse is within themselves, they dwell in their own thoughts, and from these inward musings they draw forth that energy of intelligence and action which constitutes the great man. Napoleon became a boaster when his destiny was fulfilled and his fortune on its decline.—Kara-George, the rigid defender of justice and order, had his own brother hanged for having attempted the honor of a young girl.

It was in January of 1806, that several armies penetrated at the same time into Servia. Bekir, the pacha of Bosnia, and Ibrahim, pacha of Scutari, received orders from the Porte to direct thither all their forces; Bekir sent forward two corps of about forty thousand men, Ibrahim advanced from Nissa at the head of a formidable army. Kara-George, with forces numerically very inferior, but animated by an invincible patriotism, full of confidence in their chiefs, and protected by forests which covered their movements, repulsed all the partial attacks of Bekir and Ibrahim. After having, near Petska, cut to pieces Hadji Bey, he marched against the principal army, which was retiring upon Schabaz, overtook it and completely routed it at Schabaz, the 8th of August, 1806. Kulmi and the old Mehemet were killed. The wreck of the army retreated to Schabaz. The Bosniacs, who endeavored to repass the Drina, were taken prisoners. Kara-George, who had with him but seven thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry, marched rapidly against Ibrahim Pacha; who was besieging Daligrad, a Servian city, defended by another chief, named Peter Dobrinyas. On his approach, Ibrahim demanded a parley. Conferences were held at Smaraderewo. A short pacification for Servia ensued, on terms favorable to the country. It was only one of those intervals which allow insurrection to take breath, and insensibly accustom nations to that semi-independence which soon changes into an impatience for liberty. A short time afterwards, Kara-George, who had not dismissed his troops, because the decision of the Mufti had not ratified the treaty of Smaraderewo, marched upon Belgrade, the capital of Servia, a strong city on the Danube with a citadel and a Turkish garrison, and got possession of it. Guseharez Ali, who commanded the city, obtained permission from Kara-George to retire to Widin, descending the Danube. Soliman Pacha remained in the citadel; but at the commencement of 1807, having begun his march with his remaining two hundred Janissaries, to rejoin the Turks, he was massacred with them by the very escort that Kara-George had given him to protect his retreat. Kara-George was not accused of this barbarity; it was the effect of the vengeance of the Servians against the race of the Janissaries, whose domineering ferocity had accustomed them to similar executions.

The success of this war of independence secured to Servia its municipal constitution. The military chieftains, named vaivods, were every where substituted for the civil powers. These vaivods were supported by a cavalry formed of young men of the most

wealthy families, who received no pay, but lived at the cost of the vaivods, and divided the spoil with them. Some of the vaivods had with them as many as fifty of these young men. The most notable of these chieftains at that time were Jacob Nenadowitsch, Milenko, Dobrinyas, Ressava, and above all, Kara-George.

A senate, composed of twelve members, elected by each of the twelve districts, was to preside over the interests of this species of armed confederacy, and serve as a counterpoise to these usurped powers. The senate showed itself worthy of its functions. It regulated the finances, determined the taxes, devoted the tithe to the pay of the troops, and employed itself on the instruction of the people, with a zeal and an understanding which even then evinced a deep instinct of civilization. They substituted for the routine teaching of the cloisters and the convents, popular schools in each city or chief place of the districts. Unfortunately, the senators, instead of having the entire control of the country, represented only the vaivods, and were therefore subject to their immediate influence.

Another deliberative political body, composed of vaivods and the hospodars themselves, held the direction of the most important affairs, and the disputed sovereignty was shared between this body and Kara-George. The vaivods who composed it met every year about Christmas at Belgrade; it deliberated under the inspection of the chief, and in the midst of surrounding intrigues, upon war and peace, upon the form of government, and the amount of taxation. The accounts were delivered here, and regulations were made for the administration of justice. The existence and the claims of this aristocratical body were an obstacle to the complete enfranchisement and the rapid development of the destinies of Servia. Unity is a vital condition to an armed people in presence of their enemies: their independence requires a despot to secure it; civil liberty requires deliberative bodies. Had the Servians been better inspired, they would have raised Kara-George above his rivals, and have concentrated the power in one single hand. The hospodars did feel that a single chief was requisite; but every one wished that he might be feeble, from the hope of directing him. The choice of the senators proved the influence of this secret wish. They hoped that this body might serve them against Kara-George—George hoped they might serve him against the hospodars. Concealed feelings of hostility arose among the deliverers of Servia.

The most eloquent of the senators, Mladen Milowanowitsch,

had, through the power of his oratory, gained the lead in the discussion of affairs in the senate. Enriched by the spoil of Belgrade, and master of the foreign trade by having framed the customs of the Danube, he had given umbrage to Kara-George and his partisans. The senate, through their influence, rose against Milowanowitsch, who retired to Doligrad, filled with thoughts of vengeance. He secretly announced to George the intrigues of Russia and the Greeks against him. Kara-George believed him, recalled him to Belgrade, resolved upon war against the Bosniacs, and began the campaign of 1809 by entering Bosnia.

The same national Slavonic air which celebrates the commencement of the insurrection, predicts misfortunes for the day when it should be attempted to pass the Drina and invade Bosnia. The prediction of the poet was an oracle of Providence. The campaign was a series of mistakes, disasters, and ruin. Kara-George, supported by a Russian corps, fought with his wonted heroism, but in vain. His soldiers, discouraged, grew weak. Having been worsted by the Turks at Komenitza, he flew to protect Tragodina and the left bank of the Morawa, and was even indebted to an important diversion of the Russians for the preservation of this part of his territory.

These reverses increased the jealous enmity of the vaivods against him. Jacob Nenadowitsch was the first who shook his fortune. He appeared in the senate, the 1st January 1810, at the head of six hundred horsemen, and was appointed president of the senate. The influence of Russia alone upheld for some time the falling power of Kara-George. He advanced against Churchid Pacha of Nissa, who commanded thirty thousand men. The plain of Warwarin was the scene of a sanguinary conflict, in which three thousand Servians, animated by the voice and the example of their general, drove back this mass of Turks, compelled them to intrench themselves and soon after to re-enter Nissa. Kara-George immediately advanced towards Lonitza, which was besieged by forty thousand Turks. The town, which had resisted a formidable artillery for twelve days, was on the point of falling into the power of the besiegers, when the appearance of Kara-George and the valor of his Servians, forced the Turkish army to repass the Drina. This was the apogee of the glory of Kara-George. Thanks to his energy, Servia being entirely delivered, extended her frontier from the isle of Poretsch on the Danube, to the confluence of that river with the Timok. But peace, always more fatal to the deliverers of their country than war, set in fer-

mentation new intrigues and dissensions amongst the chiefs, whom a sense of common danger had united. The hospodars wished to diminish the authority of Kara-George, in order at last to dispossess him entirely. This plot was discovered in time to avert it. He availed himself of the attempt, which was energetically repressed, to bring about in his own favor a definite reaction in the Diet of 1811. He gave a mortal blow to the influence of the hospodars and the vaivods, by subdividing the district, and increasing the chiefs, who, too weak to act singly, became thenceforward easy instruments to manage; and who, moreover, jealous of the ancient superiority of the vaivods, maintained themselves against them by the superiority of the supreme chief, and united their fortune with his. The powers of the senate were changed. This body, instead of concentrating the whole authority in itself, was divided into two assemblies; one, composed of the least influential members, formed a species of judicial magistracy, and the other held the administrative functions, and became a sort of ministry to Kara-George. It is impossible not to admire the political instinct of this great man, which is as profound as his military eye is sure and comprehensive. By calling around him, and retaining, by lucrative and honorable posts, his friends, and even his enemies, he separated them from a people too much accustomed to obey them, and thus ruined their seditious oligarchy. A law of banishment was passed against every Servian who should resist this constitution of the powers of the state. Dobrinyas and Milenko made the attempt, and took refuge in Russia. Nenadowitsch joined the party of George, through the marriage of his daughter with Mladen, one of the most powerful partisans of the dictator.

The Sultan proposed to acknowledge Kara-George as hospodar of Servia, under the guarantee of Russia. The Turks were to retain the fortresses and the arms. Complicated negotiations were continued without any effect till 1813, when Kara-George, unable to come to an agreement with the Porte, called his countrymen to arms. "You have," said he, "conquered your enemies with me during nine years; you have fought without arms and without magazines; you now have cities, ramparts, rivers, between you and the Turks; a hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, seven fortresses, forty fortified posts, and your forests, the impregnable asylum of your liberties: the Russians will march to your aid:—can you hesitate?"

The Turks, however, commanded by the capitan pacha of Widin, put themselves in motion. The grand vizier, profiting by

the victory of the French at Lutzen, pressed the pachas to terminate at a blow this long struggle so humiliating for the Porte. Eighteen thousand Turks advanced against Weliko, whom they besieged in Negotin. Weliko was killed by a cannon-ball. His army, broken up, fled to the marshes as far as the isle of Poretsch. In the south, Churchid Pacha, at the head of a numerous army, drove before him Mladen and Sima, the two Servian generals, and encamped under the very walls of Schabatz. Never had Servia been reduced to such extremities. The enthusiasm of independence appeared stifled under such reverses, as well, perhaps, as by three years of peace and intestine dissensions. Her nationality and her glory were eclipsed at the same time; and Kara-George himself, abandoning both his fortune and his country, either because he foresaw the catastrophe to be inevitable, or because he wished to reserve himself for better days, or had exhausted his heroism, and was anxious to save his life and his treasures, passed over to the Austrian territory with his secretary Jainka, and three of his confidants. Thus was eclipsed for ever the hero of Servia, by going to die in an Austrian citadel, instead of seeking amongst his comrades, and on the soil of the country whose energy he had first aroused, a death which would have immortalized him! On learning his flight, the army disbanded itself; and Smederewos and Belgrade again fell under the power of the Turks. Servia became a pachalik; and Solyman, her conqueror, became her master and pacha.

The senators had fled: one single individual, the vaivod Milosch Obrenowitsch, remained faithful to the now desperate cause of independence. He raised the southern provinces, and wished to occupy Osehiza; but, being abandoned by his troops, he was obliged to accept the proposals of the Turks. Solyman, to whom he was presented, received him with distinction. The disarmed Servians were employed to erect with their own hands the fortifications which were to keep the country in check. The tyranny of the dispossessed spahis was avenged by a most insolent oppression for the nine years of exile to which the bravery of the Servians had driven them. However, the national character regained its tone under this severe and degrading slavery. The ashes of the insurrection were still smouldering. Milosch, who was attentively watching the favorable moment, and which he thought not yet arrived, energetically repressed the premature attempts of his friends. The barbarous treachery of the kiaia of Solyman Pacha, was more powerful over him than the counsels of prudence. Mi-

loseh had obtained an amnesty for the insurgents of Tagodina: instead of keeping their promise, the Turks assembled the chiefs of the insurrection at Belgrade, shot a hundred and fifty of them, and impaled thirty-six. Milosch, who was himself at Belgrade, had the grief to witness the wretched fate of his countrymen. Their blood rose up against him and cried aloud in his heart. The Turks perceived his rage; they feared his vengeance, and made him prisoner; but he soon escaped, cleared the ramparts, and took refuge in the mountains of Ruduik: where he rallied his partisans, and the insurrection spread like wildfire throughout all the forests of Servia.

Milosch was born in 1780; his mother, Wischnia, was twice married. Her first husband's name was Obren; by him she had one son, named Milan. The name of her second husband was Tescho; by him she had several children; Milosch was one of these. His parents being without fortune, he was obliged to drive the cattle that the rich merchants of the country were sending to the Dalmatian markets. He next entered the service of Milan, his uterine brother, who dealt in cattle. The two brothers loved each other so affectionately, that Milosch took the name of Obrenowitsch, which was that of Milan's father. The business of the brothers flourished. Rich and influential at the period of the first insurrection, they took a part in it, each according to the nature of his character: Milan, peaceful and gentle, remained at home, to provide for the concerns of the district; Milosch, active and intrepid, fought under Kara-George.

When Kara-George changed the constitution of the country, Milan took part against him, and was shot by his orders. Milosch owed his fortune and his subsequent glory to the death of his brother. The desire of vengeance threw him into the ranks of the malcontents. He did not retire with the chiefs who fled in 1813; all eyes were therefore naturally fixed upon him, who alone remained in the country.

Milosch, on Palm Sunday, 1815, having fled from Belgrade, entered the church of Takowo, where a large congregation had assembled. He harangued the people with all the eloquence so natural to the Selavonian, and with the irresistible force of stern resolution which already animated his listeners. Hostilities began: Milosch, at the head of a few young horsemen of his district and a thousand mountaineers, seized one of the gates from the spahis, and captured two pieces of cannon. At the news of this success, the emigrants returned, the fugitives quitted the forests,

the heydukes descended from the mountains, and attacked the pacha's kiaia, who, at the head of ten thousand men, had imprudently encamped in the plains of the Morawa. The kiaia was slain in the battle; his death spread terror in the camp, and the Turks fled to Sienitza. At this place another battle was fought; Milosch gained the victory: the spoil, the women, the artillery of the kiaia, fell into the hands of the Servians. Ali Pacha quitted Belgrade with all his remaining troops, and marched against Milosch. He was defeated, and retired to Kiupra with an escort given him by the conqueror. Adem Pacha made a disgraceful capitulation, shut himself in Novibazar, and accepted the presents of Milosch. The pacha of Bosnia descended from his mountains with a fresh and numerous army, sending forward Ali Pacha, one of his lieutenants, to attack Milosch in Matschwai: Ali Pacha was taken prisoner, and sent back loaded with presents to the grand vizier. The Servians already showed themselves worthy, by their generosity, of that civilization in the name of which they were conquering; and Milosch treated with his enemies as with future friends. He felt that complete independence of his country was not yet established, and he observed treaties instead of dishonoring them by massacres. On the frontier of the Morawa, Maraschli Ali Pacha was now advancing in his turn. Luckily, disunion prevailed between this general and Churchid Pacha, the former grand vizier and pacha of Bosnia. They did not combine their plans; and each in secret wished the defeat of the other, to obtain for himself alone the honor of the victory: each desired to negotiate and secure the honor of having finished the war. Milosch was aware of these intrigues, and took advantage of them; he ventured to present himself in person before the grand vizier, in the midst of the Turkish camp: he obtained an interview with Churchid, but came to no understanding. Milosch insisted that Servia should remain armed; the pacha agreed to all the other terms but this, which indeed rendered them useless. Milosch, being irritated, arose to mount his horse; Churchid ordered his detention: the Janissaries threw themselves before him, but Ali Pacha, the lieutenant of Churchid, whom Milosch had conquered, and sent with presents to the grand vizier, courageously interposed between the Janissaries and Milosch; represented to Churchid that Milosch was come to the camp under pledge of his word, which was enforced by oath, that he should be dismissed in safety; and that he himself would sooner die than allow any attempt upon the liberty of the man to whom he owed his life. The firm-

ness of Ali Pacha imposed on the vizier and his soldiers ; he led him from the camp. Milosch said to him on departing, "Henceforth trust to no one, not even to yourself. We have been friends ; we now part, and forever." Milosch retired ; negotiations opened with Maraschli Ali Pacha were more successful ; the arms were allowed ; Servian deputies were despatched to Constantinople, and returned at the end of a month, bearing a firman of peace, conceived in these words : "As God has confided his subjects to the Sultan, so does the Sultan confide them to his pacha." The pacha re-entered Belgrade, and the Servian chiefs made him their submission in the person of Milosch ; the fortresses remained in the hands of the Turks ; the administration was shared between the two parties ; a national senate met at Belgrade under the pacha. Ali, liked by the Servians, replaced their enemy Solyman Pacha at Belgrade, who was recalled by the grand signior. Such a state of things could not last long ; collisions were inevitable. Milosch, always the leader of his nation, remained at Belgrade with Ali Pacha, like a watchful sentinel, always ready to give the people the signal for resistance or attack.

Ali endeavored to obtain by address the disarmament which he could not procure by force. He addressed himself to Milosch, conjuring him to obtain the arms of the people. Milosch replied that he and his friends were ready to lay down their arms, but that it was not possible to take them from the peasantry. The pacha, being indignant, stirred up against the Servian chancellor, Moler, and the metropolitan Nikschwitz : but Milosch's guards seized the two conspirators in full council, and obliged the pacha himself, in virtue of his executive power, to put them to death. The boldness of the Servians increased at this weakness of the pacha : Milosch quitted Belgrade, and, to escape the snares of all kinds with which the Turks and his rivals amongst the Servians surrounded him, shut himself up in the fortified village of Topshidor, half a league from Belgrade.—In 1821 a new attempt was again made against the life and power of Milosch. The two vaivods who had planned it were executed. The pacha was suspected of having been the instigator ; and the animosity between the two nations grew stronger. However, the insurrections in Albania, and the war of independence in Greece, occupied and weakened the Turks. Circumstances were favorable for the concentration of the national power in Servia. Nations never conquer their liberty but by identifying themselves with a military chief : interest and gratitude naturally induce them to con-

sign the hereditary power to him who was enabled to create and defend it. Monarchy is an instinct with rising nations: it is a defence they throw around their still assailed independence. This instinct was the stronger in Servia, where republican forms were unknown. Milosch felt it, and turned it to account. He extended his authority, and re-established very nearly the constitution of Kara-George. He interposed, between himself and the people, the aristocracy of the knevens, who were charged with the administration of the country. Every kneven has his knev, or province; and most of the districts have their obar-kneven. Milosch appoints them—assigns their territory and their salary. To avoid every pretence for exaction, the knevens receive their pay from the public treasury. Subordinate courts are established in the towns and villages. A superior court is held at Kraguzewatz. Milosch appoints them. Custom supplies the place of law, until the formation of a code which is in preparation. The right of pronouncing the penalty of death is reserved for the supreme head of the government. The small subsidy paid by Servia to the Porte, the remains of a ransom, which is but a reminiscence of their former dependence, passes through the hands of the supreme chief, who delivers it to the pacha. The pacha, a vain shadow of authority no longer existing, is but a sentinel of the Porte, who watches the Danube, and conveys orders to the Turks who occupy the fortresses. In the event of a war with Austria, the Servians are to furnish a contingent of forty thousand men. The clergy, whose influence might have counterbalanced that of Milosch, have lost their preponderance by losing the administration of justice, now assigned to the civil courts. The papas and the monks, like the rest of the community, are subject to corporal penalties, and pay the common taxes. The revenues of the bishops are replaced by a fixed salary from the state: hence all the power is concentrated in the hands of the supreme chief. The civilization of Servia resembles the regular discipline of a vast camp, in which a single will is the moving power of a multitude of men, whatsoever may be their functions or their rank. In the presence of the Turks this position is necessary. The people are on the alert and armed; the chief is an absolute soldier. This state of semi-independence is still contested by the Turks. The treaty of Akerman in 1827 decided nothing. A Diet was held at Kraguzewatz, in which it became necessary to take cognizance of the treaty of Akerman. Milosch rose and said—

"I know that there are some who are dissatisfied with the penalties inflicted by my orders on some disturbers. I have been accused of being too severe, and too desirous of power, whilst I have no other object than the maintenance of peace and obedience, which above all things are required by the two imperial courts. The taxes paid by the people are imputed to me as a crime, without reflecting how costly is the liberty which we have conquered, and how much more costly is slavery! A weaker man would yield to the difficulties of my situation. It is only by arming myself with rigid justice that I can fulfill the duties I have contracted towards the people, the emperors, my own conscience, and towards God himself."

After this speech, the Diet passed an act, which was presented to Milosch, and sent to the Porte; an act by which, through the organ of their chiefs, they swore eternal obedience to his highness, Prince Milosch Obrenowitsch and his descendants. Servia paid its debt to Milosch: he is now paying his to Servia. He is giving to his country laws simple as its morals, but qualified by European knowledge. Like the ancient legislators of new people, he is sending young Servians to travel to the large capitals of Europe, to obtain information on the subjects of legislation and administration, in order to apply it to his country. A few foreigners form a part of his court, and serve as informants upon the languages and the arts of the neighboring nations. The population, at peace, and devoted to the occupations of agriculture and commerce, comprehend the value of the liberty they have conquered, and are increasing in number, energy, and public virtue. Religion, the sole civilizer of nations which have it not in their laws, has lost its abuses, without losing any of its happy influences: public education is a principal object of the government's care. The people lend themselves, with an instinct almost fanatical, to the efforts of Milosch to render them worthy of a more improved form of government. It seems as though he perceived that enlightened nations only are capable of becoming free nations, and that he was hastening to this end. The municipal powers, thrown into the districts as the germs of liberty, are preparing to bud forth. Some exiles, banished by the Turks after the flight of Kara-George, and by Milosch for having conspired with the Turks against him, are still deprived of their country; but every day, by consolidating order and fusing opinions into a unanimous patriotism, is advancing the period when they may return, and recognize the happy influence of the hero whom they had fought against.

Ten thousand Turks still occupy the fortresses. The prince could easily expel them ; all the country would rise at his voice. But the presence of the Turks in these fortresses, and their nominal co-sovereignty, having no injurious effects upon Servia, but on the contrary, preventing internal agitation, and foreign intrigues, which would infallibly arise if she were completely detached from the Ottoman empire, the prince, with skillful policy, prefers this state of things to a new and premature war. The people are grateful to him for this peace, which gives time for the unfolding of internal civilization. They are in no apprehension for their real independence ; all the inhabitants are armed, and occupy the interior, the towns, and the villages. The pacha resides at Belgrade : Milosch, sometimes at Belgrade, sometimes at his château within a mile of the city, oftener at Kraguzewatz. He is there more insulated from the Turks, and occupies the most central spot in Servia. The nature of the country, and his warlike attitude, prevent the possibility of a surprise. Prince Milosch is forty-nine years of age. He has two sons, the eldest twelve years old.

The approaching destinies of the Ottoman empire will decide the fate of his family and people ; but it appears as if nature called it to a powerful participation in the great events which are preparing in European as well as Asiatic Turkey. The popular songs, which the prince takes care to disperse amongst the people, will lead them to anticipate, in the coming events, the glory and power of Servia, like that under their ancient heroic king, Stephen Duschan. The adventurous exploits of their heydukes pass from mouth to mouth, and cause the Servians to meditate on the resurrection of a Slavonic nation, whose germ, language, manners, and primitive virtues, they have preserved in the forests of Schumadia.

The traveler like myself cannot help hailing these anticipations with wishes and hopes : he cannot quit without regret and without benedictions these immense virgin forests, these mountains, these plains, these rivers, which seem springing from the hands of the Creator, and mingling the luxuriant youth of the land with that of the people, when he sees the new houses of the Servians peeping from the woods, rising at the edge of the torrents, extending in long yellow lines at the bottom of the valleys ; when he hears from afar the noise of the saws and the mills, the sound of the bells just baptized with the blood of the defenders of the country, and the peaceful or the martial chant of the young

men and maidens returning home from the labors of the field ; when he sees the long strings of children coming out of their schools or their wooden churches, whose roofs are hardly finished, with the accents of liberty, joy, and hope in every mouth, youth and sportiveness on every countenance : when he reflects on the immense physical advantages the land assures to its inhabitants ; on the temperate sun that warms it ; on the mountains which shade and protect it like natural fortresses ; on the magnificent Danube, which winds to enfold it, and bears its produce to the north and the east ; in short, on the Adriatic, which would soon furnish it with ports and a marine, and connect it with Italy : moreover, when the traveler recollects that, in crossing the country, he has received only marks of kindness and greetings of friendship ; that not a cottage has required the price of its hospitality ; that he has been welcomed every where alike, consulted as a sage, questioned as an oracle, and that his words, caught with eager curiosity by papas or knevers, will remain a germ of civilization in the villages through which he has passed,—he cannot help looking for the last time with affection upon the rough and wooded bank with its ruined mosques and broken domes, from which the wide Danube separates him, and exclaiming to himself as they disappear, “ Would that I might combat with this people for their dawning liberty ! ” and repeating the strophes of one of their popular songs, which his dragoman had translated,—

“ When the sun of Servia gleams on the waters of the Danube, the river seems in movement with the blades of yagatans, and the glittering muskets of the Montenegrins : it is a river of steel that defends Servia. How pleasant to be seated on the banks, and to see the broken arms of our enemies pass by ! ”

“ When the wind of Albania descends from the mountains and plunges beneath the forests of Schumadia, cries come forth, as from the army of Turks in the battle of the Morawa : sweet is the sound to the ears of the freed Servians ! Dead or alive, it is sweet after the battle to lie at the foot of this oak, which, like ourselves, chants its liberty.”

POLITICAL REFLECTIONS.

DURING eighteen months of traveling, vicissitude, and leisure, a man reflects, even involuntarily. The innumerable facts which pass under his eye enlighten him even unconsciously to himself. The different aspects under which human circumstances present themselves before him give them a new association and illustration. In history, in philosophy, in religion, he reasons upon what he has seen and heard,—instinctive truths form in his mind,—and upon examination he finds himself in many respects a new man. The world has spoken to him, and he has understood it: and if it were otherwise, what advantage would the traveler derive from the difficulties, the perils, the wearying separations he encounters,—his long absence from his friends and his country? Travels would be but a brilliant deception. But they are in fact the education of the mind by nature and men. A man, however, does not part from himself in his travels; the thoughts which employed his age and his country when he quitted the paternal roof follow and occupy him on his route. Politics having been the business of the day in Europe and in France when I took my departure, my thoughts have been much turned to politics in the East. In political order, as well as in history, philosophy, and religion, ideas more true, more expansive, and more accurate, have resulted from my examination of facts and places. My mind has made some decisive inferences, and here they are. It is the only page of those notes of a traveler which I am inclined to offer to Europe, and I do so because it contains a truth useful at the passing hour,—a truth which must be seized while it is ripe and manifest, and which may be made fruitful hereafter. If it is understood and acted upon, it will save Europe and Asia,—it will multiply and ameliorate the human race, and produce an epoch in its laborious and progressive existence. If it is misunderstood and neglected as an impracticable dream on account of some slight difficulties in its execution, the good and evil

passions of Europe will explode on herself, and Asia will remain, what she now is, a dead and sterile branch of humanity. In two words, then :

Human ideas have brought Europe to one of those great organical crises, but very few of which are preserved in the archives of history ; epochs where a worn-out civilization yields to another—where the past no longer maintains its hold upon us, and where the future presents itself in masses, shrouded in all the uncertainties, all the obscurity, which attend unknown effects ; epochs terrible when they are not fruitful—climacteric maladies of the human mind, which benumb it for centuries, or vivify it for a new and long existence. The French Revolution has been the tocsin of the world. Many of its phases are accomplished ; but it is not yet ended,—nothing ends in the slow, intestine, eternal movements of the moral life of mankind. There is a halting-time ; but during those very halts the thoughts ripen, and the strength grows which is to be the foundation of future action. In the march of societies, the change of object is but a new starting-point. The French Revolution, which will in time be called the European Revolution, because ideas find their level like water, is not only a political revolution, a transfer of power, one dynasty set in the place of another, or a republic in that of a monarchy : all that is only an accident, symptom, instrument, medium. The work is so much the more serious and important, as it may be accomplished under all the forms of political power ; and one may be a royalist or a republican, attached to one dynasty or another, a partisan of this or that constitutional combination, without being less sincerely or less effectually a revolutionist. One may prefer one instrument to another for removing the world and changing its place ; and that is all the difference. But the idea of revolution—that is to say, of change and amelioration—does not the less enlighten the mind and warm the heart. Where amongst us is the man of thought, of heart and reason, of religion and hope, who, laying his hand upon his heart, and examining it before God and in presence of society, dropping to pieces in consequence of the anomalous and antiquated nature of the materials that compose it, does not answer to himself, I am a revolutionist ? The time draws into its wake, as well those who resist it, as those who give it their good wishes and take the lead in its march. So rapid and invincible is the current, that those who row the most vigorously, and think to turn the tide or neutralize the descent of the stream, find themselves insensibly

carried far beyond the horizon on which they had fixed their eyes and their hearts, and in an hour of reflection measure with astonishment the length of way they have passed. It is now nearly half a century since this revolution, already ripe in ideas, broke out into action. At first it was only a battle, then a ruin; the dust of this struggle and this ruin obscured every thing for a long time—no one knew for what, on what ground, or under what banner he was fighting. Each drew, as in the night, upon his friends or his brothers; reaction followed upon action; excesses stained every banner; one withdrew in horror from a cause which crime pretended to serve, but which it destroyed, as it does all things: the mind passed from one excess to another, and could understand nothing of the tumultuous movements, the vicissitudes of the battle; for it was a battle,—that is to say, confusion and disorder, triumph and rout, enthusiasm and discouragement. At length we begin to comprehend the providential plan of this great action between ideas and men. The dust is laid, and the horizon is cleared up. We see the positions which have been carried and lost,—the opinions which have fallen in the battle, those which have been mortally wounded, those which survive, and those which triumph or are to triumph: we understand the past,—we understand the age,—we catch a glimpse of the future. This is a grand and rare moment for the human mind. It is conscious of its own powers, and of the great work it is performing; it has almost acquired an insight into futurity. When a revolution is fully understood, it is achieved: its success may be slow, but can be no longer doubtful. The new opinion, if it has not yet conquered its ground, has at least gained an arena for its infallible arm. That arm is the press,—the daily and universal revelation which surrounds us on all sides, and is to the spirit of innovation and amelioration what powder and cannon were to the first employers of them—victory assured in a powerful faculty. Political philosophers then are no longer obliged to fight, but to moderate and direct this invincible arm of the new civilization.

The past has rolled away, the arena is free, the space is vacant: equality of rights is an admitted principle; liberty of discussion is consecrated in the forms of government, power has remounted to its source; the interest and reason of all are collected in institutions which have more to fear from weakness than from tyranny; words spoken or written have a right to make their appeal always, and in all places, to the understanding of all. This grand tribunal of reason governs, and will govern more and more,

all the other powers emanating from it: it agitates, and will continue to agitate, all questions, social, religious, political, or national, with the force which opinion lends it, and in proportion to the growth of conviction, until human reason, enlightened by the ray it has pleased God to send it, shall have resumed the possession of the entire moral world, and, satisfied with its logical labors, shall say, with the Creator, "What I have made is good;" then shall rest for a while, if there be rest in heaven or in earth.

But the social system is complicated. The solution of domestic difficulties necessarily imposes a similar solution of questions of foreign policy. A chain of connection pervades the world, and one fact invariably reacts upon another: let us consider then what ought logically to be the plan and action of European politics, as regards the East. I say, European; for although in outward forms the constitutional, or, to speak more properly, the rational system at present prevails only in France, England, Spain, and Portugal, yet it every where prevails in opinion: reflecting men are all on its side, the people of all countries actuated by its spirit; the moral revolution once accomplished, or even commenced, that of forms soon follows; the opportunity only is wanting, and it becomes merely a question of time. Europe upholds a variety of forms, but already acknowledges but one spirit—the spirit of renovation, and of the government of men by the law of reason. France and England are the two countries charged in these latter days to promulgate, and by their own experience to justify, opinions. Glorious and fatal mission! France, the most adventurous, has taken the lead, and is at this moment far in advance; let her then be the first subject of our meditations.

Glorious but perilous is the career opened to France; she is the guide of nations, but is herself a stranger to the path, and, while feeling a way for the social community, may be herself engulfed in an unseen abyss: all the hostility to experience which still resists innovation throughout Europe, is set in motion against her. In religion, in philosophy, in politics, all who are averse to reason, abhor France; all the secret aspirations of men whose minds are retrograde and immovably linked to the past, are for her ruin; she is to them the symbol of their decline, the living evidence of their impotency, and of the falsehood of their prophecies; her prosperity disproves their doctrines, which her overthrow would verify; all attempts for the amelioration of human institutions would fall with her; but vehement acclamations would be heard; the world would remain in subjection to tyr-

anny and prejudice. The supporters of prejudice and tyranny therefore, passionately clamor for her subversion. They announce it as the sequel of her every movement; they hope it on every occasion: but France is strong, stronger by far in the living spirit which animates her, than in the number of her soldiers. She alone has faith in, and a clear and generous perception of the great universal cause for which she contends; military machines are opposed to her, she brings martyrs to the arena. Conviction is more powerful than an army; France, ruined in her finances, rent by divisions, oppressed by tyranny, ensanguined by executioners within—attacked from without by her own children leagued in arms with united Europe, has shown the world that she cannot perish by external dangers. Those from within are more serious; they result from her new situation: a transition is always a crisis; and the consequences, foreseen or unforeseen, of a new organic principle, inevitably produce unexpected phenomena in the social state of a great people. The immediate consequences of the Revolution in France, and the accidental results of the crisis she has just passed through, are numerous: I shall consider only the principal.

Equality of right produced equality of pretension and ambition among all classes; universal aspirings after power, unlimited competition for all offices, the obstruction of all professions; rivalry, jealousy, envy between so many candidates pressing at the same time towards the same goal; a perpetual elbowing of talents, cupidity, and self-love, at the gate of all departments of the public service; a consequent instability in all public functions, and a throng of repulsed and envenomed forces flowing back upon society, and always ready to revenge themselves upon her.

The liberty of discussion and inquiry secured to the enfranchised press, has engendered a spirit of dispute and controversy without candor, a professional and systematic opposition; a cynical character, which by dint of wordy logic scares away truth and moderation; misleads and excites ignorance; is ever ready to underrate the chief requisite of nations—power, in whatever hands; terrifies honest but timid men, and puts arms in the hands of all the evil passions of the time and the country.

The general diffusion of instruction—that first necessity of the people, from whom it has been so long withheld—produces upon them as its immediate result a bewilderment of ideas not yet fully understood, a sort of vertigo of the mind too suddenly enlightened: they are like men who, after long languishing in total darkness,

are at once incautiously exposed to the full flood of day, or too plentifully supplied with food when nearly perishing with hunger; the one is dazzled, and for the time at least blinded; the other is in danger of losing his life from an excess of the aliment which should have restored it; but it does not follow that the bread or the light is fatal—the transition alone is injurious. So it is with general instruction: its first effect is to generate a superabundance of capacities demanding employment in society; a want of equilibrium between faculties and occupations, which may and must elicit for a time serious dissonances in the political harmony, till the balance shall be re-adjusted by these multiplied capacities creating each for itself a proper mode of action.

Again, the manufacturing stimulus withdraws the population from domestic feelings, and from the peaceful labors of agriculture, so conducive to moral habits; it over-excites labor by the sudden rise of profits, which as suddenly and irregularly fall back; it accustoms to the luxury and vices of cities, men who can never afterwards return to the simplicity and mediocrity of rural life; and thus accumulates those masses of population to-day insufficient for the demand, to-morrow deprived of employment, and by their destitution a prey to sedition and disorder.

The populace, a numerous class, imperceptible in theoretical, despotic, and aristocratical governments, where it is overshadowed indeed by the possessors of the soil, but finds protection under their shade, and a guarantee at least of existence in their patronage,—now, thrown on its own resources by the suppression of its patrons, and by the system of individuality, is in a worse condition than ever,—has achieved barren rights without the means of subsistence, and will shake the foundations of society till sociality shall have succeeded to individuality.

The condition of this populace has given rise to the question of property which is now every where mooted; a question which would be resolved by the law of the strongest, were it not easily resolved by reason, policy, and social charity. Charity is sociality;—selfishness is individuality. Charity, as well as policy, commands man not to abandon his fellow-creatures to themselves, but to come to their aid—to form a sort of mutual security on equitable conditions between society in possession and society not in possession. She says to the proprietor, “Thou shalt preserve thy property;” for, despite the alluring dream of a community of wealth, tried in vain by Christianity and by philanthropy, property appears to have been at all periods, from the earliest to the

present, the *sine quâ non* of all society : without it there is neither domestication, labor, nor civilization. But she adds, "Thou wilt remember that the right of property was not instituted for thee alone, but for mankind at large ; thou enjoyest it only on the conditions of justice, utility, distribution to all : thou wilt therefore supply thy brother, from the superfluity of thy possessions, with the means and elements of labor necessary to his acquiring possessions in his turn ; thou wilt recognize a right superior to the right of property—the right of humanity !" This is justice, and this is policy ; for they are one and the same thing.

From all the facts arising out of the new order of things, one incontestable requisite results for France and for Europe—expansion : it is of imperative necessity that expansion without should bear some proportion to the immense expansion within produced by the revolution which all things are undergoing. Without that outward expansion, how shall we obviate the perils I have just pointed out ? How prescribe equality in rights and deny it in facts ? How admit inquiry, yet resist reason and its organ the press ? How diffuse information, and drive back upon themselves the capacities which it multiplies ? How give activity to manufactures, and provide at the same time against the accumulations of population, and those sudden cessations of labor and salary which they bring in their train ? How, in short, restrain those perpetually increasing masses of the populace, armed, undisciplined, and struggling between poverty on the one hand and pillage on the other ? How save property from the doctrinal and actual aggressions to which it will be more and more exposed ? And should that corner-stone of all society be laid prostrate, how enable society itself to hold together ? Where then would be the refuge against a second barbarism ? So imminent are these dangers, that unless the anticipative wisdom of the European governments devise a preservative against them, the ruin of the known social world is inevitable within a given time.

Now, by a wonderful provision of Providence, who never creates wants without at the same time creating the means of satisfying them, it happens, that at the moment when the great crisis of civilization takes place in Europe, and when the new necessities resulting from it are revealing themselves both to governments and people, a great crisis of an inverse order takes place in the East, and a vast void is there offered for the redundancy of European population and faculties. The excess of life which is overflowing here may and must find an outlet in that part of the

world ; the excess of force which overstrains us may and must find employment in those countries, where the human powers are in a state of exhaustion and torpidity, where the stream of population is stagnant or drying up, where the vitality of the human race is expiring.

The Turkish empire is crumbling to pieces, and threatens from day to day to leave to anarchy and disorganized barbarism, territories devoid of inhabitants, and a people destitute of rulers. This impending ruin of the Ottoman empire requires not hastening even by a touch of the finger against the tottering Colossus ; it is accomplishing itself providentially by its own action, and by a fatality inherent in its nature, of which no one can be arraigned as the author, and which it is not in the power of the Turks or of Europe to retard. The sinking population expires from the cessation of its own vitality ; or rather, it is already extinct. The Mussulman race is reduced to nothing in the sixty thousand square leagues of which its immense and fertile domain is composed. Except in one or two capitals, there are no Turks. Let us cast our eye over those rich and beautiful regions, and seek the Ottoman empire ; and we shall find it nowhere : the stupid, or rather the inert and murderous administration of the conquering race of Osman, has every where created a desert, or has permitted the conquered people to aggrandize, and multiply, while it was itself daily diminishing and expiring.

The coast of Africa no longer remembers the origin of its institutions and the domination of the Turks. The Barbary regencies are independent in fact ; and have no longer that fraternity of customs, and that sympathy of religion with the Turks, which constitute a shadow of nationality. The blow struck at Navarino was not heard at Tunis ; the fall of Algiers was not felt at Constantinople : the branch is separated from the trunk. The coast of Africa is not inhabited by Turks or Arabs, but by colonies of freebooters, superfluous to the soil, and which take no root in it ; which have neither right, nor title, nor family among the nations ; it which, like a vessel without a flag, are the legitimate prey of the cannon ; upon which whoever will may fire. Turkey is not there.

Egypt, peopled by Arabs, and alternately submitting to all the masters of Syria, has now actually detached itself from the empire. Mehemet Ali attempts the resuscitation of the empire of the Caliphs ; but the fanaticism of a new doctrine, which sharpened their sabre, no longer glitters round his. Arabia, divided into tribes, without cohesion, without uniformity of customs or laws,

accustomed for centuries to the yoke of all the pachas, is far from seeing a deliverer in Mehemet Ali ; she does not even regard him as a civilizer, restoring her from barbarism and impotence to tactics and independence ; she sees in him only a rebellious and fortunate slave, desirous of aggrandizing the lot which fortune has bestowed upon him—of enriching himself alone by the productions of Egypt and Syria, and of dying without a master. After him, she knows she must fall under some yoke, and cares not of whom.

The walls of Bagdad, on the confines of the desert of Syria, enclose only a mixed population of Jews, Christians, Persians, and Arabs : a garrison of a few thousand Turks, commanded by a pacha, who revolts or is expelled every two or three years, is insufficient to uphold the Turkish nationality among a population of two hundred thousand souls. Bagdad is in its nature a free city—a caravansary belonging to all Asia, as a depot for its internal commerce—a Palmyra in the desert. Between Bagdad and Damascus extend the vast deserts of Syria and Mesopotamia, through which runs the Euphrates : neither kingdoms, nor dominions, nor cities are here ; here are only the ambulatory tents of unknown and independent tribes, who have no nationality but their caprices, who acknowledge no country and no master,—children of the desert, who hold as enemies whoever attempt to reduce them to subjection—yesterday the Turks, to-day the Egyptians. Turkey is not here.

Damascus, a great and magnificent town—a holy city, where the Mussulman fanaticism still exists, has a population of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand souls : of these, thirty thousand are Christians, seven or eight thousand are Jews, and above a hundred thousand Arabs. A handful of Turks still reign over the country by the spirit of conquest and of co-religion ; but Damascus, a city of storms and independence, is perpetually revolting, massacres its pacha, and expels the Turks. Aleppo, a city of infinitely less importance, is in the same case ; but its commerce is declining and itself expiring in the ruins of its frequent earthquakes. The towns of Syria Proper, from Gaza to Alexandretta, including the two cities of Homs and Hama, are also peopled by Arabs, Syrian Greeks, Armenians, and Jews : the total number of Turks in this beautiful and extensive territory does not exceed thirty or forty thousand at most. The Maronites, a sound, vigorous, intellectual, warlike, and commercial nation, occupy Lebanon, and disdain or defy the Turks. The independent and courageous tribes of the Druses and Metoualis form, with

the Maronites, under the federal government of the Emir Beschir, the predominant population of Syria and even Damascus, ready to become the sovereign power in these countries, the moment the dismemberment of the empire shall abandon them to their natural resources. Here is the germ of a great people, new and capable of civilization : Europe has but to afford it encouragement, and to say, Arise !

We come next to Mount Taurus, and the wide extent of Carmania, or Asia Minor, the provinces of which once formed seven kingdoms, while its shores were thickly studded with independent towns or flourishing colonies of Greeks and Romans. I have traversed all these shores, I have inspected all their gulfs from Tarsus to Tchesme, and I have seen nothing but fertile solitudes, or miserable hamlets inhabited by Greeks : the interior affords pasturage to the cattle of the indomitable tribe of Turcomans, who wander among the mountains in the summer, and encamp in the plains for the winter. Adana, Konia, Kutaya, and Angora, its principal towns, are each peopled by some thousand Turks : Smyrna alone is the great centre of its population ; it contains about a hundred thousand souls, more than half of whom are Christians, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. Coasting the shores of Asia Minor, we come to the beautiful Greek islands of Scio, Rhodes, and Cyprus. The latter is itself a kingdom ; it measures eighty leagues in length, by twenty in breadth : has contained and is capable of supporting a population of several millions ; it possesses the sky of Asia with the soil of the tropics : its present inhabitants are about thirty thousand Greeks ; and sixty Turks, enclosed in a ruined fortress here, represent the Ottoman power. The same may be said of Rhodes, Stanchio, Samos, Scio, and Mytilene. Hitherto, where are the Turks ? This is, however, the finest portion of their empire.

The coasts of the sea of Marmora and of the channel of the Dardanelles present likewise some small towns, dispersed at considerable distances, and thinly inhabited by a poor population half Turkish and half Greek. The Turks in these countries, including those of Broussa, can scarcely be reckoned at more than a hundred thousand souls.

Constantinople, like all the capitals of a decaying people, alone presents an appearance of population and life : in proportion as the vitality of empires recedes from the extremities, it concentrates itself in the heart. There was also a time when the entire Greek empire existed in Constantinople ; the city was taken,

and the empire was no more. Authors are not agreed respecting the population of Constantinople, which is differently stated from three hundred thousand to a million souls: the census is wanting, every one therefore judges from private data. Mine is founded only on a glance cast upon the great developement of the city, including Scutari, upon the shores of the Golden Horn, the sea of Marmora, and the coasts of Asia and Europe. I include all this under the name of Constantinople, for there is no interruption of houses. The denominations of quarters, of towns and villages, are arbitrary; it is but a single city, a single centre of population, sending out its lines of houses, kiosks, palaces, or villages, over an extent of fourteen French leagues in length, sometimes of a considerable depth, sometimes of one or two houses only. I believe that the aggregate of this population may amount to from six to seven hundred thousand souls: not more than one-third of these are Turks; the remainder are Armenians, Jews, Christians, Franks, Greeks, and Bulgarians. The Turkish population of Constantinople may be taken, then, according to my estimate, at from two to three hundred thousand souls. I did not visit the shores of the Black Sea; but according to the excellent and conscientious narrative of M. Fontanier's travels, published in 1834, the indigenous population predominates in those districts, and the Turks diminish in number there, as well as in the provinces of the empire which I have traversed.

After the capital, the only great town of European Turkey is Adrianople, which may reckon from thirty to forty thousand Turks: Philippopoli, Sophia, Nissa, Belgrade, and the little intermediate towns, an equal number. I apprehend the number of Turks in those portions of the empire which I have not visited, will amount on the whole to about three hundred thousand. Servia and Bulgaria will scarcely produce a Turk to a village; and I suppose the case may be the same in the other provinces of Turkey in Europe. Allowing, then, for the errors which I may have committed, and attributing to the interior of Asia Minor a much larger population than appears to the eye, or than the relations of travelers warrant, I do not think that the total existing Turkish population can be estimated at more than two or three millions of souls; I am indeed far from believing that it should be stated so high. Here then is the conquering race, reared on the borders of the Caspian Sea, melting away under the sun of the Mediterranean; here then is Turkey possessed, or rather already lost, by this small number of men: for while the doctrine of fatalism,

the inertness which is consequent upon it, the immutability of institutions, and the barbarism of the administration, reduce almost to nothing the conquerors and masters of Asia, their slaves, the Christian races of the empire, the Armenians, Greeks, and Maronites, and the race of conquered Arabs, increase and multiply through the natural effect of their customs, their religion, and their activity. The number of slaves immensely surpasses the number of oppressors; the Greeks of the Morea, a feeble and miserable population, have, single-handed, in a moment of energy, cleared the Peloponnesus of Turks; Moldavia and Wallachia have thrown off the yoke; the islands would be all freed but for the European treaty which guarantees them to the Sultan; the whole of Arabia is dissected amongst tribes unknown to each other, molested alternately by the Turks and by the Egyptians, and dominated in her most energetic portions by the great schism of the Wahabees; two-thirds of the Armenians are snatched from the Turkish power by the Russians and Persians; the Georgians are Russians; the Maronites and the Druses will be masters of Syria and Damascus, as soon as it is seriously their will to be so: the Bulgarians are a numerous and healthy population, still tributary, but themselves more numerous and better organized than the Turks, capable of casting off their subjection with a word. This word the Servians have pronounced, and their magnificent forests already begin to be opened by roads, towns, and villages; Prince Milosch, their chief, admits Turks at Belgrade only as allies, no longer as masters. The spirit of conquest, the soul of the Osmanlis, is extinct; the spirit of armed proselytism has long since vanished from among them: their force of impulsion is gone; their force of conservation, which should reside in an uniform, enlightened, and progressive administration, exists only in the head of Mahmoud: popular fanaticism is dead with the janissaries, and if the janissaries could revive, barbarism would revive with them: a miracle of genius would be necessary to resuscitate the empire; Mahmoud has heart, but not genius: he assists in producing his own ruin, and encounters only obstacles where a stronger and more expansive mind would find instruments; he is reduced to depending for support upon the Russians, his natural and immediate enemies. This policy of weakness and despair ruins him in the opinions of his people; he is become the shadow only of a Sultan assisting in the dismemberment of his empire; pressed between Europe, which protects him, and Mehemet Ali, who threatens him if he declines the humiliating assistance of the

Russians, Ibrahim arrives and overthrows him by his presence : if he combats Ibrahim, France and England confiscate his fleets, and encamp on the shores of the Dardanelles ; if he enters into alliance with Ibrahim, he becomes the slave of his slave, and finds a prison or death in his own seraglio. The energy of heroism and an effort of sublime despair alone could save him, and restore for a while the Ottoman glory. To close on either side the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, to make an appeal to southern Europe, and to all that remains of Islamism, and to march himself against Ibrahim and the Russians,—these are the only means of recovery yet open to him : but suppose them adopted and successful, the empire, glorious for a moment, would not the less decompose itself immediately afterwards, the only permanent result would be, that its fall would be enlightened with a halo of heroism, and that the race of Othman would set as it rose, in a triumph.

Now that we have seen the state of Europe, and that of the Ottoman empire, what line of conduct should political foresight adopt ? How should Europe act, consistently with the policy of humanity, not of a blind and stupid selfishness ? The routine of diplomacy, which repeats its axioms, when once received, long after they have ceased to have a rational meaning, and which trembles to have a real and serious question to discuss, because it has neither intellect nor energy to resolve it, has declared that the Ottoman empire must be supported on all sides, as a necessary counterpoise to Russian power in the East.

If an Ottoman empire really existed—if there were still Turks capable of creating and organizing, not an army only, but a government, which might observe the rear of the Russian empire, and give her serious disquiet, while southern Europe engaged her in front,—then perhaps, this might be conservative policy. It would be hardihood or madness to say to Europe, Efface from the map an existing empire, full of life ; lift an immense weight from the ill adjusted equilibrium of the body politic ; the world will not perceive the change. But the Ottoman empire no longer exists except in name ; its life is extinct—its weight no longer sways the balance ; it is nothing but a vast void, which your anti-human policy wishes to leave vacant, instead of filling it with a healthy and living population, which nature has already planted there, and which you might replenish and propagate yourselves. Do not precipitate the fall of the Ottoman empire—do not usurp the office of fate—do not assume the responsibility

of Providence; but do not sustain by an illusory and culpable policy that phantom to which you can at best give only an appearance and attitude of life,—for it is dead. Do not become the allies of barbarism and Islamism, against the more advanced stages of civilization, reason, and religion, which they oppress; nor the accomplices of the slavery and depopulation of the finest parts of the world. Let destiny accomplish its purposes—observe, wait and be ready.

When at length the empire shall sink of itself, and, undermined by Ibrahim, or some other pacha, shall be dismembered alike in its northern and southern provinces, you will have a simple question to decide. Will you make war upon Russia, to prevent her inheriting Constantinople and the coasts of the Black Sea? Will you make war upon Austria, to prevent her inheriting one half of Turkey in Europe? Will you make war upon England, to prevent her inheriting Egypt and the route to India by the Red Sea?—upon France, to prevent her colonizing Syria and the Island of Cyprus?—upon Greece, to prevent her completing her territories by the addition of the coasts of the Mediterranean, and the beautiful isles which bear her name, and are inhabited by her own people?—on all the world, in short, lest any one should profit by these magnificent ruins? Or must we come to a mutual understanding, and divide them amongst the human race, under the patronage of Europe, that the human race may multiply and flourish in this beautiful climate, and that civilization may resume its station there? These are the two questions which a congress of the powers of Europe will have to decide. Truly, the answer is not doubtful.

If you resolve on war, you will have war, with all the evils—all the ruin that attend it: you will injure Europe, and Asia, and yourselves; and the war having ended from utter weariness, nothing which you intended to prevent will be prevented. The force of circumstances—the irresistible march of events—the influence of national sympathies and religion—the power of territorial positions, will have their inevitable effect: Russia will occupy the coasts of the Black Sea and Constantinople—the Black Sea is a Russian lake, of which Constantinople is the key; Austria will spread herself over Servia, Bulgaria and Macedonia, to keep pace with Russia; France, England and Greece, after disputing the road for some time, will respectively take possession of Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, and the Islands. The effect will be the same; but, meanwhile torrents of blood will have flowed, by

sea and land ; the chances of battle will have substituted forced and arbitrary, for natural and rational division of territory ; years of useful colonization will have been lost ; and during these perhaps lengthened years, Turkey in Europe and Asia will have been the prey of anarchy and incalculable calamities. You will find more extensive deserts than even the Turks had left. Europe will have receded instead of following her accelerated movement of civilization and prosperity, and Asia will have rested still longer in her bed of death. If reason presides over the destinies of Europe, can she hesitate ? and if she hesitates, what will history say of her governments and rulers ? It will attest that the political world has been directed in the nineteenth century by suicidal selfishness and folly ; and that its cabinets and subjects have rejected the most magnificent present which Providence has ever offered to the necessities of an epoch, and to the progress of mankind.

Let us now see what ought to be done. Let a congress be assembled of the principal powers bordering on the Ottoman empire, or having important interests in the Mediterranean, to establish the principle that Europe withdraws from all action or direct influence upon the internal affairs of Turkey, and abandons it to its own vitality and the chances of its destiny ; and to agree beforehand, that in case of the fall of this empire, whether by a revolution at Constantinople, or by successive dismemberments, the European powers shall take, under the title of protectorates, such portions of its dominions as shall have been assigned to each by the stipulations of the congress ; that these protectorates, the territories of which shall be defined and limited according to contiguity of situation—security of frontier—analogy of religion, customs, and interests, shall maintain only the paramount authority of the respective powers, without interfering with the local sovereignties pre-existing in the protected provinces. This *suzeraineté*, or paramount protectorship, thus recognized as a European institution, should be defined to consist principally in the right of occupying certain portions of the territory and coasts—of founding there free cities, European colonies, or trading ports. The several nationalities—the classifications of tribes—the pre-existing rights of every kind, should be recognized and supported by the protecting power, which should exercise over its assigned territory only an armed and civilizing guardianship guaranteeing its existence and the elements of its nationality, under the banners of a stronger nationality,—preserving it from

invasion, dismemberment and anarchy, and furnishing it with the means of pacifically developing its commercial and industrial resources.

These points established, the mode of action and influence of the protectorates over the portions of the East which should devolve upon them would vary according to their respective localities and customs, and would flow from peculiar circumstances: matters would naturally take the following course:—

In the first instance, one or several European free towns would be founded upon such parts of the coast or territory as from nature and circumstances should appear the most eligible. These towns, open, as well as the whole territory, to all the protected population, would be governed by the laws of the mother country, or by an especial colonial legislation: on settling in them, the protected people should obtain the rights of citizenship, and soon after all those enjoyed by the native subjects of the protecting power; they should cease to be subject to the oppressive and barbarous legislations of their tribe or their prince; they should be fully invested with the right of property and its transmission, which is almost every where wanting in these lands, and which is the first and chief lever of its civilization; they should enjoy such immunities of commerce, industry, and arms, as the policy of the protectorate should confer upon them. The commercial relations between these principal centres of liberty, property, and civilization, would inevitably be drawn closer and closer; the towns, villages, and tribes would soon demand in mass to be admitted to the benefits of compatriotism, and of the social rights which would result from it; and the protected country would pass altogether in a few years within the pale of the protecting power. A uniformity of laws, and of political and social institutions, would be promptly and liberally established; all these advantages are already warmly appreciated among the people to whom they would thus be extended. Weary of the tyranny and the barbarous administration by which they are decimated—hungering especially for the rights of property, commerce, and individual liberty, there can be no doubt but they would immediately fill to an overflow the first open towns. The contagion of example, and the prosperous security enjoyed by these towns and their territories, would seduce the entire population of still extending circles. But two articles would require to be respected and protected—their customs and religion. This is easy, because toleration is the law of Europe and good sense, and the inveterate habit of the

East. All sorts of worship must be equally protected, in perfect freedom and mutual independence. Some purely civil conditions must be gradually imposed on those who establish themselves in European towns, modifying their customs with respect to legislation, without interfering with their faith. The municipal and protecting law must know nothing of a plurality of wives or of slavery, but it must interdict nothing which belongs merely to the province of domestic government or of conscience.

Each protectorate must possess two sorts of legislation ; the one general, and in some measure feudal, which will regulate the general connection of the protected people and tribes amongst each other and with the protecting nation, as the imposition of taxes and the militia of the colony, and the boundaries of the territories of the respective dependent tribes ; the other, a European legislation for the European free towns analogous to that of the protecting nation—a legislative model incessantly offered to the emulation of the native powers. The common pact, over the due execution of which the protectorate would watch, must only oblige these various races of men who inhabit the East, differing from each other in tribes, in religion, and in customs, to live together in peace ; it would habituate them to a community of interests ; would teach them, for certain objects, to convene deliberative assemblies of their respective nations and tribes ; and then to choose the most enlightened among themselves as deputies, to deliberate in their turn with the deputies of other nations and tribes on interests common to the whole protectorate ; in order to accustom them by degrees to a beneficial connection, and to blend them insensibly rather by the force of manners than of laws. The East is so well prepared by its municipal habits, and by the great diversity of its races, for such a state of things, that the protecting nation would experience no difficulty, except in a few great capitals, as Damascus, Bagdad, Cairo, and Constantinople. These difficulties must not be overcome by force, but simply by a temporary interdiction of intercourse with the rest of the protected territories. The cessation of commerce is, in the East, a suspension of life. Their repentance would soon purchase reconciliation.

The possibility, I will even say the extreme facility of such an organization, is manifest to all who have traveled in these countries. Galling subjection, ruin, depopulation, absence of the right of property and legal transmission—the arbitrary will of a pacha, weighing like an incubus upon fortune, and upon life itself,

have so denationalized those beautiful regions, that any standard planted there on the above conditions would quickly rally the majority of the inhabitants under its shadow. They are for the most part ripe for the change: all the population of Turkey in Europe, and all the Greeks, Armenians, Maronites, and Jews, are industrious, agricultural, and commercial; give them only protection of property, personal security, and liberty, and they will speedily multiply, and cover the isles and the two continents. In twenty years, the measures which I propose will have created prosperous nations, and we shall see millions of men advancing under the ægis of Europe to a new civilization.

But, I may be asked, how will you dispose of the Turks?—The empire once fallen, divided, and dismembered,—the Turks, shaken off by all the insurgent populations, will either become blended with them, or flee to Constantinople and some few parts of Asia Minor, where they may still muster a majority. They are too insignificant in numbers, too much closed in by implacable enemies, too visibly struck by the fatality which constitutes a material portion of their creed, to re-conquer their wide spreading domination when once lost. They will form one among the many nations guaranteed and protected by the European power which shall accept the sovereignty of the Bosphorus of Constantinople, or of Asia Minor, and will be but too happy in the defence of that shield against the vindictive aggressions of the people who have endured their yoke. They will retain their laws, their habits, their creed, till habitual contact with a more advanced civilization shall insensibly lead them to property, industry, commerce, and all the social benefits which flow from these. Their territory, their relative independence, and their nationality, will remain under the guardianship of Europe, till their complete fusion with the other free nations of Asia. Did the plan which I have conceived and propose depend for its execution on violence, on the expatriation and forcible dispossession of this wreck of a great and generous nation, I should regard it as a crime. The Turks, by the inherent and irreclaimable viciousness of their administration and of their habits, are incapable of governing their present territories in Europe and Asia, or in either of them. They have depopulated the countries which owned their sway, and have destroyed themselves by the slow suicide of their government: but as a race of men, they are still, in my estimation, the first and most worthy amongst the numerous races that people their vast empire; their character is the noblest and most dignified, their courage is

unimpeachable, and their virtues, religious, civil, and domestic, are calculated to inspire every impartial mind with esteem and admiration. Magnanimity is inscribed on their foreheads and displayed in their actions: if they had better laws and a more enlightened government, they would be one of the greatest people the world has seen. All their instincts are generous. They are a people of patriarchs, of contemplatists, of adorers, of philosophers,—and when their cause is that of religion, they are a people of heroes and martyrs. God forbid that I should instigate the extermination of such a race, whom I believe to confer an honor on humanity! But as a nation, they are, or soon will be, no more. As a race of men, they must be saved, with those whom they oppress and whose propagation they impede, by the direction of their destiny and that of Asia being at a decisive moment assumed by more competent hands. By what right? it may be asked. By the right of humanity and civilization. It is not the right of power which I invoke: power confers no right, but it confers a capability. Europe combined in one aim—the preservation and civilization of the human race, has indisputably the capability of deciding the fate of Asia. It is for her to examine herself, and to ask herself whether that capability does not constitute a right, whether it does not impose a duty. For my part, I hold the affirmative. No cannon need be fired; no violence, no confiscation, no proscription, no violation of religion or morals, authorized. A resolution only is to be taken, a protection promulgated, a standard unfurled; and if this is not done, twenty years of unprofitable warfare is reserved for Europe;—for Asia, anarchy, ruin, stagnation, depopulation to the end of time! Has God bestowed upon man so magnificent a domain, in the finest portion of the globe, that it may be left sterile, uncultivated, or ravaged by eternal barbarism?

As for Europe herself, her convulsed and revolutionary state—the exuberance of her unemployed population, industry, and intellectual forces, ought to lead her to bless that Providence which so opportunely opens to her so boundless a career of thought, activity, noble ambition, civilizing proselytism, manufacturing and agricultural industry; offices and emoluments in every shape; fleets and armies to direct; ports to construct; cities to erect; colonies to found; fertile solitudes to cultivate; new manufactures to establish; new discoveries to turn to account; new regions to explore; alliances to attempt; young and sound populations to

educate ; systems of legislation to study and to prove ; religions to investigate and rationalize ; fusions of people and of customs to consummate ; Europe, Asia, and Africa to draw nearer to each other, and to unite by new communications, which shall leave but the interval of a month between India and Marseilles, and place Cairo in connection with Calcutta.

The finest climates of the world ; the rivers and plains of Mesopotamia offering their currents and their roads as channels for the infinitely multiplied activity of universal commerce ; the mountains of Syria furnishing an inexhaustible depôt of fuel to innumerable steam-vessels ; the Mediterranean, become the lake of southern Europe, as the Euxine already is of Russia, and as the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf are of England ; nations, now destitute of territory, country, rights, laws or security, dividing amongst them, under the shelter of European legislation, those districts in which they now encamp, and overspreading Asia Minor, Africa, Egypt, Arabia, Turkey in Europe, and the Islands, with an industrious population, thirsting after the knowledge and the productions of Europe. What a picture is here ! What a prospect for the three continents ! What a limitless sphere of new activity for the faculties and the wants which consume us ! What elements of pacification, of domestic order, and of steady progression, for our tempestuous times !—And this picture is a simple truth ; a truth infallible, easy, certain. Europe wants only just opinions and generous sentiments to realize it : a word will suffice her to save herself while preparing a glorious futurity for mankind.

I shall not here discuss the limits of the European and Asiatic protectorates, and the compensations to which those limits might lead in Europe itself : the task belongs exclusively to the agents of the principal powers assembled in a secret congress. Established nationalities represent in some degree the individual identity of the people. They should be touched as little as possible in negotiation ; war alone affects them. Such compensations therefore would be easily granted, and need not produce the interminable discussion and perpetual squabbles which are always objected against them. As I have just observed, in certain cases capability is right. The lesser powers ought not to embarrass the greater, in whom actually resides the preponderating voice, from which there is no appeal, in the great European council. When Russia, Austria, England, and France understand each

other, and have promulgated a firm and unanimous decision, who can prevent their executing whatever their dignity, their interests, and the welfare of the world shall dictate to them?—Certainly no one. The inferior diplomacies may murmur, may intrigue, may write; but the work will be accomplished, and the vigor of Europe renewed.

APPENDIX.

LETTER FROM THE VISCOUNT DE MARCELLUS TO MONSIEUR DE LAMARTINE.

OF your travels in the East, my dear Lamartine, I have as yet read only the extracts inserted in the various journals ; yet I cannot resist my desire to tell you how much I am indebted to you for a renewal of bygone enjoyments. You have given new life to my receding impressions ; I have been restored by you, if there be not too much pride in the idea, to those grand and powerful emotions which agitated me twelve years ago on viewing the same scenes. At that time I devoted myself entirely to the contemplation of their majestic beauties ; the Desert, Lebanon, appeared to me under that sublime coloring which your pencil has revived : I have seen the same ruins ; I have climbed the same mountains ; the same dust has cleaved to the sandals of my pilgrimage, and I cannot be mistaken in believing that this fraternity of travels and of reflections must add a new bond to our friendship.

You have mentioned Lady Hester Stanhope, and since I first met with it, I have repeatedly read and re-read your affecting episode : I have meditated upon it, as upon a page of my own recollections, imprinted in characters of fire ; you have transported me once again to the feet of that lady, whose portrait I have not dared to delineate, and upon whom you have yourself hesitated to pass judgment. My impressions at that time, I acknowledge, were almost all in her favor ; whether because in my youth I felt a more lively sympathy in this mode of life, differing so entirely from all others, or because I could see nothing in the desert that was not grand and novel. I also embodied these impressions in a faithful narrative ; but this simple and unvarnished recital withered as a leaf before the wind, and perished in that gulf of records which has swallowed up so many of the political sketches that you and I have attempted.

When Louis the Eighteenth was informed of my visit to Lady Hester, he wished to be made acquainted with the particulars of it, and desired to converse with me upon the subject. It is to Lady Stanhope that I am indebted for the interest with which some of my *adventures* in the East were received and made known in the world :—thus, the relation of my promenades to Homer's School with the young daughters of Scio in the latter days of their life and of their liberty ; the details of the discovery, the ac-

quisition, and the carrying away of the *Venus of Milo*, that *chef d'œuvre* of ancient sculpture, for which my country, with some pride I say it, is indebted to my cares,—and some other episodes upon my travels,—obtained a share of public favor at the time, under the shelter of the name of mine hostess of Lebanon; and if I did not attempt to make the public participators in my admiration of her, it was because my travels were connected with a political mission. You, I am sure, will commend me, if faithful to the duties of our common calling, I considered that it imposed upon me a rigorous silence. Detached since that time from this calling, the study of my life, by commotions which have destroyed so many and important interests, I have still thought myself bound by its laws even when I did not hesitate to retire from it, and my silence has accordingly survived my functions.

Relating more ably than myself all that apart from politics I could have said, you have at the present moment awakened my recollections: and you alone shall judge whether some traits which I have preserved are worthy of being added to your glowing pictures.

Lady Hester Stanhope, then more connected with Europe and its political existence, had not, at the time I had the honor of seeing her, forgotten the world—but she certainly despised it. She had not yet learned of the Syrian philosophers the art of attributing the destinies of our hemisphere to the influence of the stars and of the heavens; she still referred them to a higher source. Disgusted with the religions of Europe, although but imperfectly acquainted with them,—rejecting the numerous sects of the desert, whose mysteries she had solved, she had created a Deism of her own, and preserved nothing of the Christian religion but the practice of benevolence and the doctrine of charity.

The niece of Pitt had, from her youth, deeply interested herself in the discussions of the British Parliament. Subsequently, during her travels, she had studied and elucidated the views of the European cabinets: whence arose the severity with which, in our conversation, she passed judgment upon the men who for the last thirty years had ruled the world. Of these men, many have fallen from their high estate: some still reign; but the greater number have yielded to time. Lady Stanhope's decisions stamped them all alike, stigmatized all with one epithet: and almost all have verified her startling predictions. The coloring of her portraits, her disclosures, her antipathies—inherited, she says, from her uncle—I should not be justified in revealing; but of her distaste for Europe I may be allowed to speak.

“Shall you ever revisit England again?” I asked her.—“No, never,” she energetically replied. “Your Europe! It is so insipid. Leave me my desert. What should I return to Europe for? To behold nations worthy of their fetters, and monarchs unworthy of their thrones? Very shortly your worn-out continent will be shaken to its base. You have seen Athens; you are going to see Tyre. Mark the remains of these noble republics, protectresses of the arts; of these monarchies, queens of commerce and the ocean! So will it be with Europe. She is going rapidly to decay. Her kings are no longer worthy of their descent:

they fall, either by death or by means of their misrule, and degenerate in their successors. Her aristocracy, nearly exterminated, is superseded by a pitiful and ephemeral commonalty, without life or vigor. The people, and those of the laboring class, alone, still preserve a character and some virtue. You may tremble should they ever learn their strength. No; your Europe sickens me! I turn a deaf ear to all the reports which reach me from thence, and which quickly die away in this isolated region. Let us talk no more of Europe—I have done with her.”

And then, in lengthened narrations, Lady Stanhope would unfold the wonders of the desert. She related to me the history of her wanderings and her sovereignty; the assistance and protection she had promised to all travelers, and especially to the French, from regard to the memory of Napoleon; the death of Colonel Boutin, whose throat was cut by the Ansarians, in the lowest chain of Lebanon; the signal vengeance which she exacted for that death; the poison offered under a tent in the plain of Messirib to another more celebrated traveler, who concealed himself in the East under the Mussulman name of Ali Bey, and in Europe under the Spanish one of Batidia. She told me of her visits to the prophets of the mountain, and her journeys to Palmyra.

“I one day left Damascus,” said she, “to revisit Balbec and its ruins. My friend the Pacha had placed me under the escort of Scheik Nasel, the chief of fifty Arabs. My suite followed at the distance of a day’s journey. We traveled sometimes by night, sometimes by day. At the third sunrise after my departure, a messenger, mounted on a dromedary, hastened towards our caravan. He spoke to Scheik Nasel a few words which disturbed him and caused him to turn pale. ‘What is the matter?’ said I to him. ‘Nothing,’ he replied,—and we continued our route. Very shortly a second dromedary approached, and the pensiveness of Nasel increased. I insisted upon knowing the cause: ‘Well, Cid—my Lady, since I must tell you, my father, one of whose women I have carried off, is in pursuit of me with a troop three times as numerous as mine, and is on the point of overtaking us. I know he seeks my life, for such offences demand the revenge of blood. But you have been confided to my care, and I will perish rather than abandon you.’—‘Depart, fly,’ I exclaimed; ‘I had much rather remain alone in the desert than see you murdered by your father. I will wait for him, and would willingly attempt your reconciliation. At any rate, Balbec cannot be far off, and the sun will be my guide.’ I dismissed him with these words; and he shot off, and presently disappeared with his fifty Arabs. I had been alone about an hour, with no other society than my mare, no other guard than my poniard, when a cloud of dust arose on the horizon. The horsemen approached at full gallop, and in a few minutes Nasel was by my side. ‘Honor to you, Cid—my Lady!’ he exclaimed; ‘it is a warrior’s heart you carry; all that I have said to you was but to prove your courage. Come, my father waits for you.’—I followed him. I was received under his tent with all the pomp of the desert. Gazelles and young camels furnished our entertainment; and their poets celebrated the exploits of past times. I made an alliance with this tribe, which from that day loves and respects me.”

Thanks, my dear Lamartine, thanks for these recollections of my former travels. I give myself up to the charm I find in them, and I no more know how to cease speaking of them than the story-tellers of the Khans of Ptolemais, when reciting the great deeds of Antar.

I am thinking, as I write, of that sun which disappeared behind the mountains of Cyprus, and cast its last tints on the peaks of Anti-Lebanon; I am thinking of that deep blue sea, the waves of which, expiring without foam, scarcely touched the beach of Sidon. You, better than any one, can understand how strongly the imagination and the memory are arrested, how forcibly the heart beats, when in such an amphitheatre, an English-woman, whom the Arabs, forgetting her sex, have named *Lord*, veiled under the costume of a Bedouin, lets fall such words amidst the silence of the desert.

Adieu! I quit you to read your interesting pages again, and again to renew my remembrances. If ever you send your work to Lady Stanhope, pronounce to her once more the name of a man who cherishes her memory, and is proud of being at once one of those few travelers who have sought her on the mountains of her adoption, and one of those numerous friends who have admired you in your native valley, so contiguous to my retreat.

LE VICOMTE DE MARCELLUS.

April 12, 1835.

THE END.

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